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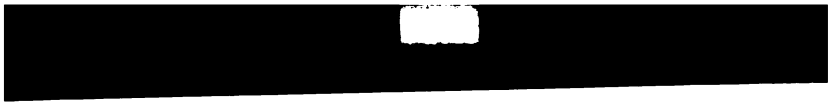

THE

# CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

# UVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

*NEW SERIES.* VOL. I., 1880.

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS.

BODLEIAN LI
18 MAR 84
OXFORD.

London:
CHURCH MISSIONARY HOUSE, SALISBURY SQUARE;
SEELEY, JACKSON, & HALLIDAY, 54, FLEET STREET;
AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

LONDON:
GILBERT AND RIVINGTON, PRINTERS,
ST. JOHN'S SQUARE.

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JANUARY, 1880.] [Price One Halfpenny.

# CHURCH JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR MISSIONARY SOCIETY

THE SOWER
Soweth the Word.

## THE NEW GREEN BOOK.

YEARS have passed since the first number of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR was printed. It was a little paper book of 32 small pages, and it had a green cover, so it came to be known as the Little Green Book.

Children's books in those days were plain and small, with such rough pictures; but still those little ugly old books were dearly loved by many a child, and the simple stories in their homely dress were read and read again, for they reached the hearts of those who read. Now, though children are not larger than in old days, perhaps their minds are; besides, there are now so many children's books, which tell of all sorts of things; and, then, books are so full of beautiful pictures, that children may think books dull which do not appear pretty and have not pictures.

But now we think that we ought to make our Green Book as pretty as any child's book can be, and worthy of the gems it shall hold.

The Green Book will give, each month, a short account of our Missions as they are now. A true friend of children promises a Scripture Subject for each Number. Two pages will contain Missionary Anecdotes. Accounts of worl: among Juvenile Associations, and acknowledgments of all contributions from Juvenile Associations will follow. The Scripture Questions will be continued. Good Pictures will brighten up the pages.

*And lastly, in* order that the book may still be the Green Book, though the old cover has gone, the Book shall all be green.

So you see the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR is looking forward to a new year, as so many of us are; and if we could suppose that the little Book could think, what thoughts should we put into its mind? Would it say, "Oh, I shall be as handsome as the 'Gleaner,' and ever so much better than the 'Token,' with my pretty pictures and tinted paper?" No, I am sure it would say, "Whatever I am, whether pretty or plain, I want during the new year to tell of Jesus and work for Jesus; and I shall like my pretty pictures best if they tell to little loving hearts that the name of Jesus is being made known to the poor heathen." You, dear children, are thinking of a new year too. What are your thoughts? perhaps of pretty dresses and presents, and many of the happy amusements which the year brings round; of your coming birthdays, and of all you will do. But if you put yourself into Jesus' hands, and ask Him that in the new year He may live in you by His Holy Spirit, and fill your hearts with His love, your thoughts will be, How may I serve Him best? How best may I become a vessel unto honour, sanctified and meet for the Master's use.

Dear children, we pray that God will bless these our plans for the new INSTRUCTOR, and make the little book a source of joy and thankfulness to many a little heart in this land, when they read in it that the Name of Jesus is being glorified in many dark parts of the earth.

# THE PARABLE OF THE SOWER.

"The Sower soweth the Word."—MARK iv. 14.

IMAGINE yourselves, my dear children, in Palestine, instead of in England. Imagine that the time is about the end of March or the beginning of April. Imagine that you are looking at a field, not very far from the shores of the Sea of Galilee. What do you see? An Eastern peasant with a turban on his head, and a long blue shirt on his body, tied up with a girdle round his waist and tucked in, so as not to interfere with the freedom of his movements, and his hand upon the handle of a very light plough, more like a pointed spade than anything else; while a camel, or two small oxen, or, perhaps, an ox with an ass, are dragging it over the surface of the ground. The plough is a poor little thing, and it makes a very shallow furrow—indeed, it only scratches the surface of the soil, leaving the depth of earth below quite untouched. After the plough follows a man with a large bag of seed hung round his neck. This is the *Sower*. He dips his hand into the bag, and flings out the seed in every direction round him—sometimes into the furrows which the plough has made, sometimes upon the thistles and artichokes that abound in the field, sometimes on the beaten path beside the field, and sometimes on the thin layer of soil which lies upon the face of the hard, cold rock.

This was a sight which our Lord often saw in the days of His earthly ministry, for Eastern customs scarcely or ever change; and I fancy that a peasant was engaged in the work of scattering seed over the ploughed land at no very great distance from Christ and His congregation, when the parable which we [illegible] of the *Sower" was spoken.*

Let us see what the Parable has to do with Missionary work.

In the first place, then, consider what the *seed* is. It is, says our text, the Word of God, by which is meant the story of our Lord Jesus Christ; the story of His birth and life and death upon the Cross, of His resurrection and ascension into heaven, and of his second Advent; the story of His great love for sinful man, and of His power and willingness to save all who come to Him—in fact, the Gospel. And then what is *sowing* the seed? Telling this story to all who are willing to hear it in the hopes that they may receive the good news into their hearts, and their lives may be changed. And who are the *Sowers* of the seed? First of all, of course, the Lord Jesus Christ Himself. He is the GREAT SOWER. When he was upon earth He was the chief preacher of the Gospel; and now when He is in heaven it is He who puts the message of salvation into the mouths of all who are called upon to speak in His Name. But this great Sower sends out others—we may call them *under-sowers*—to do His work in the world, to scatter the seed of divine truth; and amongst the most important of these under-sowers are the Missionaries, who go forth from time to time to preach to the heathen. Look at the picture then, which belongs to this little address of mine, and there you will see an image or emblem, a representation of a Missionary of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Now consider again. The sower, we are told, scatters the seed *everywhere;* he makes no selection of places; he does not stop to think whether this part of the field would be better for his purpose than that; but he flings out the little shower from his hand, and lets it fall where it may. And in this respect the Missionary resembles him, for he

leaves no portion of the world unvisited when he goes forth to preach the Gospel. The field in which he works is the world, the whole wide world. His Master has bid him preach the Gospel to every creature, and this command he obeys as far as he is able to do so. Just remember in how many different parts of the earth our Society, for instance, is labouring—in Africa, in India, in China, in New Zealand, in North-West America, in more places than I can stop to mention; and if there were men enough to send, and money enough to send them with, it would not leave a single spot of this round globe of ours without some one on it to speak of the Redeeming love of the Lord Jesus Christ.

"But," perhaps some one will say, "will the work of the Missionary be always successful?" No! The Parable of the Sower does not lead us to expect that: indeed it leads us to expect the direct opposite of that. There will be many failures. In many cases the seed will be lost. Some who hear of Jesus Christ will mock and scoff, and others will pay no attention, and others will listen for a time, and then forget it all,—though there is sure to be some fruit, and in many cases, much fruit. But what of that? The Missionary perseveres. He keeps on sowing the seed everywhere. That is his work. And what we, who remain at home, have to do, is to help him in every way we can, and especially by praying that the Holy Spirit will come down upon the field, and make the labour of the Missionary successful to the praise and glory of God.

## THE GOSPEL IN THE SNOW.

A HAPPY New Year to you, dear children! May it be the brightest and best you have yet had! There are many reasons why you should, day by day, be as bright and happy as sunbeams. Think of some of these reasons. I will tell you of one of them. Is it not a happy thing to feel that though you are so young the world is already the better for your being in it? It is a good thing to live for Jesus, and to help on His blessed work. And this is what many of you are doing. In helping the Mission-work of your Church you are doing work for Christ, and any ray of light you cause to shine on this world's darkness is a gain. Think of this, dear children, and be glad.

But I want to ask you an odd sort of question, and to tell you a funny little story. The question is this: Do you ever grumble? Well, I hope not, as it is not at all a nice thing for either girls or boys to do. And not at all a nice thing for a Missionary to do either. And yet a short time ago I did grumble, and that very much. And what do you think it was about? You will not guess, so I will tell you. It was your little Green Book. When I saw the beautiful GLEANER for older people, I said the children ought to have one just as good. And this is my little story. One day I was grumbling about that little book as before, when a kind-hearted friend of little children said to me, "I am so glad to hear you grumble, because the Green Book is to be made all you wish." I don't know whether my face changed or not, but I felt my heart give a great thump of joy, because I knew how glad all young boys and girls would be who are trying to help on Mission-wo-

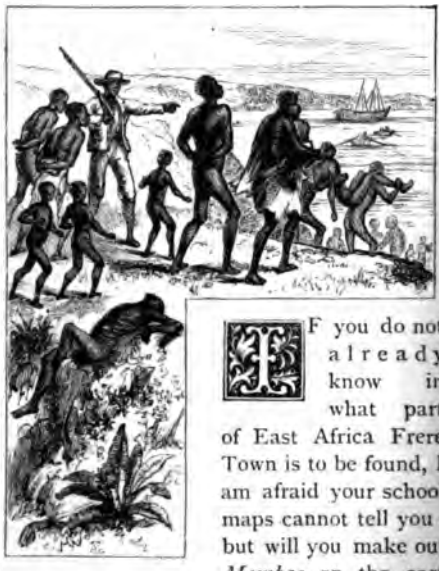
THE GOSPEL N THE SNOW

Now, Editor, let me ask you to fill the little book with nice pictures for all. Make it as good as "Chatterbox," "Little Folks," or any other child's book is. Nay, make it the best of them all. Give the children, in your own loving way, full accounts of little black boys and girls who are still in heathen darkness, and also of those who have been brought to the light of the Gospel. Tell them also of the little ones in China, India, and Japan, of what they say and do, and how they are taught. And, be sure you do not forget to tell them about the little Red Indians and Eskimos, who live far away in the snow, and how God is causing many of their hearts to be bright and warm with the sunshine of His love. And it would be nice if you could tell the children of one town here in England, what the children in other towns are doing in the Mission cause; the little book would then belong to all the children's associations in the country. But I see you are doing all this. And here is a nice picture, the best of N.-W. America I have seen—a Missionary going to tell the poor Indians of Jesus. Well, dear children, I can't tell you fully of this now, as I have said all I can say this month; the best thing would be for one of you to go with me, as a deputation from all the schools, to visit a station in N.-W. America, and then tell your companions what you saw there. Agreed! one shall go, and we will make the journey together next month. For the present good-bye. Begin the year afresh with God. Be holy and you will be happy. Pray more for yourselves, and for the heathen. Live near to Jesus, and ask Him to make you His own dear children. For this, too, I will pray.

W. W. K.

## THE EAST AFRICA MISSION.

FREEDMEN AT FRERE TOWN.



IF you do not already know in what part of East Africa Frere Town is to be found, I am afraid your school maps cannot tell you; but will you make out *Mombas* on the east coast, just above Zanzibar? then you will be close to the right place, for the village of Frere Town is only about a mile away from this port.

Only five years ago tall cocoa-nut trees and thick jungle-grass covered the ground where Frere Town village now stands; but one day, in 1875, there came to this spot a white man, bringing with him a great many work-people, and they cut away the grass and hewed down the trees till a good clear space was made; and then for many a day all hands were busy sawing wood and carrying stones and clay, and making thatch to build the houses of Frere Town. The white man who was seeing after all this work was Mr. Price, a Missionary, who had come to make a home for poor negroes that had once been slaves, but had been *freed*.

*How they were freed.*

For eight whole years before this time Christian people who cared for the slaves in East Africa, had been trying to get them set free. At last, in 1872, Sir Bartle Frere was sent by the Queen of England to persuade the Sultan of Zanzibar (who rules over that part of Africa) to stop the slave-trade in his country. The Sultan promised that he would not let his subjects make slaves any more, and though it was some time before he could make them obey him, the slave-trade between East Africa and foreign countries has now almost come to an end.

But what was to be done with slaves who might be found and set free? They had no homes, and they would die of hunger, or perhaps be captured again, unless there was some one to take care of them. So the Church Missionary Society agreed to buy a piece of land near Mombas, where they could receive these poor rescued slaves. This was the object which made Mr. Price set to work at house-building in East Africa; and he called the freedmen's village Frere Town, to remind the negroes of that happy day when the Sultan of Zanzibar granted Sir Bartle Frere's request that he would give them their liberty. Mr. Price had more useful helpers in building his village than the Mombas natives. These were negroes generally called "Bombay boys," who had been saved from slavery and carried to the Mission station of Nasik, in Bombay, at a time when there was no safe home for them in Africa. Many of them are Christians, and they had learnt some useful trades at Nasik: now they were come back from Bombay to settle in their own country.

*How they came to Frere Town.*

Work as they would, the Frere Town [illegible]t ready for the first arrivals. September 4th, thirty-one rescued slaves were brought, and a fortnight later, 240 more came in one single day. What a sad state these people were in! And how hard Mr. Price and his people had to work for them! They belonged to quite a different tribe from the Mombas people, and spoke another language; and I do not know how they could have got on at all with the Missionaries only there came with them two boys of their own Makna tribe. These children had been a little time with the captain of the ship that saved the Makna slaves, and they had learnt to speak English, and so they interpreted between the white men and their black visitors. Mr. Price had 150 little boys and girls to look after, for nearly all the rescued children were orphan slaves, whose fathers and mothers were dead or far away.

Several of the freedmen were ill, and some had great wounds where the chains had hurt their necks and their limbs, and they needed to be nursed and taken care of, so that it was weeks before they were able to work for themselves.

Four years have passed since Frere Town received those Makna freedmen, and though the Missionaries have never had to take in quite so many people in one day, smaller parties have often been brought, till now the little settlement has a population of 500. These freed slaves were perfectly savage and ignorant, and they have had everything to learn, so that their patient Christian teachers have had very hard work, and many cares and troubles with their scholars, young and old. But God has blessed them in this work. Would you like to know what Mr. Streeter, the Lay Missionary, said about his freedmen last year?

"They take a pride in their new homes; and as I walk round every day after work is over, it is a pretty picture to see the 'once a slave,' sitting

by his own cot, mending the dear wife's gown, or fondling 'the little black diamond,' while she is busy getting supper ready. There are happy homes here, and though I have heard people say that Africans have no real love for their children, I don't believe it; for I am often surprised at the tender way in which the mothers care for their little ones here, now that they have the hope of *seeing them grow up with them.*"

If it was difficult to teach these freed slaves to dig, and build, and plant, and carpenter; it was harder still to make them understand about unseen things. But I need not tell you that the servants of Christ, who went forth for His sake to save these poor Africans from slavery, and give them peaceful homes on earth, have tried to tell them about their Saviour from sin, and the Home in Heaven that He is preparing for those who love Him. You can hardly believe how slow they were to learn at first.

This is a picture of Sunday-school at Frere Town, November, 1875.

"In the afternoon we had 200 grown-up men and women, and George David, the catechist, tried to teach them these two truths, that there is a God and He is everywhere. He divided them into several groups, and taught them all this sentence: 'Munugu Killa pahali yupa, yum na thun;' *i. e.* 'God is in every place, above and below.'

"He made each group say these words after him over and over again, till at last they can say the sentence alone. This lesson was repeated at least 300 times. At the end of an hour and a half he found that his scholars understood a little what the words meant, and so he felt rewarded for the labour."

Last Easter Day thirty-three grown-up men and women and nine little children from among the freed slaves at Frere Town were baptized; they belong to eight different tribes. I will tell you some answers they made when their teacher asked one day why *they wished for baptism*, and I think these *answers will show you, dear children*, that they have learnt many precious truths since that November Sunday afternoon in 1875.

One man named Mataula said, "I want to be a soldier of Christ our God."

Muili said, "That we may be the people of God."

A woman named Rabunga, "Because it is the order of Jesus Christ."

Hidoya's answer, "That we may leave off that which is evil, take hold of the Word of God, and follow that which is in accordance with Jesus Christ."

## NEWS FROM THE MISSIONS.

### TROUBLE AT UGANDA.

"WHAT, already, and more trouble! We hoped all was going well," you will say. Yes, dear children, new trouble and trial has come, to send us to our knees in prayer and to try our faith.

It has come quickly. All seemed so bright and hopeful. Last February our three Missionaries, who were travelling up the Nile reached the end of their journey. They were welcomed at the Mission House by the Missionaries, Mr. Mackay and the Rev. C. T. Wilson, were taken next day to see the king, and were most kindly received. They were full of joy. They found all pleased to see them, the country beautiful, a fine town with broad roads, and, best of all, the

preached in the king's palace, young men taught to read, a new Mission House being built, and all hopeful and cheering. But soon the dark cloud came. There arrived some strange white men. They were Romish Missionaries—Jesuits—and at once Mtesa seemed to change. The wicked slave-dealing Arabs, too, tried to poison his mind against our Missionaries, and they were so badly treated that they thought they must leave. But Mtesa would not allow them. At last, being afraid of the Egyptians, he permitted two of our Missionaries to leave with some ambassadors he wished to send to England, and when the latter left last July there were at the king's court, instead of seven, only three Missionaries. We must be thankful for the patience and courage they have shown, and we must pray that they may be preserved from all harm and danger. We know that our God is in the heavens, and He can send more than ten legions of angels to shield His servants, as He did Elisha, Mr. Pearson writes :—

"The king has been very good to us, and things have a more hopeful look. I feel sure that we shall have grace and wisdom given us, and that the Lord's work will go on.

"You may rest assured that the work here shall not be given up while there is a 'plank to float on.' If Jesuits can live, flourish, and work here, you may depend upon us also doing the same, under God's blessing."

So though the news is of trouble and trial, let us lay it before the Lord, and ask Him to be with our dear brethren and protect them, and in His own good time incline the heart of King Mtesa again to them, that the word of the Lord may have free course and be glorified in Uganda.

Dear little ones, we ask you to desire mercies of the God of Heaven for our [illegible]tant Uganda.

PERSECUTION IN THE NIGER MISSION.

THIStime at Onitsha, our oldest Mission Station on the river.

There some of the converts have left the heathen town, and live near the Mission House and Church, forming a small colony of Christians. The town is heathen, and many cruel heathen customs still are observed there, as you will see presently. One day last summer, had we been at the Mission Station, we should have seen that something strange was going to happen, for the Christians were fastening up the gates and making the fences secure. Presently a mob of natives surrounded the Station, shouting, firing guns, and beating drums. They tried to force an entrance, but the Christians kept them out, and drove them away. But as the mob retired they vowed vengeance, declaring that they would come back presently and punish the Christians. Now all this tumult was about two poor little harmless twin babies that had just been born to one of the converts who lived at the Mission Station. The foolish superstition of Onitsha declares that twins are unlucky to the town, and that they must be put to death; so many poor little babies

have been cruelly sacrificed in Onitsha. But our Christians knew better, and that it would be murder to allow these innocent babies to be sacrificed.

Fortunately a steamer arrived, and the poor little twins, but without their mother, were taken away to our Mission at Lokoja, about eighty miles further up the river. There they were baptized, and by the last accounts one had died, but the survivor was doing well. Poor little banished baby! Dear children, Onitsha, though it has had the light of the Gospel so long, is still one of the dark places of the earth. Will you not pray that the Gospel of Christ may soon triumph over the cruel superstitions which have so long prevailed there?

HERE is a pleasant little story from the Punjab Mission. We have there an excellent Missionary schoolmaster, who superintends a number of village schools, each of which only costs £5 a year and benefits three or four villages beside the one in which the school is fixed.

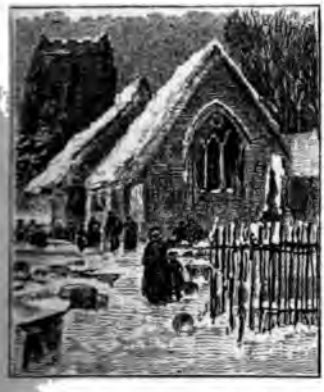
In one of the principal schools, that at Narowal, were two Mohammedan boys. The eldest, a lad of nineteen, was the hardest and most bigoted of all the pupils. Mr. Bateman says out of school he would utterly oppose his Christian teacher who preached in the Bazaar. One day last January the Missionary schoolmaster was preaching in the Bazaar, when this boy attacked and opposed him, abusing his doctrine with great vehemence. Instead of being angry, the Missionary bore it all with great meekness, and this had the effect of turning the boy's heart to Christ. Instead of his hardness, pride, and bigotry, he became entirely changed, and won all hearts by the humility of his manner and the earnestness with which he, like Paul, supported the faith he once so bitterly opposed. He was baptized, and placed in Mr. Baring's boarding school for boys at Batala.

ANOTHER MATTHEW.—The other boy was employed in collecting the duty paid at the city gate on the various things which came into the city from the country. Mr. Bateman says of him: "He had long been drawing nearer to Christ, and I was not surprised when his first-spoken word on the subject was a request for baptism. It was difficult to resist calling him Matthew. He continued 'at the receipt of custom' for three months. Those who passed in and out of the city reviled him daily, and after being thus tried, I took him (he is only seventeen) back into the school. He was baptized at Easter."

So it is we weep with those that weep, but, thank God, we can rejoice with those that rejoice, and we can think of no truer joy than that of the Missionary's over souls thus won for Christ.

A TRIAL OF PATIENCE.—A young man who had learnt about the religion of Jesus Christ in Dr. Galt's hospital at Hangchow, and was baptized, is severely persecuted in his home. His father will not let him come to Hangchow at all, for fear of his seeing Dr. Galt, or coming to the Mission-church. "You can't go till you have planted the rice," he said in the spring time. Then, when he asked leave in July, "No, there is the rice to be cut down." At last the rice-harvest was all in, and he waited patiently till October before he tried again; but now there was another excuse. "No, you must cut down 10,000 loads for me."

## CHURCH MISSIONARY JUVENILE ASSOCIATIONS.



THIS is the Green Book's business page, but I do not think you will find it a dull page, for it is *your* business that will be done here.

As the grown-up friends of the Church Missionary Society have a magazine where they can see every month a notice of their contributions, we think it is fair that our young readers should see the mention in their magazine of what they have been able to give. So the money sent by all "Church Missionary Juvenile Associations" will be acknowledged on this page.

"*Church Missionary Juvenile Association*" is a very long name, but I suppose you all know it means a very simple thing. It is just the joining together of little people, as members of the Church Missionary Society, and to help in its work. And there are four little words which tell about four ways in which these little people can help. You can READ about Missions, PRAY, GIVE, WORK for Missions. Will you try to remember these easy words?

Very few people know how much little things and little folk can do. There was "*A Halfpenny Subscription*" last year to the Church Missionary Society, which grew to £1 16*s.* 2*d.*; "*A Penny Box in Church*," held £6 9*s.* 8*d.*; a "*Farthing Fund*" collected £5 11*s.* 2*d.*; and "*A Special Farthing Fund*" actually brought £52 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Church Missionary Society owes many thousands of pounds every year to Missionary-boxes and Missionary-bags; "Missionary-baskets," filled with work that busy fingers have made, is a useful friend; and a very highly-valued friend, too, for last year £13 2*s.* was given "*In Memory of* a Missionary-basket."

Till you try for yourselves you will hardly believe what can be done by children who join together to work. There is a working-party which a little girl has formed with her own friends, and last year their work brought in £16. And I know another working-party of very poor girls, who made £5 grow out of a rag-bag! You could not have a much smaller beginning than that.

If farthings and rag bags grow in towns, nosegays, potatoes, and rabbits grow in the country; so do pigs. The last Annual Report of the Church Missionary Society has Sale of Penny Nosegays, £4 4*s.* 6*d.*; Produce of Potato Garden, £2; Sale of Honey, 17*s.*; Sale of Ferns, 13*s.* 3*d.*; Sale of Flowers, £3 12*s.* 9*d.*; Missionary Hen, £2 5*s.* 6*d.*; Rabbits and Guinea Pigs, £1 12*s.*; Sale of Canaries and Soot, 17*s.* 6*d.*; Fleece, £1 10*s.*; Ada's Kittens and Canaries, £1 4*s.*; Sale of Pig, £1 13*s.* 4*d.*

One word more. Don't say you can do nothing; the least can do something: if you are *doing*, do it with your might; if you are doing nothing, try and join on to a working band. Why should there not be more "association"—more joining together of these dear children to *pray* and *give* and *work* for the little ones in heathen lands?

## MISSIONARY INSTANCES OF HUMILITY.

The Church Missionary Society was once presented with a large sum of money. The donor did not give any name, but wished only to be known as "Less than the least."

At the time of the famine in South India, a native Christian in Tinnevelly, although a very poor man, brought ten rupees to Bishop Sargent, saying that he wished five rupees to be given to the Church Fund, two to the Church Building Fund, two to the Bible Society, and one to the Tract Society. When the Bishop expressed astonishment at the amount, instead of displaying self-satisfaction, although he must have exercised great self-denial in saving so much in a time of such scarcity, the man simply said, "Oh, sir, I am only giving back what the Lord has given me."

The "St. Thomas's Christians" of Travancore had adopted many of the evil tenets of the Hindu religion; among others, that of caste. But a few years ago, after listening to the teaching of Missionaries, some of the upper castes, who would formerly have driven a low-caste man off the road, were brought so to realize their own sinfulness, that they confessed that "they were fellow-sinners with the low and despised, and so they were all of one caste." One rich landowner, who before had been remarkable for his proud disposition, was so altered that the Missionaries hardly recognized him, he was so humble and childlike. In his eagerness to save souls, he even asked leave to speak to the prisoners in the gaol at Tiruwella, where he lived. "The request touched me very much," wrote Mr. Fenn. "Think of this man, so rich and haughty as he lately was, now longing to go himself to the very lowest and worst, and to seek their souls' salvation. Every one who knew him is astonished at the change." "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted." C. LOWE.

NOTE.—This paper will not be included among those which are under consideration for Prizes, as our November number did not propose "Missionary Instances."

## OUR MISSIONARY BIBLE CLASS.

*Rule* 1.—*Papers must be sent in before the end of the month in which the subject is given.*

*Rule* 2.—*Only contributors sixteen years old and under can compete for prizes.*

*Rule* 3.—*The name, age, and address of the writer must be signed on each paper.*

*Rule* 4.—*Only one side of the paper must be written on.*

## SCRIPTURE SUBJECT FOR JANUARY.

GEORGE DAVID, the Native Catechist at Frere Town, East Africa, who helped to instruct the converts baptized last Easter Sunday (see page 8), has told us what were some of the texts they learned. They could repeat by heart—

1. Eighteen texts about man's state by nature.
2. Seven texts about man's state by grace.

Can you find these texts?

The best answer will be printed in our March number.

## PRIZES

have been offered by a friend (who thinks our Green-book readers will like to earn a contribution for their Missionary-boxes), for the four best sets of papers on the Scripture truths taught to the Frere Town converts.

These papers will be concluded in our June Number. Prizes will be awarded August 1st.

| | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|
| 1st Prize . . . . . | 7 | 6 |
| 2nd Prize . . . . . | 6 | 0 |
| 3rd Prize . . . . . | 4 | 0 |
| 4th Prize . . . . . | 2 | 6 |

## SCRIPTURE ANSWERS FOR NOVEMBER, 1879.

### HUMILITY.

BIBLE PICTURE.—I Chron. xxix. 6—19.

(1) God's favour, Prov. iii. 34; wisdom, xi. 2; safety, xvi. 18; honour, xv. 33, xviii. 12, xxii. 4. xxix. 23; riches, xxii. 4; forgiveness, II Chron. vii. 14. (2) God will hear, Psalm ix. 12, x. 17; guide, xxv. 9; save, xxxiv. 18, lxxvi. 9, cxlix. 4; satisfy, xxii. 26, xxxvii. 11; make glad, xxxiv. 1, 2. (3) David, II Sam. xii. 13; Rehoboam, II Chron. xii. 6, 7; Ahab, I Kings, xxi. 29; Hezekiah, II Chron. xxxii. 26; Manasseh, II Chron. xxxiii. 12, 13; Josiah, II Chron. xxxiv. 26—28; Nebuchadnezzar, Dan. iv. 30—37; Pharaoh, Exod. vii. 14, &c., xiv. 27, 28; Uzziah, II Chron. xxvi. 15—21; Ahaz, xxviii. 16—23; Amon, xxxiii. 21—24; Zedekiah, xxxvi. 12—19. (4) Isaiah, ii. 11—17; v. 13—16; II Chron. xxxvi. 15—18. (5) Deut. viii. 2, 3, 16. (6) Numbers, xii. 3. (7) Matt. xi. 29. (8) Isaiah, lxi. 1. (9) Matt. xviii. 4; xx. 25—28.

PAPERS on the subject of our Bible Picture and Questions have been received from—

| | Bible Picture. | Questions. | | Bible Picture. | Questions. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A. Atkinson . | | 6½ | F. Horden . | 1 | 4½ |
| L. Atkinson . | | 6½ | F. Kittermaster . . | 1 | 8½ |
| F. Baker . . | | 7½ | C. Leach . . | 1 | 6½ |
| N. Baker . . | | 7½ | C. Lowe . . | 1 | 8½ |
| T. Brookman | | 3 | N. Quin . . | | 6 |
| B. & T. Brooke | 1 | 7 | C. Sands . . | | 7 |
| L. Brown . . | | 6 | G. Sands . . | | 7 |
| K. Brown . | | 5 | B. Spencer . | | 6 |
| C. Clarke . . | | 6 | C. Stevens . | 1 | 9 |
| C. Coe . . . | | 6½ | E. Walker . | | 9 |
| E. Gidley . . | | 6½ | M. Wilson . | 1 | 6 |
| A. Harding . | 1 | 7½ | G. Weatherall | | 5 |
| M. Hodgson | 1 | 7 | M. Whiting . | 1 | 7½ |
| W. Hutchinson | 1 | 8½ | | | |

London: Church Missionary House, Salisbury Square; Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday, 54, Fleet Street, and all Booksell

FEBRUARY, 1880.] [Price One Halfpenny.

# CHURCH JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR MISSIONARY SOCIETY

THE FISHERS.

"I will make you Fishers of men."

## THE FISHERS.

"I will make you fishers of men."—MATT. iv. 19.

WHO says that? The Lord Jesus. To whom does He say it? To Simon Peter, and two or three others. What does He mean by saying it? That I will try to explain to you by-and-by; but, first, I will tell you the story to which the words belong.

One day a great number of people gathered together on the shore of the Sea of Galilee, to hear Jesus preach. They were very eager about it—indeed so much so, that they almost forgot their manners, and pressed and crowded round the Saviour. He was obliged to escape from them by getting on the deck of a boat that stood by the side of the lake, with nobody in it. I do not mean to tell you that Jesus wanted to get away from these eager listeners; He only wished to find a place where He might be raised above their heads, and thus be heard by all.

On the deck, then, He sat, and "taught the people out of the ship."

When He had preached His sermon and dismissed the congregation, He told Simon Peter, to whom the boat belonged, to push the vessel out into deeper water, and to let down his nets for a draught. Simon was not a little surprised at the command, for he and his companions had been fishing all night, and had caught nothing; and he could not believe that any fish were near the spot at the time. The shoals, he thought, had gone off to another and a distant part of the lake. However, he obeyed; though perhaps, in his secret heart, he did not expect much result to follow. And lo! when the net was let down into the water, immediately an enormous number of fishes were enclosed in it, and the meshes began to give way! Simon was overwhelmed with astonishment, and with something more than astonishment—he was afraid. Why afraid? Because he felt as he had never felt before—that, when he was in the presence of Christ, he was in the very presence of God; and the thought of his own sinfulness made him tremble; and in his distress, he cried out, "Depart from me; for I am a sinful man, O Lord!" Jesus spoke kindly to him, and comforted him; told him not to fear; and said that if he would follow Him, he should become something greater than a mere fisher of fish, he should be a fisher of men. Peter was reassured, and followed Christ, and became a fisher of men. Such is the story.

Now, last month, we found that the Missionary is like a *Sower*. The passage which we are discussing this month, teaches us that he may be compared to a *Fisherman*. Let us consider in what respects he is like one.

Well, to begin with. He casts his net with a wide sweep, and endeavours to enclose as many as possible in it—that is to say, he does his very best to bring everybody within the reach of the Gospel, and to persuade them to become followers and disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ. Now, a fisherman must make himself acquainted with the habits of the creatures he wishes to catch; he must ascertain in what places they are likely to be found, and at what times; and what bait is most likely to attract them. And just so, the Missionary has to consider what is the best and wisest way in which to speak of Jesus Christ to the people who know nothing whatever about Him. Jesus Christ is indeed the same, and always the same

He never changes. But a wise Missionary will describe Him in one way to the Hottentot, in another way to the Hindu, in a different way, again, to the Chinaman, or the New Zealander. He will suit his teaching to the hearer—his bait to the fish.

Then, again, a fisherman must be very brave, and self-denying, and patient. He must not be afraid of cold, or of storms, and he must go on persevering through much disappointment, until at last he succeeds. And does not all that remind you of the Missionary, and of what the Missionary has to go through? You know that he has frequently to lay down his life, when he is engaged in fishing for men. But there is this difference between the fisherman and the Missionary: the fisherman catches fish for the purpose of killing them, but the Missionary catches his fish for the sake of saving them alive.

And now for our last thought. Have you looked at the picture on the title-page? It reminds me of what I saw at the sea-side many years ago. Some fishermen had cast a circular net into the sea, and drawn it to the land; and in the net there were good fish, and, together with the good fish, some of the oddest creatures I ever saw—things with queer shapes, and sharp, prickly spines, and, as I was told, poisonous stings. These were thrown away, whilst the good fish were carefully put into baskets, and carried off for sale. Now, if you want to understand this, read the thirteenth chapter of St. Matthew, from the forty-seventh to the fiftieth verse. That passage will make all perfectly plain.

GORDON CALTHROP.

## THE GOSPEL IN THE SNOW.

HOW are you, dear children? I hope that thus far the new year has been to you a very happy one. We prayed that it might be so, and God is very good, and loves to answer prayer.

At the close of the little bit I wrote to you last month, I asked for one of you to take a trip with me to one of our Indian stations, that you might tell all the other children what you saw there. But here comes a difficulty. We are in dear old England, and not at York Fort, where our journey must begin. The only thing that we can do, therefore, is to shut our eyes for a little, and open them again on the other side of Hudson's Bay. Here we are at York. What an odd-looking place it is! and yet it is neat and nice. It looks like a tiny town, or the model of a town; it has three streets, with five or six houses in each. What is that large square building, with those rows of windows in it? That is the Factory, where the goods are kept and repacked for going inland. Let us go round the end of it. Do you see that sort of tower with a bell at the top? That belongs to the Fort, and the bell rings in the morning for

all to go to work, at meal-times, and at night. That large grey-looking house belongs to the gentleman in charge of the Fort. Here is the Mission-house, becoming very crooked without, but still comfortable within; and there stands the dear little church, in which many happy services are held.

But we must not stay longer at York, as we have to visit Churchill, 175 miles away; and as our men and dogs are waiting, we must get ready as fast as we can. All my clothes are ready, as I have made the journey often before; but I must look well to yours, or you will be frozen, for it is very cold. Now put off your English boots, and put on these warm duffle socks and soft moccasins, or you will not be able to walk in snow-shoes; then you must put on this nice capote, fur cap, and warm mittens, or Jack Frost will soon play tricks with you. And here are your snow-shoes; be sure not to forget them, or you will have great trouble. You can't walk all the way, so I shall have the cariole for you; sometimes we may both of us take a ride in it; but any way, you must have your snow-shoes, or you will not be able to walk at all. Then we shall have a sledge also to carry our food, blankets, hatchets, and fish for the dogs. Here they are. We have four dogs in each train. What nice dogs they are, and how they want to be off. We shall learn their names, perhaps, by-and-by; and look at the drivers, what nice warm coats they have on! and look at their nice beaded leggings and caps. They are good men, and will take great care of you. Now get into the cariole, and let me wrap you up in the nice warm buffalo robe put in for you: there, put your snow-shoes by your side, that you may be able to reach them whenever you wish to run. One of the men will go on first, so I shall drive the cariole, and when tired ride on the board behind; the other man will drive the sledge. Are you ready? Now then, a crack of the whip, good-bye to our dear friends, and away we go; the dogs gallop at first, because the track is hard near the Fort, but they will go slower just now. How strange the snow looks, not like the soft wet snow of England, but so white, dry, and crisp. It seems like walking over pounded white sugar. There, did you see those white birds fly up? They are called ptarmigan, and were sleeping in a hole in the snow when we disturbed them; they are very pretty but very stupid birds. Look at that band, they have lighted in those trees there, and if an Indian comes past with his gun, he will probably shoot all of them; for, if he kills only one or two at a shot, the others will stretch out their necks to look about, and appear very much surprised, but will remain on the trees until all are killed. But we have come nearly five miles, and we are now nearly close to North River, and so wide is it down here near its mouth, that we can only just see the woods on the other side. But you had better not look out any more, as I am afraid of your face being frozen. Cover up your head with the robe, and lie quite still. There are many pieces of bare ice on the frozen river, and over these the dogs will run briskly.

There, we are over the river at last; it has taken us three hours to cross, and I am sure you will be glad to get out of the cariole for a little while. We have still a few miles to go before any nice woods can be reached, so you had better run that distance. We will stop the dogs for you to get out and put on your snow-shoes. W. W. KIRKBY.

*(To be continued.)*

## SELF-DENIAL.

GREAT many young readers of the Green Book will be interested in hearing of a little girl in our village called Kitty, who has lately taken up Missionary work very earnestly. Kitty is only seven years old, and lives with her grandmother. On the day of our Annual Church Missionary Meeting, in October, when the Rev. C. B. Leupolt gave very interesting addresses both in the afternoon and evening, Mrs. W—— was present at the former, which was specially for children, but was not able to bring little Kitty with her, much to the child's disappointment. When she went home, however, she related to Kitty some of the anecdotes Mr. Leupolt had told them, and the child seemed much interested. The Missionary had been telling of the boys and girls he had known in Benares during his forty years' residence there. One little girl there, whose mother was a widow, went out every day to sew in the ladies' houses, and so earned enough to support herself and her mother. Another said she could not sew well, but she could read; so she took her Bible and went to the house of a lady and offered to read to her. The lady was pleased that a little girl could read, and gladly listened whilst the child read a portion of the Bible. When she had finished the lady gave her a small sum of money, and told her to come again. The child then went to the next house, and so on, and by doing so every day was able to provide food for herself and widowed mother.

These stories made Kitty wonder whether she could not be of some use as well as these little girls. At night, when her grandmother was brushing her hair, Kitty asked whether she might not have a Missionary-box to collect pennies for the heathen children, to teach them about Jesus, and Mrs. W—— promised she should, and suggested beginning after Christmas. But Kitty wanted to begin at once, and said, "I shall empty all my money-box into it." "Oh, but you were saving that for a scrap-book," replied her grandmother. "Hadn't you better wait till you have bought that, and then begin your Missionary-box?" "Oh, no," said Kitty; "I can do without the scrap-book, and I should like to send all my money to buy Bibles for the little heathen children, and some day, when I am grown-up, I shall go out and teach them myself." So no sooner had Kitty possession of the much-desired Missionary-box than all her little savings were put in.

Dear young readers, do you not think that little Kitty has set us all a beautiful instance of self-denial? The pleasure of knowing that she could help on the cause of Missions was greater to her than the possession of a long-desired scrap-book, and if you will only try, I am sure you will find, like Kitty, that our Saviour's words are still true, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

P.S.—I may add that we had a little meeting for opening the Missionary-boxes a few days ago, and little Kitty's box, which she had had only three months, contained 9*s.* 9*d*

## THE GIRLS OF INDIA.

HERE is a picture of an Indian girl of the higher classes. What a bright, intelligent face, what light in those large eyes, and what thoughtfulness in the broad brow! If that face looked at you out of an English picture-book, such as "Little Folks" or the "Quiver," we should find a story by the side of it to tell of an earnest, loving Christian child, the joy of some English home where the Bible is honoured, and each member is doing something to help on the Master's work.

But how sad to think that it is not the light of Christian joy and love which beams from those eyes! It is rather the sorrowful gaze of a wistful, inquiring mind yearning after something unknown and yet desired, a mind that cannot be satisfied and happy because it knows not God.

Yet there are many thousand such sad child-faces in India; and how sad to think that the mind which looks out from these dark eyes must soon be filled with

wicked absurdities and lying vanities of Hinduism, or the bright brow be clouded with the unutterable sadness of a widow's lot.

Here is a story of a little Indian girl. Our catechist in the town of Fathgarh in the Panjâb, passing through the street one day saw a very touching sight. It was a sweet child feeding her poor blind father, a goldsmith, in his shop in the street, and then nestling close to him with loving, tender caress. He was touched at the sight, and on inquiry found the old man had lost his wife. The little girl was his only child, his all. She nursed him, cooked his food, and fed him—a little woman. The catechist came again, made friends with the old man, won the child's confidence, and took the opportunity to tell of Jesus. He found that she was married to a lad, as is their custom. But he had become a Christian, an outcast, and this was his story. He had a Christian aunt married to an English planter, and his father had promised to give the lad to her, but his people for this had turned him out of their village, so he broke his promise to his sister, and brought the lad up as an Hindu.

In the providence of God the school where the boy was learning in his native village was broken up, and he went to the Mission-school in the neighbouring town of Narowal. He had not been long there when he showed symptoms of becoming a Christian. He listened to the Bible, consorted with Christians, began to pray, and even spoke of Christ to others. This alarmed his parents, and they took him from school, but sent him to his aunt's for employment. Two years later he was baptized. As time went on, he tried to get his wife—then a girl of sixteen. The father refused flatly to let her go either ise or away from him, but the aunt said, "I will persuade the old man, and if the girl is willing I will bring her away." So this native lady went and said, "Look here, old Father, my brother gave his boy to my husband to be his Christian son, and withdrew from his contract, but could he avert the hand of God? Is he not a Christian now? and will you who gave your daughter to him be able to resist the hand of God, who will give no blessing to perfidy? Send the child with me." He replied, "What you say is true, I will not fight against my daughter's fate; if she is willing she shall go." She having been already prepared by God, agreed, and the two became man and wife. He at once set to work to teach her, and in Kangra she was baptized last September, in the presence of the Christian congregation, her husband's aunt and the European gentleman referred to being her "chosen witnesses."

How pleasant to think of that sweet little loving daughter being so rewarded for her devotion to a blind old fellow. We may be sure that the young wife and her husband would pray for the old blind man, and perhaps their happy home may some day be his too. Let us thank God that the Gospel which brings deliverance to the captive is being preached in many a zenana or women's quarter of the Indian household, and education, too, is bringing light into many of those dark homes. Dear children, let us send up a prayer that God will bless this young Christian husband and wife at Kangra, and make them a blessing to many of their countrymen and women.

Next month we shall give, The Boys of India.

## LITTLE RUTH IN CHINA.

RUTH—not the Ruth who lived 3000 years ago, and loved and cared for her mother-in-law, Naomi; but a Chinese Ruth, and a Chinese Naomi. These are the persons I wish to introduce to the readers of the Green Book.

Little Ruth came to Mrs. A. E. Moule's school at Ningpoas a b arder in September, 1872. She was then very short, and very weak in health; but she was a good and obedient child during the four years of her school-life.

She was brought to the school by old Naomi, a Chinese woman, who had fled to Ningpo with her sons some years before, during the terrible rebellion of the Chanomao, or "Long-haired." The old woman bought this little girl to be the wife of her youngest son, and as she herself had become a Christian while at Ningpo, and had been baptized by Mr. Gough, she was glad to have Ruth educated in our school. When Ruth left the school she was only twelve years old, but she could repeat almost the whole of the four Gospels by heart. But better than a good memory, we had the hope that our little scholar understood and believed the "good news" contained in God's holy Book.

In August, 1875, to our great grief, old Naomi suddenly appeared, having travelled from her home, 200 miles away, with her eldest son, on purpose to fetch the little girl home to be married.

We begged the old woman to leave her with us for another year or two, but she said that her sons were obstinate, and would be angry if there was delay. When the girl heard this, she wept much, and earnestly begged for baptism before she left the school. After preparation and examination, she was baptized in our school chapel by the name Ruth, and she left the next day for her far-off home in a secluded heathen village, she and poor old weak Naomi, the only Christians for miles round. Mrs. Moule prayed earnestly with them when they left, and we gave Ruth a New Testament in Chinese, a Prayer-book, a Hymn-book, the "Peep of Day," "Line upon Line," and a story-book which Mrs. Moule had translated into Chinese.

Ruth left us, and for nearly two years we lost sight of her. When we moved from Ningpo to Hangchow, finding that we were nearer to Ruth's home than when at Ningpo, I started to try and find her, but after four days' search I returned without success. Now and then I seemed to be drawing near our lost lamb. Yes, the people thought there *was* a girl close by who had been at Ningpo! I hastened into the village, and inquired at the house mentioned to me, but in vain.

After some time I sent a Chinese Christian to search for Ruth, but he, too, returned unsuccessfully. Then, in the summer of 1877, news reached me that Ruth's husband, "Ah ts'ih," or "Number Seven" had been seen. I sent my messenger a second time, and he found at last the long-lost wanderers; but, alas! his report made us sad.

*(To be continued)*

## £3 FOR A HUMAN LIFE: WAS IT RIGHT TO BUY IT?

UPPOSE, my dear children, your father sold mother to somebody, and you never saw her again, what would you do?

You say, "Oh, but such a thing is impossible!"

Come with me to the shores of Western Africa, where our Missionaries are working with heart and soul for Jesus—always r Jesus—and I will show you men who have en wicked enough to do what seems to you yond belief.

One day there came to a place called Ode ndo, some eighty miles north-east of Lagos, native baggage-carrier. He had with him relative whom he had found living as a ve about ten miles away. He was hoping escape with her to Lagos.

Her owner was her husband. This cruel aster soon found out where she had gone , and came after her in a rage. He said at unless he received £6 10*s.* for his slave- ife he would take her back by force.

The poor creature was terrified at the ought of going back, knowing her husband ould be more cruel to her than ever, after r running away from him.

When her relative, the carrier, counted his oney, he found he had not enough, so he ft the woman with Mr. Young, our Mis- ionary, begging him to be his surety while e went to Lagos for more. To his shame, e it said, he never came back again, but to her fate.

Mr. Young had to pay the money himself, and so keep this poor slave from being sold far away, to a strange master, from which dreadful misery she implored him, with tears, to save her.

She has since worked for her living, and has already paid back to Mr. Young more than half of what he gave for her ransom. Better than all, she has become a Christian.

Was it right to buy her?

The natives of Ode Ondo have a horrible custom of offering human beings as sacrifices to idols. They wickedly buy slaves for this cruel purpose; and because they would have to pay more for young and strong men or women, well able to work, than for others, they buy old people, who are too feeble to be useful, and put them to death, thinking, in their sinful blindness, that these sacrifices will please their false gods.

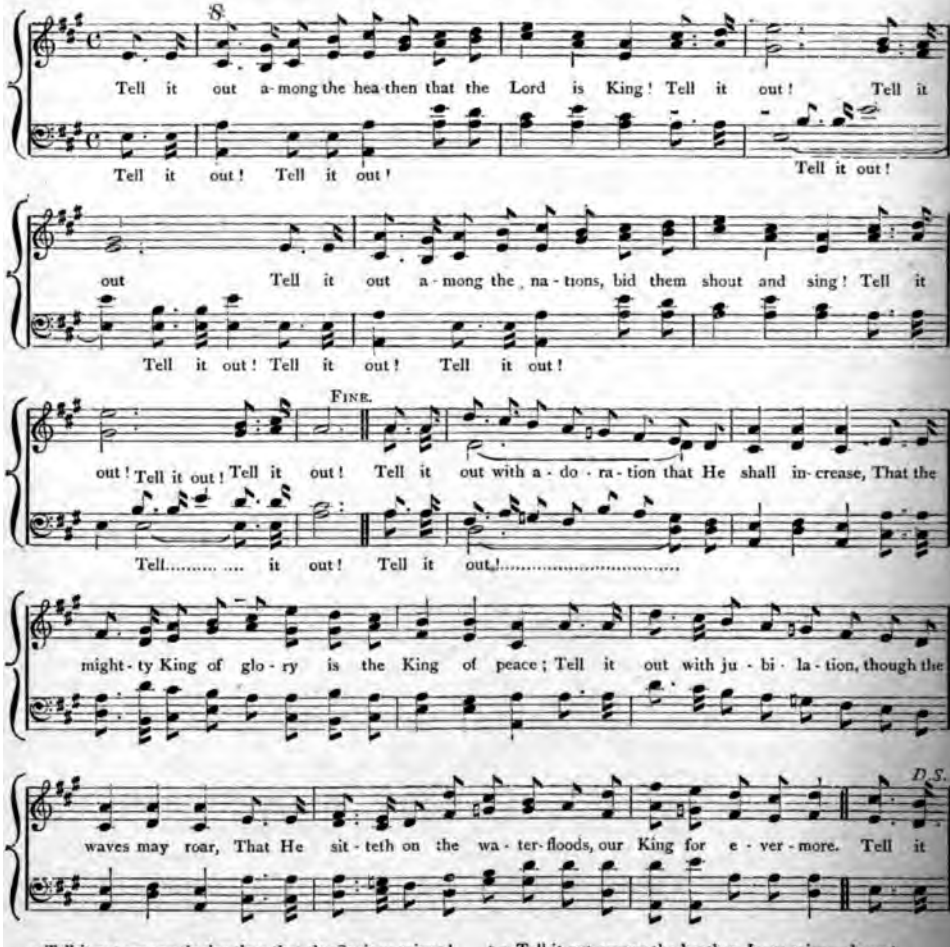
One day a poor old grey-headed woman came to the Mission-station for help. She had heard that she was to be sacrificed, and having no money with which to redeem herself, and no friends, she knew not what to do.

You will hardly believe that the price asked for her was only £3, but it is quite true. The Missionaries made up the money amongst them, bought her, and so saved this poor old woman from her dreadful fate.

Was it right to buy her?

I know that every true-hearted English boy and girl in this free country of ours will say *yes*. Pray also to God, dear children, that the time may soon come when there shall be no such deeds as these—when the truth, as it is in Jesus, shall have made all men free. When they shall believe in the name of the Son of God and shall love one another, as He gave us commandment.

O.

# Tell it out!

S.
Tell it out a-mong the hea-then that the Lord is King! Tell it out! Tell it
Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out!
out Tell it out a-mong the na-tions, bid them shout and sing! Tell it
Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out!
FINE.
out! Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out with a-do-ra-tion that He shall in-crease, That the
Tell..... .... it out! Tell it out!.....
might-ty King of glo-ry is the King of peace; Tell it out with ju-bi-la-tion, though the
D.S.
waves may roar, That He sit-teth on the wa-ter-floods, our King for e-ver-more. Tell it

2 Tell it out among the heathen that the Saviour reigns!
Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out among the nations, bid them burst their chains!
Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out among the weeping ones that Jesus lives;
Tell it out among the weary ones what rest He gives;
Tell it out among the sinners that He came to save;
Tell it out among the dying that He triumphed o'er the grave.

3 Tell it out among the heathen Jesus reigns above!
Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out among the nations that His reign is love!
Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out among the highways and the lanes at home;
Let it ring across the mountains and the ocean foam!
Like the sound of many waters let our glad shout be,
Till it echo and re-echo from the islands of the sea.

FRANCES RIDLEY H

## CHURCH MISSIONARY JUVENILE ASSOCIATIONS.

THE total sum contributed by Juvenile Associations towards the work of the Church Missionary Society in 1879 was £4886 9*s*. This shows an increase of £1000 in the last fifteen years: for the return given in the year 1863 was £3881 10*s*. 5*d*.

There are now 200 Juvenile Associations. We will tell you the names of a few among them, the members of which were most actively at work during the last year.

| | £ | *s*. | *d*. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Hereford, St. Peter's | 190 | 1 | 11 |
| * Margate | 175 | 15 | 10 |
| * Hampstead | 163 | 15 | 9 |
| * Tunbridge Wells, Trinity | 103 | 2 | 2 |
| * Do., Small Sums Association | 31 | 10 | 8 |
| * Paddington, Lock Chapel | 121 | 5 | 9 |
| * Upper Holloway, St. John's | 117 | 8 | 4 |
| Brighton, St. Margaret's | 116 | 17 | 0 |
| Salford | 95 | 11 | 9 |
| Wolverhampton | 92 | 14 | 11 |
| * Winchester | 87 | 3 | 9 |
| ‖ Sheffield, St. George's | 78 | 0 | 0 |
| * Torquay | 77 | 8 | 9 |
| Balham and Upper Tooting | 65 | 19 | 6 |

The Hereford Juvenile Association stands at the head of this list by right of age as well as by right of honour, for it is the oldest of all our Associations, having been formed as long ago as 1841.

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We shall welcome any account from members of these Associations as to the means they have found most useful in arousing the interest of the children in Missionary work. We shall be specially glad to receive information on these points:—

Do you make any rules as to the admission of children into your Juvenile Association?

2. Do you prefer to receive offerings by means of Missionary-boxes, or of bags and collecting cards?

3. What means have you found most successful in supplying the members of your Association with Missionary information, and can you suggest any plan for ascertaining the extent of their knowledge of Missionary work?

4. On what plan do you provide your members and collectors with the "Church Missionary Monthly Paper," "Quarterly Token," and "Juvenile Instructor" (Green Book)?

5. Those Juvenile Associations marked thus (*) raise the greater part of their funds from the sale of work. Do your juvenile members take an active part in supplying this?

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‖ For report of the Juvenile Association, St. George's, Sheffield, see JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, 1879, p. 14.

Will the Secretaries of these Associations kindly supply the Green-Book with some account of their work, as the Annual Report furnishes no [illegible]?

### LITTLE THINGS.

"Though trifling in your eyes,
The little mites appear;
Yet to my charming words
A moment lend your ear.

"Look on the mighty deep,
And contemplate the sea;
If 'twere not for the DROPS,
Where would its *vastness* be?

"Behold the emerald field,
Where sheep and oxen feed;
If 'twere not for the BLADES,
Say where would be the *mead?*

"The oak its shelter gives,
When flocks from tempests flee;
But if the LEAVES were gone,
Where would the *shelter* be?

"The smooth extended strand,
That checks the roaring deep:
Say, if the GRAINS were gone,
Where would the billows sweep?

"Were LITTLE WORDS depised,
How would *a book* appear?
How could the preacher speak,
Or how his hearers hear?

"Despise not then THE PENCE,
They help to make the pound
And each may help to SPREAD ABROAD
The Gospel's JOYFUL SOUND!

## OUR MISSIONARY BIBLE CLASS.

*Rule* 1.—*Papers must be sent in before the end of the month in which the subject is given.*

*Rule* 2.—*Only contributors sixteen years old and under can compete for prizes.*

*Rule* 3.—*The name, age, and address of the writer must be signed on each paper.*

*Rule* 4.—*Only one side of the paper must be written on.*

## SUBJECT FOR FEBRUARY.

(*Continued from p.* 12.)

Passages repeated by the Frere Town converts—

3. Fourteen texts which teach how the believer is kept.

4. Six texts about our burden of sin, and the invitation to come to the Saviour.

Can you find these texts?

## SCRIPTURE ANSWERS FOR DECEMBER, 1879.

### HUMILITY.

Philippians ii. 5–8.

Christ "made himself of no reputation" in His birth, Luke ii. 7; His station, Mark vi. 3; His homelessness, Luke ix. 58; His chosen friends, Matt. iv. 18—22; ix. 9—11. Christ "took upon Him the form of a servant." Matt. xx. 27, 28; Luke xxii. 27; John xiii. 4—17. Christ was made in likeness of man, 2 Cor. viii. 9; Heb. ii. 16—18; Matt. xi. 29. "And being formed in fashion as a man, He humbled Himself" to the laws made for man, Luke ii. 21 and 51; Matt. iii. 13—17; Matt. xvii. 24—27; to shame, Heb. xii 2; to suffering, Heb. ii. 10; v. 8; to death, even the death of the cross, Matt. xxvii. 27—50 prophecies, Isaiah xlii. 2, 3; xliii. 2—7; Zech ix. 9.

SCRIPTURE answers for December have been received from—

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| A. Atkinson | 1½ | F. T. Horden | 1½ |
| L. Atkinson | 1½ | W. Hutchinson | 2 |
| F. A. Baker | 2 | F. Kittermaster | 2 |
| T. Brookman | ½ | J. C. Leach | 2 |
| K. Brown | 2 | C. Lowe | 2 |
| L. Brown | 1 | C. Sands | 2 |
| C. H. Coe | 2 | G. Sands | 2 |
| J. C. Clarke | 2 | E. Walker | 2 |
| A. Harding | 2 | M. B. Whiting | 2 |
| M. Hodgson | 2 | C. Stevens | 2 |

The best answer was sent by Winifred Hutchinson.

## PRIZES.

Awarded for Scripture Papers, 1879.

### SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

C. Stevens,
Jeskins Court, Cobham, near Gravesend.

Frederick Kittermaster,
All Saints' Vicarage, Coventry.

### SCRIPTURE PICTURES.

Alice Harding,
Ulverstone House, Uckfield, Sussex.

Mary B. Whiting,
Dunham House, Ramsgate.

### MISSIONARY INSTANCES.

Charlotte Lowe,
3, Vale Terrace, Guildford.

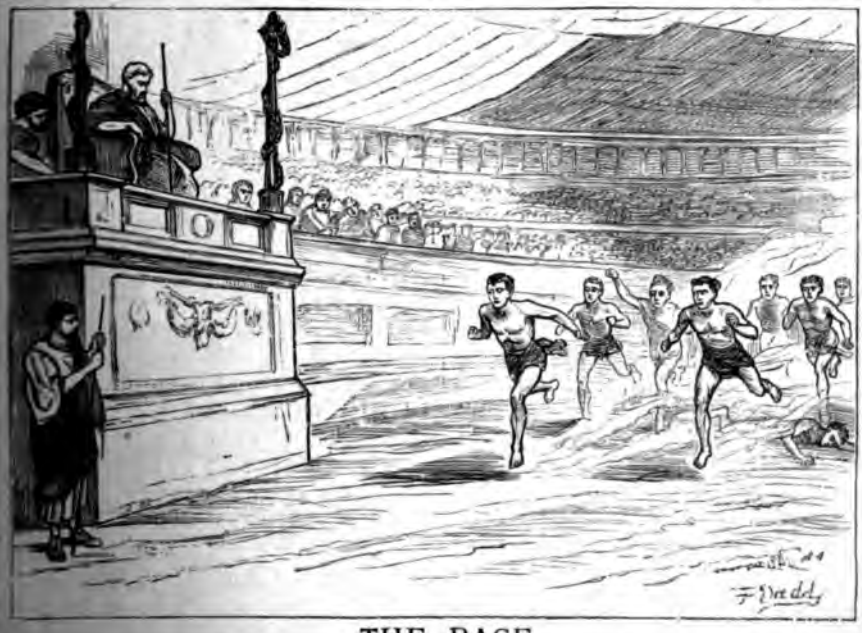
The papers of F. A. Baker, E. Walker, G. Sands deserve honourable mention.

The Editor has much pleasure in acknowledging the following contribution to the Church Missionary Society: Lingfield Sunday School Boys' First Class (chiefly by four scholars), 2s.

*London:* Church Missionary House, Salisbury Square; Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday, 54, Fleet Street, and

MARCH, 1880.] [Price One Halfpenny.

# CHURCH JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR MISSIONARY SOCIETY



THE RACE.

"Forgetting those things which are behind."

## THE RACE.

"Forgetting those things which are behind."—PHIL. iii. 13.

IF ever any of you—boys or girls—have run a race for a prize, you will be able easily to understand these words of St. Paul. You can remember how you tore along at the top of your speed, panting and straining, with your eyes fixed upon the winning-post, and were so much occupied with what was remaining to be done, that you could not give so much as a thought to what you had already done. The space before you was everything; the space behind you was nothing in your estimation. Now, that is what every runner feels; and St. Paul tells us that it is what the Christian runner feels. Eager to reach the goal, he "forgets" how far he has come, and can only think of the distance between him and the prize.

But you ask me what I mean by the "Christian runner." I will tell you. In the Apostle's time, the heathen people—the Greeks more especially—were in the habit of honouring their gods by games, or athletic contests. These games drew immense crowds at certain times of the year from all parts of the country to a particular locality; and there, young men, who had been preparing themselves a long time beforehand, so as to become as strong and active as possible, entered into the lists, and contended for the prize. I do not know that St. Paul ever was present at any of these contests. I should think not: for strict Jews were very unwilling to attend heathen festivals. But he knew all about them; and he tells us that these heathen races remind him of our Christian life. In the first place, there is the preparation for the race: the "training," as it is called: giving up indulgences; and taking violent exercise, and things of that kind. And the Christian has to prepare himself in a somewhat similar way for running the heavenly race. Then there is the course itself, marked out and appointed, just as God settles for us how long our life shall be, and what kind of life it shall be. Then, there is the prize to be won; and what that represents I need not stop to describe. And then again, there is that which I explained a moment or two ago—the striving and straining to reach the winning-post; *the thinking only about what remains to be done*—and this the Christian feels quite as much as the young man who is contending for the earthly prize. "So," says the Apostle, or at least we may suppose him to say it, "the Christian is a racer. He, too, has a course to run, a preparation to make, a goal to aim at, and a prize to win; and he must persevere unto the end, or else he will not succeed."

Now we learn many things from the comparison of a Christian to a runner in a race; but this, more particularly, not to be satisfied with ourselves or with our doings. We have a perfect example set before us, that of the Lord Jesus Christ, and it is our business, God helping us, to imitate it. Can we ever copy it exactly? No; we cannot. We shall always fall short. Jesus Christ was perfect goodness, and we are very far indeed from being perfectly good, nor shall we ever be perfectly good; still we may approach more and more closely to the pattern. By the help of God's Holy Spirit we may imitate Jesus in His lowliness and purity, and love and

devotion to His Father, and then become more like Him the longer we live, though to become exactly what He was is quite impossible for any of us.

And then if you look at our friends the Missionaries, you will find that they, too, are not contented with what they have accomplished, whilst there is so much more remaining to be done. The Society began its work rather more than eighty years ago; then it had very few Missionaries, fewer stations, and no converts. Now, through God's blessing, it has spread and increased in all parts of the world, until it numbers its stations by scores, its Missionaries, native clergy, and catechists by hundreds, and its converts by thousands. But is it satisfied with what it has done? If you were to say to it, "Stop now; you have accomplished enough," would it stop? No! It has got some missions in Africa, but it wants the *whole* of Africa—for Christ; it has got some Missions in China, but it wants the *whole* of China—for Christ; and so all over the globe, it will never be satisfied until every tongue calls Jesus Lord, and every knee bows before Him in loving adoration and praise; in other words, it forgets those things that are behind. Though much has been done—and we thank God for it—yet the Society, like the individual Christian, can only look at what there is remaining to be done, and strive earnestly to do it.

GORDON CALTHROP.

"I PRESS toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God."—Phil. iii. 14.

"Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on:
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown."

## THE GOSPEL IN THE SNOW.

THE guide is going on, you see; the sledge is coming up to us. It is heavier than the cariole, so that the dogs cannot get on quite so fast with it. The cold air is making us all very hungry, and as soon as we reach the woods we must have dinner. I daresay you are looking about for a house, but there is none there, nor even a tent, so that we shall have an odd sort of dining-room. But as we shall think more about the dinner than the dining-room, we shall not mind it. I am glad to see you getting along so well in your snow-shoes. You have not had a fall yet, and that is a great thing: the first time I put them on I fell ever so many times—that is a good many years ago now. It is very cold, but you are warmer than you were, for your face is all covered with rime. You do look so odd, but I daresay that I do the same. But see, the guide has stopped. He means us to have dinner here. He has set his gun down in the snow, and is looking about for a good place. That will be hard to find, I fancy; but he does not think so, and he knows best. That place will do, he says, because there is hardly any snow there. But how open and bare it is! He will make that all right. We must wait now for the sledge to come up. Here it is. Open the wrapper and take out

the axes to cut some wood. Perhaps it will be better if we let the men cut it, and we carry it to the place. There, now we have a good blazing fire, and we can warm ourselves nicely. The guide and Joseph have stuck some boughs on the windward side, and put a buffalo robe over them for a screen, which makes a nice shelter. They have also put another robe for us to sit upon. Now they will cook dinner for us. How careful they are to have all the things clean. But what shall we do for water, as there is no river or well anywhere near? Ah, the men know all about that; did you not see Joseph clean out the frying-pan and tin kettle? Yes. Now he is filling them with snow to melt, and as the water is formed he will go on adding snow until the kettle is full. There is nothing so nice as a good cup of tea on a trip like this. Open that bag, and take out the meat. It is all frozen as solid as a piece of wood. Yes, we must chop a piece off with the hatchet, and put it into the pot to boil. The men will like pemmican, and that they will cook in the frying-pan. It is all ready now; take off your cap while we ask God to bless the food He has given us to eat. We must never forget this, you know. Sit as close to the fire as you can, or your dinner will be frozen before you can eat. Would you like some milk in your tea? If so, open that brown-paper parcel; there is some tied up in it. The dear one at home thought you would like a little, and so tied it up thus. You see it is as white as loaf sugar, and much more solid. Chop a bit off with the hatchet, and put it in your cup. I am glad to see you enjoying your dinner so much.

The men are ready, so we must be on the move again. Let us thank God for what we have had, and then put all the things on the sledge, and tie up the wrapper to keep them safe. The dogs have had a little nap, and would like to sleep longer, I daresay, but they must not do that now. Old Carlo is watching everything, and knows well what it all means. He is always ready to go. The guide has taken his gun and gone on, so get into the cariole, and let me wrap you up well before we start. We have a long distance to go before night. There is no path nor track of any kind, but the guide will not miss his way. On he will go, over plains, lakes, and swamps, without any fear of going wrong. He looks well on before him, and seldom or ever makes a mistake. What an odd crunching sound the cariole makes, but how easily it runs along where the snow is hard! On and on we go. How long the day appears! But the first one from home always does do so. The sun is getting low, and before it sets we shall stop. You had better run a little now again. See, the guide is looking about carefully for something. Don't be afraid; there are no bears, wolves, or robbers there. He is looking for a place for the camp. The dogs know well enough what he is doing. See how they want to get on. Their ears are all pointed forward, and their fine bushy tails are curled up over their backs. The guide is looking for a spot where green trees and dry trees are standing together, as we shall need them both for our camp. He has put down his gun, which he always carries, so we know that he has chosen a place. Now we must take off our snow-shoes, and using them as shovels, clear out a hole in the snow about eight feet square. There, that has been a hard job, but whilst we have been doing it the men have cut lots of wood.

W. W. KIRKBY.

*(To be continued.)*

## THE GONDS.

THIS people form a large tribe, with *many* divisions. Their ancestors used to inhabit India before the Brahmins ever came there, but now they are chiefly to be found in small and scattered villages, in the centre of the peninsula. The engraving represents one of the few traces they have left of their former greatness—the tomb of some of their kings, at Chanda, in the Central Provinces, which, though it appears poor in comparison with the beautiful buildings erected by other races in India, is still far grander than anything the poor Gonds of the present day ever build. I have sometimes been quite startled at coming suddenly upon a weird, lonely line of tombs in the jungle, miles away from any village. The rough, unhewn, unshaped slabs of stone of various heights stand in a long row, with flat stones at the foot of each, and form a rude memorial of departed generations.

Look at your Mission Atlas, and you will find in the map of India that the Church Missionary Society has stations at Jabalpúr, in the extreme north, and at Dumagúdem, in the south of the country of the Gonds. The mission at Dumagúdem was established in 1862, especially to reach these people who are there called Kois. But there were difficulties to be overcome, which are not met with in ordinary Mission-work in India. The language of the Kois was quite unknown, and it had never been written at all. But the Missionaries who went up there had learnt the Telugu language, and they found that most of the Kois knew a little of this language, and so they began to preach to them in it.

Then they set up schools in several of the Koi villages. Of course the alphabet was obliged to be the Telugu one, and the books also. But the Koi boys proved to be very sharp at learning, and soon got on very well. After a time some could read the New Testament, as well as most boys in a Sunday-school in England, and they also learnt a simple catechism, and the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments by heart. One day when I was examining the school at Dabbanutulu, and hearing what the boys had learnt off, I was much pleased with a fine, intelligent boy, who repeated the Lord's Prayer perfectly, and very seriously, too, and I said to him, "Now, I am sure you cannot think the posts of wood which your people worship are gods, and you cannot pray to them—why do you not pray to the One True God who loves you, and by His Son, Jesus Christ, taught us to use such

beautiful words of prayer?" He replied, "Sir, I do pray." Then I asked, "But where do you pray?" I knew he could not find a place in the simple hut in which his family all lived together. He said, "Sir, I go up there on the *manché* and pray," pointing to a tall stage in the field on which they stand to drive away the birds, and on which they sometimes lie down when they are watching the crops and the cattle by night. Thus you see God was beginning to bless the teaching of His own truth. This was in 1867. And now, after twelve more years of patient and devoted labour there by other hands, the seed which was then just swelling in the ground has sprung up and yielded an hundredfold, for there are more than 100 Kois who are baptized as Christians; and others, too, have died rejoicing in the faith. The Rev. J. Cain, who is the Missionary there now, writes lately: "The Kois baptized two years ago at Nallapalle are sterling, thoughtful men. We cannot yet get hold of the women." The women know very little indeed of Telugu; hence it is not to be wondered at that preaching, reading, and praying hardly reach *their* minds. Will you not pray that Koi teachers may be raised up to speak to them in their *own* tongue?

C. TANNER.

## AN INDIAN GEM.

*Suggested by the Engraving on p. 18, February Number.*

OPEN brow and features fair,
Shaded by that midnight hair;
Say what hope and promise lies
Hidden in those dreamy eyes.
Child of bright and graceful mien,
Like some fabled Eastern queen.

What for thee does Future store,
Dark-eyed child of Eastern shore?
Do its vision'd hours hold
Promises of gems and gold?
These thy vacant moments' toys,
These thy pride, and these thy joys?

Sapphire rays of blue serene,
Emerald lights of deepest green;
Pearls as white as ocean's foam,
Riven from their ocean home.
Knowing not the World's true Light,
By whom all these things are bright.

Him who left these wonders great,
Stoop'd to fallen man's estate,
To redeem from evil's powers
These immortal souls of ours;
Deeming each a priceless gem,
Meet for kingly diadem.

Thou and thine for long have lain,
Bound by error's strongest chain;
Barred from mental light and joy,
Treated as a soulless toy.
Prison'd in thy very home
As within a living tomb.

* * * *

Fair-hair'd child of Britain's race,
Would'st thou render grace for grace?
Bring some gift, however small,
Unto Him Who gave thee all?
Reach afar thy helping hand
Unto "India's coral strand."

Let a light unknown before
Pierce the dark Zenana door;
Let the Gospel's joyful sound
Reach this strange and joyless ground.
"Past is death's unbroken night,
Christ Himself shall give thee light."

E. SUTTON.

## HANT IN AFRICA.

We have seen many pictures of elephants in Africa, and they all were hunting scenes.

This noble, wise, and magnificent animal is hunted in every part of Africa; shot by
s rifle in South Africa and
ile, speared by the natives,
: sword by the Abyssinian
ere the most deadly enemy
e.
ry, for the tusks, which have
fty years to grow, that the
n.
as been going on for many
in parts of Africa there are
s left.
hows us some elephants at
ild state; let us hope they
peace, and that the time is
: real value of the elephant
d in Africa as it is in India.
ople, who are also trying to
k Continent, resolved to try
phants. They were sent
a ship to Zanzibar, and
e were landed on the coast.
marched, and after a little
cession reached our station
our Missionary, Mr. Last,
successful the elephants
y could not harm
them; indeed, they kill the flies by catching them in the folds of their thick skin, if the old African travellers are to be believed.

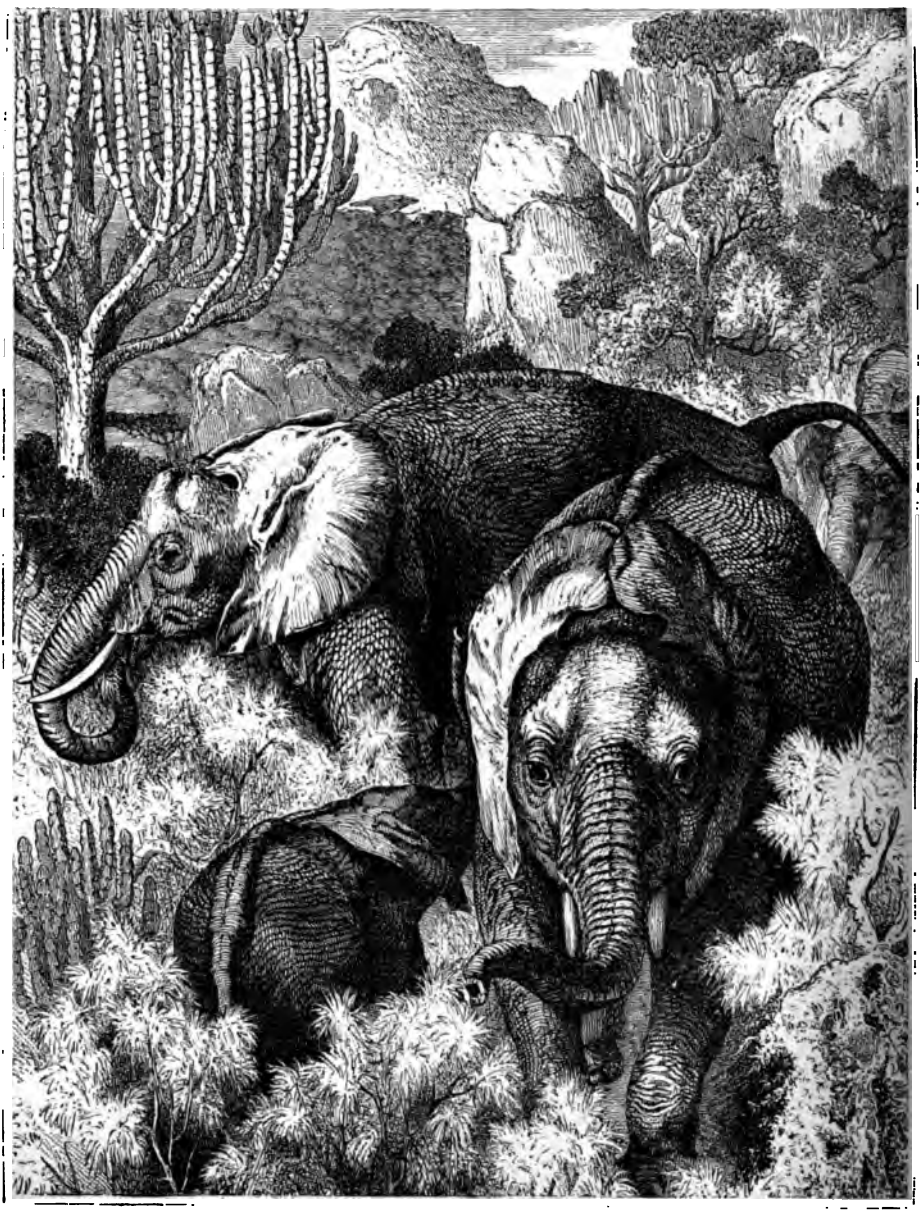
Our Missionary, Mr. Stokes, writes from Uyuvi that these elephants had reached Unyamwezi. He says,—

"They can bear a thirty-six miles' march without food or water. They can carry from twenty-five to thirty men's loads; and the natives here very soon pick up the management of them. I think these elephants have done more towards the civilization of Central Africa than anything else I have seen. The natives think the white man a most wonderful fellow when these big creatures on which they look with terror obey him. It was quite a picture to watch the astonishment depicted on the faces of these poor blacks, as they watched these huge beasts kneel down at the word of command and let us get on their backs, or ele vate their trunks to bid salaam to an Arab."

The Church Missionary Society would be very glad if it could send two or three of these wise beasts to their Mission at Mpwapwa, to help to carry the Missionaries up and down with the stores they must have from time to time; and then, when our Missionaries can speak freely in the language, think what a help the elephant would be on a Missionary tour.

Besides, when the natives see how useful the elephant is, they will soon learn to catch and tame them, as did the Carthaginians, 600 years before Christ.

Turn to the fortieth chapter of Job, and read about the behemoth. You will see in the marginal reference, "The Elephant." "He is the chief of the ways of God." What a blessed time that will be, if, instead of being destroyed by man, this, the most wonderful of God's creatures, is used to carry about the messengers of the Gospel of Peace!



## LITTLE RUTH IN CHINA.

THE house, he said, looked like a heathen, not a Christian house. There were pictures of idols on the doors; there was the "kitchen guardian" god over the oven; and old Naomi and little Ruth both seemed shy and timid; and he feared they had been *forced* back into idolatry by the two heathen young men.

As soon as I was able to leave Hangchow, I started to visit the village myself, and after a long journey, partly in a boat, partly on foot, with straw sandals on, and partly in a curious conveyance—a kind of cradle hung on a long pole, which rested on two men's shoulders—I drew near the village where Ruth dwelt. As I passed up the street, I saw a short figure washing greens in the stream, and I at once recognized our little Ruth. She ran in when she saw us approaching, and when I reached the house she was busy cooking rice and boiling the kettle for our tea. Old Naomi received us cheerfully; but it was too true that on the door and in the kitchen there were the signs of idolatry. Presently Ruth's husband came in—a tall, smiling young man, six feet high. He saluted me, and I began to talk to him. "Why do you hinder your mother and your little wife from being Christians?" I said. "Oh, it was my elder brother, the soldier," he replied. Then the neighbours came crowding in, and I heard one say, "Ruth often goes upstairs to read," and I knew what *that* meant. I found also that the poor girl had not left off prayer, and that she had talked to her sister-in-law. Then I called to Ruth, and told her to fetch her books and read to me. She was afraid of the crowd, and hung back for some time; but at last she came forward and read clearly and distinctly the verses I had chosen—"God so loved the world," &c. (St. John iii. 16—21.)

"How foolish of you, Ruth, to be ashamed and shy," said one of the bystanders. "Why, we ought to be ashamed. None of us can read; and here are you, a clever young lady who can read so nicely."

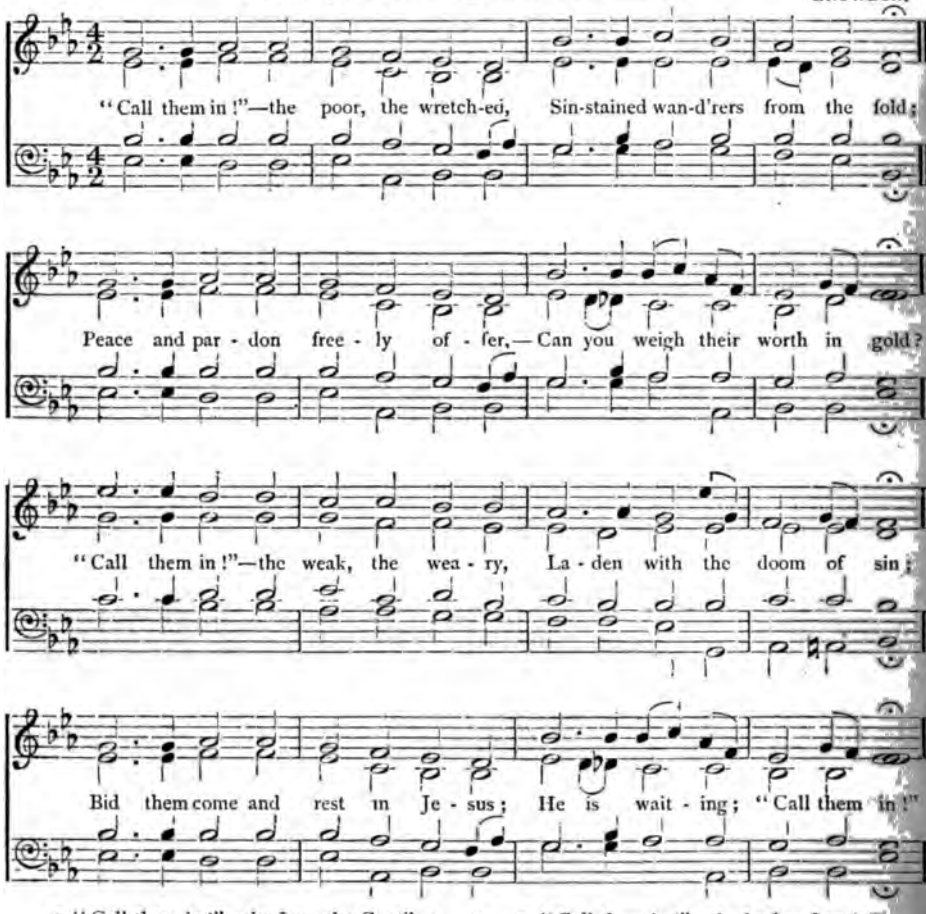
"There now," I said to Ruth; "do you hear that? Now, for the future, when it rains, or when work is slack, invite the women next door to come in and listen while you read to them."

I left after dinner, with the promise that Ruth should come up to Hangchow to visit Mrs. Moule, and that idolatry should no longer be forced in any way on Ruth and Naomi.

On the day appointed, to our glad surprise, Ruth appeared with her husband and mother-in-law. She spent a month with us, and Mrs. Moule was very glad to find that she had not only kept up her reading, but that she could still write well enough to compose a letter to a kind friend in England with the help of Mrs. Moule's supervision. Ruth came again last spring to say good-bye to us before we left for England, and both her husband and the soldier brother spent two nights in my house, attending morning and evening prayers. The idolatrous pictures had been removed, I heard, from their house, and Ruth's husband expressed half a wish to become a Christian. May it be so! And do you, dear children and readers of the Green Book, pray for your sister, that she may be a shining light in her far-off, dark heathen village.

G. E. MOULE.

# Missionary Hymn.

*The Tune by kind permission of* REV. E. H. BICKERSTETH. SNOWDON.

"Call them in!"—the poor, the wretch-ed, Sin-stained wan-d'rers from the fold;
Peace and par - don free - ly of - fer,—Can you weigh their worth in gold?
"Call them in!"—the weak, the wea - ry, La - den with the doom of sin;
Bid them come and rest in Je - sus; He is wait - ing; "Call them in!"

2 "Call them in!"—the Jew, the Gentile;
Bid the stranger to the feast;
"Call them in!"—the rich, the noble,
From the highest to the least.
Forth the Father runs to meet them,
He hath all their sorrows seen;
Robe and ring and royal sandals
Wait the lost ones; "Call them in!"

3 "Call them in!"—the broken-hearted,
Cowering 'neath the brand of shame;
Speak love's message, low and tender,—
"'Twas for sinners Jesus came."
See! the shadows lengthen round us,
Soon the day-dawn will begin;
Can you leave the lost, the lonely?
Christ is coming; "Call them in!"

*(Songs of Grace and Glory.)*

## CH MISSIONARY JUVENILE ASSOCIATIONS.

HE next number of the Green Book will, we hope, contain some information as to what plansthe young members of Missionary Juvenile Associations in parts of England have adopted for o send the glad tidings of salvation to lands, for we are sure that you may reat deal from each other by comotes in this way. But you must is not only in England that your lpers are to be found, and to-day ing to look for some useful hints in for we should like you to make ith a little band of young workers o are joined together in the name rd Jesus, for just the same object together the members of Church y Juvenile Associations in England. leasant it will be if some English ho have not yet learnt to practise e words, *work*, *give*, *pray* for should be taught this lesson by e report of the

IVE CHRISTIAN JUVENILE ASSOCIATION, MADRAS.

The members choose a Treasurer and Secretary from among their own number.

The Secretary reports:—

"This Association was commenced twelve years ago. It then numbered 10 children, and their first yearly collection amounted to 2 rupees, 7 annas. There are now 52 members, and the last collection was 107 rupees, 2 annas, or 44 times as much.

"*Meetings.*—After the afternoon service at Chintadrepettah Chapel the Meeting is held in the vestry-room. The Secretary opens the Meeting with prayer, and a hymn is sung. Then a portion of Scripture is read, and short addresses are given by one or two members, Then a Tamil lyric is sung and the collection made. The Meeting closes with prayer. The Treasurer enters the names of the contributors in a book, and the collection is put in a Missionary-box.

"*Contributions* are received in the shape of weekly collections, monthly subscriptions, special thankofferings, and proceeds of articles made by the Working Party.

"*Working Party* consists of twenty members, ten of whom belong to the Napier Park Hindu Girls' School. They meet for prayer on the first Friday of the month at about 1 p.m. Some Christian members give addresses, in which they tell how English ladies spend their time usefully in sewing, and help Missions by the proceeds of their work. Each member subscribes half an anna a month. One girl who has left school still continues her subscription. It is now six years since the Working Party was formed. At first the amount realized was about 5 rupees; now it is no less than 40 rupees.

"God grant that we may work more earnestly than ever for the spread of our Redeemer's kingdom in this heathen land!"

CONTRIBUTION LIST TO JANUARY 10TH.

JUVENILE ASSOCIATIONS.

| | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Reading | 50 | 10 | 1 |
| Kilburn, Holy Trinity | 19 | 12 | 5 |
| Burton-on-Trent, Holy Trinity | 5 | 15 | 2 |
| Brixton, St. Matthew's | 15 | 0 | 0 |
| Hertford, All Saints'—Juvenile Missionary Service | 3 | 12 | 1½ |
| Contents of Boxes | 12 | 7 | 4½ |

# OUR MISSIONARY BIBLE CLASS.

*Rule* 1.—*Papers must be sent in before the end of the month in which the subject is given.*

*Rule* 2.—*Only contributors sixteen years old and under can compete for prizes* (*see page* 12).

*Rule* 3.—*The name, age, and address of the writer must be signed on each paper.*

*Rule* 4.—*Only one side of the paper must be written on.*

## SUBJECT FOR MARCH.

(*Continued from p.* 24.)

The Frere Town converts learnt some passages from the Word of God concerning

Faith;
Repentance.

Can you find five passages in the Old Testament, and five passages in the New Testament on each of these subjects.

(*Without Concordance.*)

## SCRIPTURE ANSWERS FOR JANUARY.

Man's state by nature, Gen. vi. 5; viii. 21; Job xv. 16; Psalm xiv. 3; li. 5; Prov. xx. 9; Eccles. vii. 20; Isa. liii. 6; lxiv. 6; Jer. xvii. 9; Matt. xv. 19; John iii. 19; Rom. iii. 9, 23, 10, 11—18; v. 12, 13; Gal. iii. 22; Ephes. ii. 1, 2; ii. 12; 1 John i. 8.

Man's state by grace, Ezek. xxxvi. 26, 27; Rom. iii. 24; vi. 14; 2 Cor. v. 17; Ephes. i. 6, 7; ii. 8; Titus iii. 5, 7.

HERBERT GEORGE HENRY,
Wellington Square,
Hastings.

(*We have not space to quote the words of these passages.*)

Without goodness or understanding, Psalm xiv. 2; Rom. iii. 9, 12.
Born sinful, Psalm li. 5.
Under sentence of death, Rom. v. 12.
Children of wrath, Eph. ii. 3.
Sinful minded, 1 Pet. iv. 2, 3.
Evil in heart, Gen viii. 21; vi. 5; Jer. xvii. 9
Unclean, Job xiv. 4.
Unjust, not good, Eccles. vii. 20; Matt. xix. Gal. iii. 22.
Going astray, Isa. liii. 6.
Eager after iniquity, Job xv. 16.
Untruthful, Psalm lviii. 3.
Foolish, Prov. xxii. 15.
Not to be trusted, John ii. 24, 25.
Needing new birth, John iii. 3, 5, 6.
Without excuse, Rom. i. 20.
Impenitent, Rom. ii. 4, 5.
Incapable of doing good, Rom. vii. 18.
Incapable of pleasing God, Rom. viii. 8.
Incapable of attaining to the glory of God, Ri iii. 23.

Man's state by grace.

Washed, sanctified, justified, 1 Cor. vi. 11.
Free, John viii. 36.
Saved, Eph. ii. 5.
Forgiven, Eph. i. 7.
Working, Eph. iv. 7—13; iii. 8.
Hopeful, 2 Thes. ii. 16.

CLAUD WOOD,
Skillington Vicarage
Grantham

Sixty papers were sent in answer to Scripture Questions for January. Twenty-se of these papers gave only references to texts this subject; and, though several of the wri selected the passages with great care, prefere must be given to such as either wrote the word the text or pointed out its teaching in their words.

The twelve papers standing first on this are those of—

| | |
|---|---|
| H. G. Henry. | Stanley Stocken. |
| C. Wood. | Herbert Satchell. |
| Charlotte Lowe. | Percy Stocken. |
| *J. C. Clarke. | Anne Fox. |
| Margaret Simcox. | E. Coleman. |
| Millicent Simcox. | Beatrice Prigg. |

* Over age.

## TO ALL OUR READERS.

April 12 will be the Birthday of the Ch Missionary Society. Birthday Gifts for the Soc will be gladly received by the Editor. They be made payable to E. HUTCHINSON, E Church Missionary House, Salisbury Square, will be acknowledged in the Green Book.

London: Church Missionary House, Salisbury Square; Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday, 54, Fleet Street,

APRIL, 1880.] [Price One Halfpenny.

# CHURCH JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR MISSIONARY SOCIETY

IDOLS AND THEIR MAKERS.

...y that make them are like unto them: so is every one that trusteth in them."—Ps. cxxxv. 18.

## IDOLS AND THEIR MAKERS.

"They that make them are like unto them: so is every one that trusteth in them."—Ps. cxxxv. 18.

THIS verse occurs twice in the Book of Psalms, and on both occasions in the same connexion. The Psalmist is speaking about the "idols" of the heathen. They are (he says) the work of men's hands, made of silver and gold. *But they can do nothing.* Fashioned like the human figure, with eyes, and mouths, and ears, they are yet blind, and deaf, and dumb. There is no breath of life in them. And then he goes on to tell us, that a close resemblance exists between these helpless idols and the men who make or worship them. The men become like the image, that is to say, they become deaf to the hearing of what is good, and blind to the light of God's truth. They gradually grow worse and worse through the worship of the image, and their foolish hearts are darkened.

Such is the meaning of the Psalmist in the passage before us; and now I propose to say a few words about idols, taking the text as my helper.

You have all of you, I suppose, seen an idol; for idols are often brought to Missionary meetings, in order that the people may know what sort of gods the heathen worship. At all events, if you have not seen an idol, you have seen a picture of one; and so you will be quite prepared to understand what I am going to say to you.

Now, I daresay you will think the worship of a stock or a stone a very foolish thing; and you will wonder how sensible persons could bring themselves to engage in it, and to believe that an image could do them any good, or any harm. But you must remember that some of the greatest and *cleverest nations that have* ever existed in the world—the Romans, for instance, and the Greeks—were idolaters; and you must remember, also, that a very long time passed away before the Jews themselves were cured of their propensity to idolatry. Why, almost the very first thing they did, after the giving of the Law on Mount Sinai, was to set up a golden calf, and to dance and sing round it. And for years after that, they seized every opportunity of worshipping the idols of the nations by whom they were surrounded; until God, in His anger, destroyed their temple, and drove them into a seventy years' captivity, and taught them a lesson which they never afterwards forgot. So, you see, that not only the poor ignorant people in West Africa, or in the Fiji Islands, or in the hunting-grounds of North America—but the cultivated and intellectual Greeks, and the lordly Romans, and even God's own people, the Jews, were sadly prone to idolatry.

Now let us ask and answer two questions.

(1.) *Why are men always so prone to worship idols?* Well, I believe several reasons might be mentioned; but this is certainly one—because we by nature trust more readily in what we can see, than in what we cannot see. Our God is invisible. The Lord Jesus Christ whom we love is invisible,—for the present. One day we shall "see Him as He is;" but that is not the case now. And so we are taught to put our entire dependence in a Being Who, though He is always near us, always about our path and about our bed, and spying out all our ways, yet is removed far away from our bodily sight, and will only be revealed to us hereafter. Now, this is a difficult thing for us to learn. And very likely you and I, if we had not been born in a Christian country, might have made an image of some kind for ourselves, to help us, as we might think, to believe in the power and the presence

My second question is this—*Why does
o strictly forbid all image worship?*
for many reasons; but certainly for
because, as our text says, those who
own before idols, become "like them,"
aracter. You will easily see why this
d be, if you come to think of it. When
n makes an idol, he represents God as
shes God to be, not as God is. A cruel
n has cruel gods; a drunken nation has
ken gods, and so on: the character of
eople being represented in their gods.
if you contemplate wickedness; i. e. put
ore your mind, and think about it,—you
are to become more wicked than before;
hus the worship of idols, instead of doing
good, will make you worse and worse,
ols have always something bad about
. By thinking about them, and hearing
t them, and singing about them, their
haracter is more deeply impressed upon
mind, and you become "like them."
is one reason, I think, why God forbids
orship of idols.

t have not you and I something
ent from idols to contemplate? Yes;
ave the perfect character of the Lord
Christ. This we are to think about;
ve are to meditate on; this we are to
sider," and to remember what He did and
and how good and holy He was. And
oing so, we become, by the power of the
Ghost, more and more like Jesus Christ.
atch a resemblance to Him; we imbibe
of His spirit. As St. Paul says, "Be-
ng as in a glass the glory of the Lord,
re changed into the same image from
to glory, even as by the Spirit of the
."

GORDON CALTHROP.

## THE GOSPEL IN THE SNOW.

HE outer branches of the pine-tree will form a carpet for us. We must also line the three sides of the hole with it, to prevent the fire from melting the snow. Now we must pile up the logs of dry wood close to the other side. But they are too heavy for us, so we had better let the men carry them. There, now we have a good roaring fire. Isn't it nice? And how glad the dogs are to be out of their harness again! See how they roll about in the snow, and eat it to quench their thirst. Poor fellows! While the men are cooking supper for us, let us go to the sledge and take out sixteen fish for the dogs. They must have two each, as they only have this one meal a day. The fish are frozen solid, and will have to be laid by the fire a long time to thaw. You will become so fond of the dogs before we reach Churchill, and they will fully repay any kindness you may show them. Go down, Carlo, and you too, Boxer. You know the fish are not ready for you yet. Many anecdotes are told of the dogs in England, and I could tell you, Teddy, some good ones of the dogs in this country also, but the men say that supper is ready, and we are all quite ready for it. Pemmican and tea, you see, just the same as for dinner, but the camp is much warmer and better,

for we have taken a great deal more trouble with it. Hunger is good sauce, and I am delighted to see that you are getting on so well. How your dear mamma would like to have a peep at you and all of us just now. You will have lots to tell her and all your companions when you return home.

There, the men have finished, so let us again thank God for His goodness, and ask Him to supply the wants of all His creatures. The men will like now to smoke their pipes for a little, so while they do that we will feed the dogs, change our shoes, and put things ready for night. The fish are now thawed, so that the dogs can have them; see how they all jump up the moment we touch the fish. The rogues know very well what we are doing, and show their readiness for their supper. We will give them one fish each first, and when they have done that the other. They only have this one meal a day, so it is quite right that they should have two fish each. You will become so fond of them, and so will they of you, if you feed them once or twice. How cold it is when we move from the fire! But there is no wind; we shall not, therefore, have a smoky camp. I would rather have it a little colder and clear than warmer and be choked with smoke. The men are ready for prayers, for they have taken off their caps, and are combing their hair. They always do this, and I think it nice of them to do so. We will first sing a hymn, then a few verses of God's holy Word, and then kneel down to ask Him to take us into His kind care and keeping for the night. It will be very odd for you to sleep out in the open air, and during a night so cold as this; but don't be afraid, no harm will come to you. We have a good robe and blanket to sleep upon, and another to cover us. You must *not undress,* nor even take off your cap and *mittens. Cover up your face* with the blanket, and don't disturb the clothes during the night, nor open any holes for the cold to come in to you. Jack Frost is a sad fellow, and will creep in to you if he can find a tiny hole anywhere. Should you feel him coming in call to me, and I will wrap you up better, and Joseph will put some more wood on the fire. Now good night. I shall sleep on this side and the Indians on the other. The dogs, too, will soon be with us, and curl themselves at our feet.

"Wuniskuh, wuniskuh!" Arise, arise! Teddy, the men are calling, so we must get up. What, so soon? Yes, we have really had a long night, and the fact of your having slept so well shows that you have been all right. It is not very light yet, but there is a good deal to do before we can go. The Indians have been up some time. They have a good fire, and, see, the kettle is boiling. What good fellows they are! They have been up ever so many times in the night to put wood on the fire, only you did not hear them. But you see the large heap that was lying on that side when we went to bed is now gone. That is one reason why we have slept so well, and your first night in the snow has not hurt you. I hope all the nights may be as good as this has been. You will feel very cold at first getting up, so put this blanket over your shoulders. Breakfast will soon be ready, so we will have prayers at once. How nicely the men sing! They love their hymns very much, and would not like to be without their books. No, you must not think of washing your hands and face. It is not nice to have breakfast without it, but you must. The less you wash your face on a trip the better. The best way is to rub a little melted fat on it; I often do so on mine, and know that the plan is a good one. The daylight is here now, so the men will start soon. While they are

sledge we will put the robes into the cariole. But I think you had better walk for an hour or two this morning, it will be very cold and dreary for you to ride so long. We are just coming to a long, narrow plain, with woods on either side, so that we can't go wrong. I will therefore walk on with you until the men overtake us.

W. W. KIRKBY.

(*To be continued.*)

## YOUNG FELLOW-HELPERS IN CEYLON.

A MISSIONARY'S wife says of the Tamil Boarding School in Colombo: The parents of some of the girls are well-to-do, and the children have a regular allowance of *3d.* a week for pocket-money. Others are poor, but all of them contrive to have a little money that they can call their own, and not a small share of it finds its way to the school Missionary-box or the church plate. Sometimes it is earned by pounding curry spices for some one living at a distance from the city, or some one who wants to send curry-powder to England. Again, it comes from the sale of the produce of their little garden in which they work very industriously. This year they have often sent me a nice dish of vegetables from it, and after supplying vegetables for their own curry, they have had some to dispose of. Two of the little girls are rearing chickens. Another spends her spare time in crocheting edgings, and sends them to sell in the town.

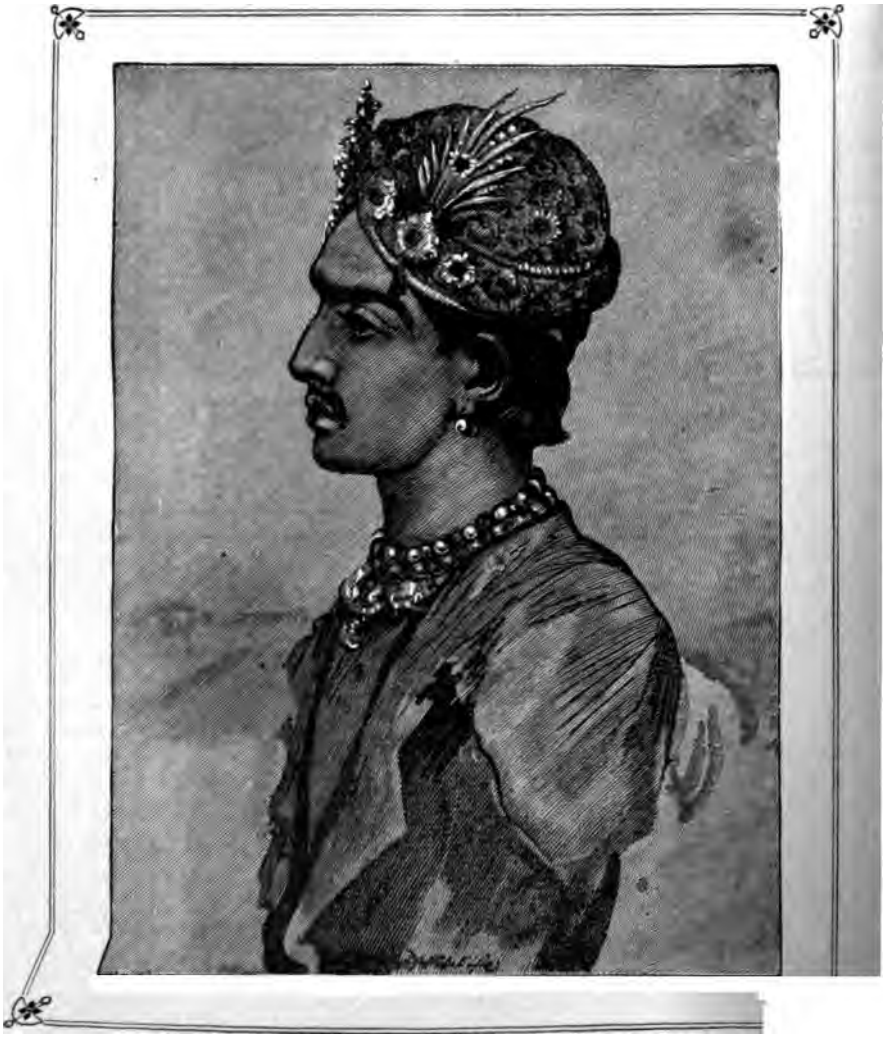
A few days ago the school matron, who is like a mother to the children, came to me [illegible] face, and handed me a list of names with small amounts placed against them, and with the list *7s. 6d.* It was the girls' contribution to Bishop Ridley's Missionary steamer. It seems that a few Sundays ago there was a Missionary address at the afternoon service, and the preacher so thoroughly roused the interest of the girls in

FRUIT SELLER.

the story of Metlahkatlah, that they were anxious to have a hand in it. None of us knew anything about it until the subscription-list was handed to me. Some of the sums were very small. One little girl gave five-eighths of a penny. It was a very pleasant surprise, this little evidence of interest in the Lord's work.

## THE BOYS OF INDIA.

WITH us in England youth is the time of activity. Eager in all things which belong to sport and amusement, with all their strength and spirit finding vent in football, hare-and-hounds, paper-chas boating, cricket, and many other sports, t English boy is all life and animati Straightforwardness, honesty, uprightne generosity, and courage, are the qualit which English boys call good form; a when that is accompanied by decision



**ter, and the decision is for Christ, how** the parents of such a boy!

e is the picture of an Indian boy of per classes, probably a young Rajah. all his ornaments and wealth, there is uch likelihood of his indulging in any sports so dear to the English lad. et, in many a Mission-school, the boys ught not only the Bible and English g, they learn to love English games

young Missionary, Mr. Baring, soon his boys to play cricket, and had a eleven.

Missionary, Mrs. Elmsley, writes the ng account of an Indian boy :—

the five years I had charge of the orphanage at Amritsar John Weston y right hand. He was the eldest of rge household, and the other boys up to him with confidence and n, for he was diligent in study and entious in the use of his influence his companions.

e when a friend had offered a prize for ost truthful boy in the school, I took one apart without mentioning this reward, and asked them which boy school *never* told a lie—which boy ould always trust. "Bara Jani aur Jani"—big Johnny and little Johnny the answer from each little fellow; so izes were gladly given.

reat cricket-match was held between overnment-school and the Mission- elevens. John was one of the latter. oys were dressed in their bright cricket nes, English gentlemen were present as umpires, and a silver belt was to be ted for.

game was hotly contested, and con- equal till near the end, when the d on *the ball being* caught by those fielding at the time. John was one of the "fields." The ball came spinning along; John rushed forward to catch it, and all the lookers-on shouted, "Hurrah! the Mission-school wins." But John knew the ball had touched the ground before he had caught it, and he at once went to the umpires and told them the truth.

The English gentlemen were so pleased with John's truthfulness that they collected a few rupees there and then, and got him a writing-case as a token of their approbation.

Now this may seem a very small thing to an English boy, who has been taught that truth is the very soul of honour, but in a native of India, where "lying is the language of the gods," it was a proof of the power of grace in the heart, and I rejoiced to see the lad growing not only in worldly wisdom, but in the love of God and the desire to serve Him.

As he grew older John had many perplexing thoughts, and he met with young men who opposed the truths of Christianity, and he used to bring questions quite too hard for me to answer. I was obliged to advise him to leave them until he could ask them of the Master in heaven, where we shall know even as we are known. He learned the great lesson that reason must lean upon faith, and taking all the Word of God as his guide, he followed on.

I hoped he would have proved a pillar of the Church on earth, but God had other work for His servant in the courts above. News reached me of his being very ill of consumption, but always longing for God's Word as his greatest comfort. Then he rallied, and was able to work again as assistant to the Christian Editor of "Wakil-i-Hind," but the return of colder weather brought the message of death to him.

Last month I received two letters from

Mr. Beutel, the Missionary in Amritsar, containing the following accounts:—

"Oct. 18th. You will be grieved to hear that John becomes weaker day by day. Although it is very sad to see so promising a young man going towards the grave, yet it is a happy thing to know he is ready for the great change, and longs to depart to be with Christ. He is always anxious to hear more about Jesus and the world unseen."

"Nov. 13th. John died two days after I had sent off my last letter to you. He was quite happy, and in perfect peace. I saw him two days before he left this world, and he asked me to write and tell you all, and to give you once more his hearty salaams. He was very sorry he could not write to you again himself. Now he is past all pain for ever, and our sure hope is that he is with the Lord he had learnt to love. His last words were, 'Lord Jesus, take me to Thyself.' All his old companions gathered round his grave, and the Orphanage boys sang the sweet hymn,—

"'I am one of Jesu's flock.'"

Dear John! he is not lost to his friends; not lost to our young Indian Church. He has gone before into the land of glory, another memorialist in heaven of our orphan-school on earth—another ransomed spirit to glorify the Lord that loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood; "and them that sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him."

Let us pray that many more of the boys of India may have so honourable a name as Bara Jani, Big Johnny, the Truthful.

# THE EAST AFRICA MISSION.

Our Engraving (on page 45) represents the Slave Market at Zanzibar before its abolition. This subject is interesting from the fact that it was owing to the Slave Trade that our Mission at East Africa received a fresh start, and that it is carried on in connexion with the victims of that trade.

## GUESTS FROM GODOMA.

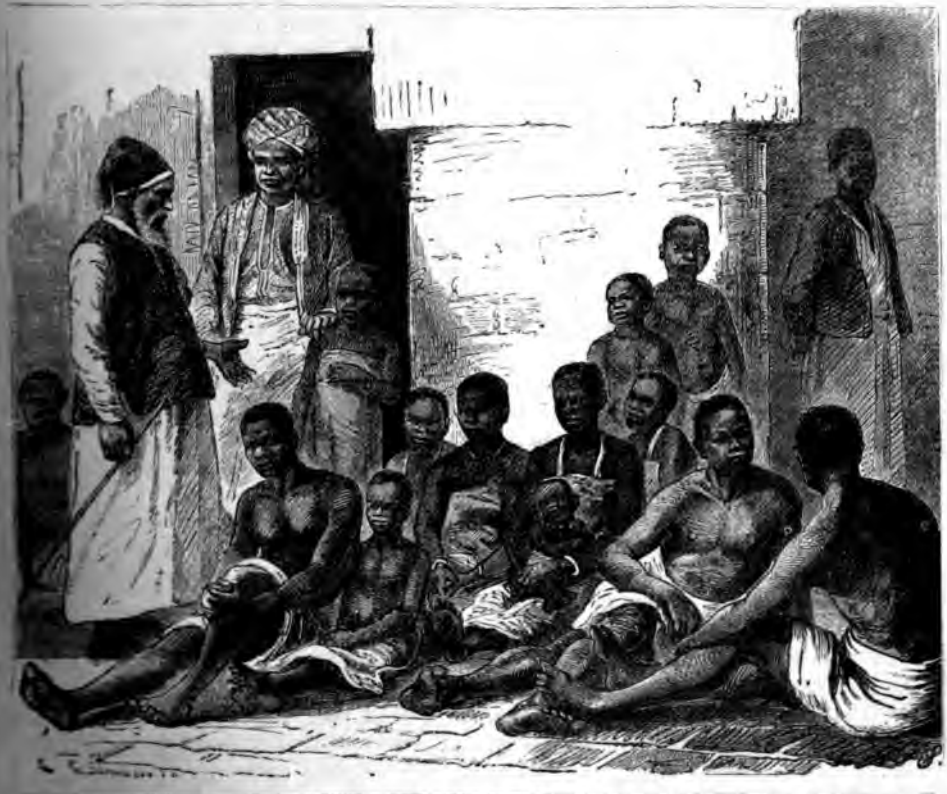
A FEW months before the first party of freed slaves was brought to Frere Town (see p. 7), Mr. Price received a visit from three negroes, who had taken a thirty miles' journey to see him. The Missionary wondered who had sent these guests, and what was their errand. Did they want food, or work, or medicine, he asked? No, they said; nothing of that sort. They came to say they wanted to be baptized, and "belong to the Book;" and they had left ten friends at home, who had the same wish. This sounded a very strange story (for Mr. Price knew there was no Missionary at Godoma, the place where they lived); but he soon found that it was quite true; and you shall hear how these Africans came to know about "the Book."

About fifteen miles inland from Frere Town is a village called Kisulidini, where a good Missionary—Mr. Rebmann—had lived for many years. The people were very low and ignorant, and hard to teach, and the slave-traders put many difficulties in the way of preaching the Gospel; and when Mr. Rebmann, at last, came away, worn out with ill-health, and almost blind, he left behind, at Kisulidini, only three or four negroes who had become Christians.

One of the many trials Mr. Rebmann had to bear in his life at Kisulidini was the conduct of a servant who lived with him. He taught this man—Abe Ngoa—to read and to write; he read the Bible with him, and explained its holy teaching many a time; and the servant seemed to believe what he

learnt about the true God, and to become a changed man.

But one day a dreadful thing happened. In a fit of passion, Abe Ngoa struck his wife a blow so violent that it killed her. When he came to himself he was most wretched; he fled from his master, and from Kisulidini,



and hid himself miles away in the forest. There he built himself a hut in two trees, and for a long time he lived in loneliness, grieving for his sin. Abe Ngoa had carried away with him a copy of St. Luke's Gospel, in his own language, which Mr. Rebmann [illegible] he must often have read it to himself, and thought about its meaning, for when, one day, a man who was cutting wood chanced to come near his hut, he began at once to speak to him about the true God. The stranger was so much interested, that he soon came back with a friend to hear more, and then the two men asked Abe Ngoa if he would live with them, and be their teacher. He agreed to this, and they settled at Godoma, a little village in a district called Giriama, thirty miles away from Kisulidini. Eleven others soon joined these two scholars, and as they learned the beautiful Gospel story, and heard what Abe

Ngoa could tell them of Mr. Rebmann's teaching, they thought they should like to belong to the Book-people. Three of their number were chosen to go and look for the white Book-man; and these were the guests whom Mr. Price received at Kisulidini in January, 1875.

You can guess how glad he was when he heard their story; and as soon as possible, a catechist from Frere Town—George David—was sent to Godoma to teach them the way of God more perfectly. He there found thirty-four men and women longing to hear him read and explain God's Word; and he chose eight from among these—five men and three women—for baptism. On August 3rd, 1875, they came down to Kisulidini, and were publicly admitted by Mr. Price into the Church of Christ.

GUESTS AT GODOMA.

From time to time others of the inquirers have been baptized, and there is now a little Christian settlement at Godoma. These simple Christians are always asking that a teacher may be sent to live among them; but, alas! the labourers are so few that no one can yet be spared, though the chief of the settlement, Abe Sidi, once sent a message to Frere Town that "he was getting into trouble with the people, because he told them so often a teacher would soon be given them, and yet nobody had come."

But the Missionaries from Kisulidini and Frere Town visit them as often as they can. Here is a short account of one of these occasions, when Mr. Lamb and Captain Russell were the guests of the Godoma Christians:—

"When we reached Godoma we were most agreeably surprised to find it nicely arranged, and neat and clean, though the people had not expected us. The Christian settlement is quite detached, and is pleasantly situated on the slope of a hill. The houses are all neatly arranged, and look like so many neat hay-stacks, except one, which the owner is trying to arrange like some he has seen at Frere Town. He has no proper tools, and it was amusing to see his window-frames, made with a rude kind of axe. Bush surrounds the little settlement, through which there are pretty paths to the farms. These were in beautiful order, and proved the industry of the people. There is Indian corn sown, and mtama, and papaw; and castor-oil trees grow in abundance. The people have built their own church, which they have already enlarged once.

"We had prayers in the church the first night. Next morning I went out to see if they would meet again in the church for prayer, and I heard a hum in the different houses. I asked what it meant, and Abe Sidi told me they all have prayer in their homes before going to work at the farms, and then all meet in the church when they come home, before they get ready their evening meal.

"On Sunday morning we had service in the church.

"On the last day of our visit we had a final gathering under the village-tree. We sung a hymn, written by Mr. Rebmann in their own language, which tells how the Lord Jesus Christ gives help and comfort. Abe Sidi prayed; and I said a few words from John xiv. 27.

I think this true story of the Godoma Christians, who first heard the truth from Mr. Rebmann's runaway servant, and are now learning the sweet hymns which the lonely Missionary wrote, when there was not one believing heart to sing them, should help us to understand these two texts,—

"*Your labour is not in vain in the Lord;*" and, "*He that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together.*"

## CH MISSIONARY JUVENILE ASSOCIATIONS.

THE following proposals for the forming of a Juvenile Association lately started in London, may give some useful hints to Sunday-school teachers, or to young people who are wishing to form a Church Missionary Juvenile Asso-

among themselves.

*sal* 1. That children shall become s of this Association on payment of *ar* subscription from ½*d.* per week, such contributor is entitled to a the "Church Missionary Quarterly )

*sal* 2. That each class in the Sunday- shall be supplied with Missionary- collecting-cards and bags.

*sal* 3. That Missionary-boxes, or col- cards and bags, be supplied to such s as wish to collect in their homes, ve received the consent of their and of the Sunday-school superin-

*sal* 4. That the Sunday-school and those supplied to individual be brought in at the end of each

*Proposal* 5. That a week-day gathering of members of the Association be held once a month, if possible, for a Working Party,* and Missionary address or reading, and for prayer. These gatherings are useful in promoting the sense of *membership*. Opportunity is also afforded (1st) for supplying the children with Missionary information, which cannot be systematically given within Sunday-school hours; (2nd) for the sale of Missionary publications.

*Proposal* 6. That quarterly or half-yearly meetings be held, when Missionary addresses shall be given, and the affairs of the Association discussed.

*Proposal* 7. That a Secretary be appointed to superintend the monthly gatherings; to arrange the general meetings; to supply the Missionary publications; to give out boxes; receive collections, &c.

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JUVENILE ASSOCIATION, DOLPHENHOLME, LANCASTER.

Names of Collectors, 1879-1880:—Vicarage Box, £2 7*s.* 4*d.*; Mrs. Robinson, 12*s.* 10½*d.*; Annie Blanchard, 13*s.* 8*d.*; Katie Blanchard, 14*s.* 0½*d.*; Annie and Eward Milling, 10*s.* 8½*d.*; Margaret and Annie Walker, 7*s.* 3½*d.*; Herbert Millington, 2*s.* 7*d.*; Priscilla Parkinson, 2*s.* 4½*d.*; Willie Bradshaw, 2*s.* 4*d.*; Isabella Brown, 1*s.* 7*d.*; Betsey and Thomas Harrison, 1*s.* 11½*d.*; Louisa Gorst, 1*s.* 1½*d.*; Elizabeth Hall, 6½*d.*; Ellen Hall, 3*d.*; Parish Box, 9*s.* 5*d.*; Boxes returned, 8*s.* 3*d.* Total, £6 16*s.* 2*d.*

E. B. SALL, *Secretary.*

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* It need not be thought that one-eyed needles, knitting-needles, crotchet-needles, and scissors are the only tools for a "Working Party," and that such a gathering is only "fit for girls." Pen, paint-brush, paste-brush, and knife are implements quite as useful; and drawing, painting, illuminating, scrap-book making, and a hundred other kinds of work can be found to suit boys' fingers. Any "Children's Friend" who can give his or her time to the arranging of a "Boy's Missionary Work-shop" will find the trouble well repaid in the eagerness of the young folk to come and work in it.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Juvenile Association, St. Jude's, South Kensington . . . . . | £9 | 3 | 8 |
| Children of St. James's Sunday-school, Latchford (subscribed in pence and halfpence) . . . . . | £3 | 4 | 6 |

## OUR MISSIONARY BIBLE CLASS.

*Rule* 1.—*Papers must be sent in before the end of the month in which the subject is given.*

*Rule* 2.—*Only contributors sixteen years old and under can compete for prizes* (*see page* 12).

*Rule* 3.—*The name, age, and address of the writer must be given* at the beginning *on each paper.*

*Rule* 4.—*Only one side of the paper must be written on.*

*Rule* 5.—*When more than one sheet of paper is used the separate sheets must be tacked together.*

Our young friends will greatly help the Editor in arranging the large number of papers sent in for examination by paying attention to the alteration in *Rule* 3, and to the addition of *Rule* 5.

### SUBJECT FOR APRIL.

The seventh subject on which the Frere Town converts learnt texts of Scripture was

Obedience.

Can you quote from the Bible,
Five precepts given to obedience to God;
Five promises made to obedience to God;
Five examples of obedience to God.

(*Without Concordance.*)

### SCRIPTURE ANSWERS FOR FEBRUARY.

Fourteen texts which teach how the believer is kept.

God is their keeper, Psalm cxxi. 5.
God keeps them in His pavilion, Psalm xxxi. 20.
God keeps them as the apple of His eye, Deut. xxxii. 10.
God keeps as a husbandman His vineyard, Isa. xxvii. 3.
God keeps as a shepherd His flock, Jer. xxxi. 10.
God keeps their feet, II Sam. ii. 9.
God keeps them in His hand, John x. 27, 28.
*God keeps them* by His angels, Psalm xci. 11, 12.
*God keeps them in perfect* peace, Isaiah xxvi. 3.
The peace of God keeps their hearts and minds, Phil. iv. 7.
They are preserved in Christ Jesus, Jude 1.
They are preserved from falling, Jude 24.
They are preserved from evil, II Thess. iii. 3.
They are preserved unto the end, I Peter i. 5.

Six texts about our burden of sin, and the invitation to come to the Saviour.

The scape-goat, type of the sin-bearer, Lev. xvi. 21, 22.
Jesus the antitype, Isa. liii. 6; I Peter ii. 24.
The burden of sin is very heavy, Psalm xxxii. 4, 5; xxxviii. 4.
But Jesus invites the weary ones to come to Him, Matt. xi. 28, 29.

CHARLOTTE LOWE,
Vale Terrace,
Guildford.

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(3) Isa. xxvi. 3; Psalm cxxi. 5; Phil. iv. 6; II Thess. iii. 3; II Tim. iv. 18; I Peter i. 5; John x. 23; Jude 1; John xvii. 9; I Peter iv. 19; Psalm xxiii. 1, 3; John xvii. 11, 15; Mal. iii. 17.

(4) Matt. xi. 28; Jer. vi. 16; John iv. 13, 14; John vi. 35, 37; Luke xiv. 23.

ANNE STOTE FOX,
Warwick Square,
London, S.W.

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Sixty-seven papers were sent in answer to our Scripture Subject for February. Of these forty had the words of the text written out.

The twelve papers standing first on this list are those of—

1. Charlotte Lowe.
2. Anne Stote Fox.
3. Jane Clarke.
4. Elizabeth Jennings.
5. Claud Wood.
6. David Hutchison.
7. Emily Gidley.
8. Emily Green.
9. Sarah Pudney.
10. Percy Stocken.
11. George Sands.
12. Millicent Simcox.

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Will the members of our Bible Class pay special attention to Rule 1. Eleven papers on our subject for January were sent in too late for examination.

### TO ALL OUR READERS.

April 12 will be the Birthday of the Church Missionary Society. Birthday Gifts for the Society will be gladly received by the Editor. They may be made payable to E. HUTCHINSON, Esq., Church Missionary House, Salisbury Square, and will be acknowledged in the Green Book.

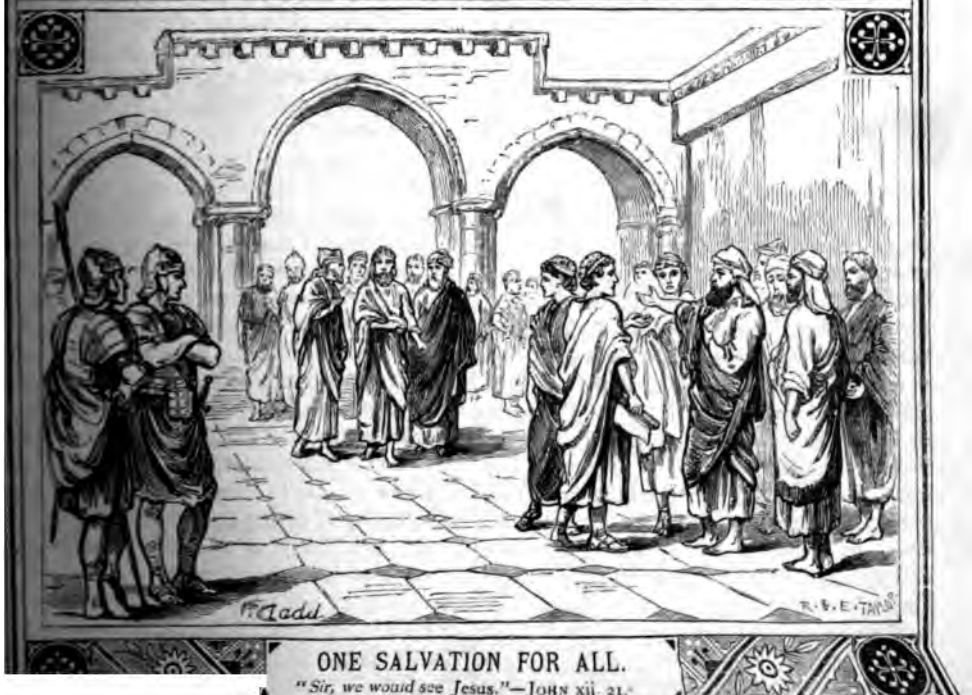
The following has been received:—

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Florence Graham, St. John's Sunday-school, Annan, N.B. . . . . | £1 | 0 | 0 |

*London: Church Missionary House*, Salisbury Square; Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday, 54, Fleet Street.

MAY, 1880.] [Price One Halfpenny.

# CHURCH JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR MISSIONARY SOCIETY



ONE SALVATION FOR ALL.

"Sir, we would see Jesus."—JOHN xii. 21.

## ONE SALVATION FOR ALL.

"Sir, we would see Jesus."—JOHN xii. 21.

A SHORT time before our Lord's betrayal and crucifixion, a party of men requested to be allowed to have an interview with Him. They were strangers in Jerusalem; or, at least, Gentiles, who had journeyed from a distance to worship at the feast; and they wished, we suppose, to see Jesus, in order that they might receive some instruction from His mouth, and not merely for the sake of gratifying their curiosity. Whether they did see Jesus or not, we are not told; but the intimation of their wish reminded Him of what was about to happen. Gentiles had come to His cradle; for the "wise men" travelled all the way from the far East, to pay their homage when he was born in Bethlehem of Judæa; and now Gentiles are coming to His Cross. The Saviour, then, is reminded by their arrival both of the sufferings which He would have so soon to undergo, and also of the result of those sufferings. "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me." The Jews thought that the Messiah belonged to them only, but this was a mistake; and when the Cross was set up on Mount Calvary, it attracted to itself—as if it were a sort of magnet—men and women from all nations and peoples, and kindreds and tongues. Jesus Christ was to be the one only Saviour of the whole human race.

My subject, then, in this paper is, "*One salvation and one Saviour for all men.*"

Now, consider how different men are from one another. First, in their appearance and dress. You have seen a negro, of course. Probably, you have seen a Chinese, or a native of Japan. Some of you, perhaps—though it is not so likely—may have been in the company of a North American Indian, or of an Eskimo, or of a native of Greenland. Well, how different all these people are from Europeans! In colour, in features, in shape, in stature, they are as unlike as possible. But if men are different in appearance from each other, they are quite as unlike in character, and habits, and customs; so much so, that it would be impossible to find any one kind of climate, or any one kind of government that would suit them all. Yes, but though one climate would not suit them all, and one dress would not suit them all, and one form of government would not suit them all—yet one religion would suit them all; and I will tell you why.

In the first place, because, unlike as they are, they are all really members of one great family. Black, and white, and yellow, and copper-coloured though they may be, yet all descend from one common stock. So St. Paul says in his sermon at Athens. God "hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth." But there is a better reason still why one religion should suit them, and that is—because *all men's hearts are alike.* Go where you will—north, south, east, and west—you will find two things, in men's hearts: sin, and a capability of loving those who show them love. Everybody is a sinner; everybody is more or less uneasy on account of sin; everybody requires to be set free from the power and the curse of sin. And Jesus alone can do that. And then again, everybody is

osed to love one who loves him; and if can be persuaded that Jesus loves them, that He laid down His life for them—if can be brought to believe this, they will rawn to Him by the attraction of love, try to live pure and holy lives for His

because sin is everywhere, and love, or capacity of loving, is everywhere, God ls forth His preachers to tell the world it Jesus Christ, His dear Son, and what has done and suffered for us; and when Spirit blesses the word, and men believe it, matter where they are—they are brought the family of God, and feel that they are brothers and sisters in Christ, and know they have one Saviour and one Lord, have been made partakers of a common ation.

ou would find this to be so, if you were avel abroad with our Missionaries. Go o the frozen North, where there is ever- ng snow, and ice-fields, and icebergs, and er cold; where the people are short and ted, and live in funny little huts, and eat sy food that you could not bear the smell oil and blubber, and such like things. ou were to take part in their Christian ship, you would feel yourself quite at ne—you would feel that you had entered family of God. Or, leave the North, and down to the burning plains of Southern ia. What a change it is! The people are per-coloured; they wear little clothing, that very light, and made of linen. Look nd you. There are red sandy plains; tall trees, with feathery branches growing out of them; and neat little villages here there; and jungle and groves; and such un overhead! Enter this little church; vice is going on. It is Christian worship. *n't you feel at home?* Of course you do. *hipping your God and* Father in Christ; the people are your brothers and sisters. And you see now that there is one salvation and one Saviour for the whole human race.

GORDON CALTHROP.

## THE GOSPEL IN THE SNOW.

O we went on, day by day, over rivers, lakes, swamps, and plains. In the afternoon of our eighth day the guide said, "Do you see that large fringe of woods before us? Those grow on the bank of the Churchill River, and from there we shall see the Fort." How glad we shall be to be there! The men have had their faces frozen a little, but I am glad that we are all right, and there is no danger now. In the woods fires can be always made and shelter found. But here we are at the woods; we shall soon be through. There is the river; does it not look a grand one? But it is not so. It is five miles across, but it is shallow, and not at all a nice river for boats. Do you see the Fort? No, nor could I for some time. But run your eye along the bank on the other side, and you will see a black sort of patch larger than others, that is it. As we get nearer we shall see it better. There, now you see it! There

are only a few little wooden houses, and the store for goods and furs, surrounded by a stockade, and outside you see a large building, that is the blubber-house,—for a good many Eskimos come here to trade their oil and blubber. The people are coming out now to see us. See, there is Mr. and Mrs. Spencer! we must shake hands with them first. They are dear, good friends, and will make us very happy during our stay here. And, better than that, they have been teaching the people ever since I was here last. Mrs. Spencer has a school for the children, and Mr. S. has service in the dear little church every Sunday. They are quite like Missionaries. Is not that nice of them? Mr. Fortescue, you know, told us before we left York, that he should do the same there until my return. Now we must shake hands with the people. See, there are both Indians and Eskimos here, standing against that little house, so we will shake hands with them now. They will like that very much. How pleased they are to see us! You don't understand what they say, but they are telling each other how glad they are, and the men there are asking the guide what sort of a trip we have had, and whether you have been a good traveller. But we must go in now, and have a good wash, and change our clothes. Mrs. Spencer has tea ready for us. Mr. S. will look after our men and dogs, so that all will be happy to-night. There is just one thing wanting to make me quite so. If we could send word back to the dear ones at York and England that we were here all safe and well, I should be quite content. But this we cannot do; and during the four months we stay here it will be all the same. They will therefore, have to trust and wait for good tidings of us. How we shall enjoy the house *to-night! After* tea all will come in for *prayers, as I know they will* be glad to hear again the glad tidings of a Saviour's love that we have brought to them.

How nice to be in a house again, and to have no thought of a camp, or of cutting wood for to-night. But the house feels hot and small after having been so long in the open air; and every one appears to speak so loud. I suppose it is our being in the room that causes it. How one's face burns and tingles; and yours looks so brown and bonny that your mamma would think you tanned by the summer's sun could she see you now. It is a good thing our eyes are well, and that we are not suffering from snow-blindness. Here are Mr. and Mrs. Spencer's little children coming to shake hands with us. Come in, Bertie and Edith, and where is Annie? How much you have grown since I last saw you! We shall have lots to talk about to-morrow, and I have a few little boys' and girls' books for you; and I believe Teddy has something for you also. He will want to see all your Indian and Eskimo curiosities. Now for tea!

Look, Teddy, at those faces against the window! Why, there is one for each pane almost on that side. How odd they look; they are some Eskimos who did not see you outside, and so want to have a peep at you now. They would think it rude to open the door and come in, but they do not think it at all so to look in at the window. "Anwiluh, anwiluh!" (go, go). There, they are gone now, and we can have our tea in quietness.

How strange it is to feel that on this side of the country we are now at the last house in the world, for there is not another between us and the North Pole! But is it not a joyous thought that at this distant place the name of Jesus is known and loved, and that He has a people here to call Him blessed?

The bell will ring just now for

service, as we always have this during my visit here; and both the Indians and people of the Fort will expect it to-night, as I have hardly said anything to them. But you are tired, and had better go to bed. To-morrow you will be able to see the place and people better. Yes, I will go into your room with you first. You see Mrs. Spencer has put everything nice for us. We will read a verse or two out of God's Holy Word, and thank Him for all His goodness to us in bringing us safely here; by that time I dare-say the bell will ring. There, I must say good-night, as you will be asleep when I come in again. The room feels odd to you, and the stove is strange. It will be something new for you to sleep between blankets; but we always do that here, and you will soon get used to it. So good-night, dear boy; God be with you, and with our dear ones far away.

Now, dear children, having reached Churchill, and Teddy having gone to bed, I must leave what I have to say about the place until next month. Till then, good-bye. May all blessings be yours!

W. W. KIRKBY.

*(To be continued.)*

## A BHAJAN NIGHT IN AGRA.

A LARGE part of the population of Agra belong to the low *Chamar*, or leather worker, caste. All Chamars, however, are not really leather workers; some are land cultivators; others are day-labourers and domestic servants. Many of their work early in the morning, so that they miss the visits of those evangelists who go to their houses. The Missionary, therefore, has tried another plan of bringing God's message to these Chamars. You never heard of such a plan in England, I am sure. So perhaps you would like to read what Mr. Zenker says about it.

INDIAN MUSICIAN WITH "TABLA."

"Having heard of the musical meetings of Native Christians in Calcutta, I thought they would be just the thing for our Chamars. As we have a nice building not far from some of their quarters, my plan was soon made. Let me describe *a Bhajan Night*.

THE SUMMONS.

"Some time before the hour (6.30 p.m. in the cold season, and 8 p.m. in the hot season),

every Tuesday and Thursday, Anton Esaias, the grey-headed catechist, leaves his house, and makes his way to the broad thoroughfare which passes in front of the school building. But he does not open it himself; he leaves that business to the Christian school-teacher, who rolls out the coarse mats, and lights the small oil-lamps. Meanwhile, Anton Esaias dives into the houses and lanes of the neighbourhood, and soon his voice is heard calling out, 'Ho! So-and-so; where are you? Come along, quick! It is time.'

"Maybe the answer is not very gracious. So-and-so may have a lazy fit, or perhaps be busy smoking his pipe. He grumbles at being called. But Anton is equal to the occasion. 'What, aren't you ashamed, brother? Come at once, and bring your bhajan-book!' (music-book). This rebuke generally produces the desired effect. With a heavy sigh, perhaps, the pipe is put away, and the answer given, 'Very good, teacher; I have come!' By which the Hindus mean, 'I'm coming at once.' Anton pursues his round, and after awhile appears in the school building, with half-a-dozen or so of his 'disciples.'

### The Meeting.

"He squats down with them, somewhere in the middle of the hall, on a mat; puts on his spectacles, and looks around. His eye detects some one standing outside, lazily staring into the lighted room. 'Come in; come in!' he calls out. Suddenly he remembers two or three of his flock who are absent. 'You run,' he says to one of the squatting figures, 'and call So-and-so; 'tis bhajan night.' When the company are fairly assembled then my turn comes round. Anton gets up and, with a nod, addresses me. 'Well, Sahib! I think we begin. The *others will come* by-and-by.' He calls out the number of the bhajan; a shuffling of leaves follows, and the singing begins. What shall we say about the music? Well, I am afraid it would not be very enjoyable to English ears. The voices are somewhat grating, and these simple people haven't a notion of keeping time. Still, after all, the effect is not so bad; and the chief object—to make our Chamars remember Christian hymns in Hindu style—is attained. Besides, outsiders are attracted by the sound. They stop, draw near, peep in at the door, and then often quietly sit down on the ground, or stand around. Or some more important personage appears. He is invited to enter, and with a polite salaam, takes his seat on one of the benches.

"A number of boys are always present, and while some scream what they know of the hymn, at the top of their voice, others try to play tricks, or even engage in a free fight. However, we keep them as quiet as we can; and the singers don't let themselves be disturbed, but go manfully through their task.

"After a few hymns have been sung, I ask one of the evangelists to deliver a short address; any specially telling sentence is received with a 'wah! wah!' (bravo, or hear, hear): or one of the listeners turns round to his neighbour, and says, 'Yes; this is true.' When the address is finished another hymn or two is sung, and another short address follows. Then I say the Lord's Prayer, and our bhajan night is finished.

"Lately, Anton Esaias has induced a native musician to come with his 'tabla' (an instrument consisting of two parts—an earthen and a wooden vessel, both having a thin skin tightly stretched over their openings), and a pair of cymbals, who drums an accompaniment to the bhajan. We hope this will prove a great attraction."

Though this seems a small beginning, and

a humble means for reaching our Chamars, we believe that God will give it His blessing, and we are cheered when we remember that—

"Little by little the path is climb'd,
Little by little the height is gain'd,
Little by little the troubles have ceased,
Little by little the end is obtain'd."

# RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD.

## INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

IF some one were to ask you what Missionaries left their home, their friends, and their country to do, what should you say?

I think most of you would say (and quite rightly), "They go to preach the Gospel to the heathen."

But I hope none of you, except very little ones, think that *all* the nations to whom our Missionaries go believe in the same gods, and honour them with the same kind of worship.

The fact is, that "heathen" is a very wide term, and includes a vast number of different creeds, from the devil-worship of the Australian natives, to the elaborate systems of Buddha, Mohammed, or Confucius. Some of these heathen have no written system of religion at all, and others boast sacred writings as old, or older, than the books of Moses.

Perhaps if you had some definite idea of the different forms of religion with which our Missionaries have to deal, you would be able to sympathize with them better in their great and difficult work.

Are you surprised that I call it difficult? Should you think that, directly people hear the good news, about God's great love manifest in His Son, they must at once cast away their false gods or false *ideas* about God, and turn to Him with all their hearts? Ah, my children, perhaps you have forgotten, or perhaps you do not even know, how very strong is the power of old association, and habit and education, with which our Missionaries have to contend; how strong is the natural bias of the human heart toward falsehood (ever since poor Eve was deluded by the devil into believing *him* rather than God), and, above all, how terribly strong is the great enemy of souls, who is always telling us lies about God and each other.

In order to sympathize with, or intelligently to approve of any work, you *must* understand its peculiar difficulties.

So we should like to tell you something about the different systems of religion, which cover those groups of islands, and mighty continents, where Christianity does not prevail.

We shall want you to fly with us in spirit, over vast oceans and mighty plains, to pass from ancient cities, where magnificent temples lift their marble crests to a burning Eastern sky, to vast and snowy solitudes, where the Red Indian "ignorantly worships" a Great Spirit, who "dwelleth not in temples made with hands." We may carry you away from the stormy seas, and the dark pine forests, and the everlasting snows of North America, and pop you down among the tea-gardens of China.

Where would you like to go first? Don't

you think, as English subjects, we should give the preference to our Queen's great Indian Empire. There is plenty of ground to travel over, in every sense of the word.

Many an ancient city, many a tangled jungle, and many a broad river, lies between the Himalayas and Cape Comorin. And many a mountain of difference, many and many a gulf of thought, divide the great Hindu population, which sleeps and wakes, and lives and dies between these natural boundaries.

E. SUTTON.

## THE RELIGION OF THE HINDUS.

MOST of our young friends know that the Hindus are people who live in India; but we must remember that not all the natives of India are generally named Hindus, but only those who belong to the religious system called *Hinduism*.

One hundred and eighty-five million souls, or three-quarters of the people of India, are Hindus in this sense. They trace their system of religion back to very ancient times, for it is founded on sacred scriptures called Vedas, some of which were written three thousand years ago.

But the worship of those Hindus who lived when the first Veda was written must have been very different from the Hinduism of to-day; for this book says nothing about worshipping before images; yet now, every town and village in India is filled with idol-temples or idol-shrines; and you have often read how the first lesson learnt by Hindu children is to do *pūja*, or worship before the household god. The picture on the opposite page shows the inside of the Temple of Gaurisa at Benares.

The early Hindus used to build altars in the open air, and sacrifice animals to Brahma, the Supreme Being, as Noah, and Abraham, and Job sacrificed to the one true God; but now animals are not often offered up at Hindu shrines.

The Rig Veda (the earliest holy writing) gives 1017 hymns, or prayers, addressed to God, and some of these have very beautiful thoughts; yet, even in this book, the works of God in nature—water, air, light—are worshipped as if they were a part of God Himself. The Rig Veda says God is in everything; and everything that exists—men, women, animals, plants, even rocks and stones—are parts of God.

We see how soon the Hindus confused the one God, the Creator of all things, with the creatures which are the work of His hand; and from these strange thoughts about there being a part of God in all things, they went on to worship many things as gods.

Their books, written later than the Vedas, are filled with stories about gods, who went forth from Brahma. Rules are laid down for the worship of these gods; temples were built to hold their images; special seasons were fixed to celebrate their praises. Thus from the simple form of worship which the early Hindus observed, there has grown up the idolatrous system of Hinduism, with its *three hundred and thirty millions* of gods. Chief among these many gods are Brahma the Creator, Vishnu the Preserver, and Siva the Destroyer—the Triad, or threefold manifestation of Brahma. One of the Hindu holy books tells of different forms in which Vishnu has come to visit the earth. Once he came as a fish, to save the family of a holy man, when the world was drowned by a flood; at other times he has come as a tortoise, a bear, a monster, a dwarf, a prince, a warrior—always he has appeared in order

to deliver man from some evil. The worshippers of Vishnu are marked with three streaks of yellow and white paint across their foreheads.

The foreheads of the worshippers of the god Siva are marked with a daub of white ashes, supposed to be the sign of Siva's feet. Some Hindu sects worship Vishnu only, others devote themselves entirely to Siva.

But whatever gods they choose for their special patrons, all Hindus are alike in t o things.

(*To be continued.*)

ONE fold, one Shepherd;—blessèd day,
To dawn upon these sin-stain'd lands!
Wake, little flock, to work and pray;
This promise claims thy feeble hands.

Though distant be that day of God,
Faint streaks of light e'en now appear,
The tender herbage bursts the clod,
And white the harvest-fields appear.

Good Shepherd of Thy flock, O come,
Disperse the gloom and sloth of night,
Bring many a blinded wanderer home,
Unveil their eyes to see Thy light.

Behold how sin and darkness flee,
And at Thy bidding cease their strife;
Sons of the desert, taught of Thee,
Kneel thirsting at the Fount of Life.

Dry bones await Thy quick'ning breath,
Thou Covenant Angel, come with power,
Breathe life into this vale of death,
Hasten the resurrection hour.

Oh, glorious day, when Thou, O God,
As Sun of Righteousness shalt shine,
Diffusing light and truth abroad,
In rays resplendent and divine!

## CHURCH MISSIONARY JUVENILE ASSOCIATIONS.

WE have heartily to thank those friends who have so kindly answered the questions about the work of their Juvenile Associations which were given in our February number (see page 23). We hope that their experience will encourage many others to follow their example. One clergyman, who has started and worked Missionary Juvenile Associations in different parts of England for thirty years past, says, "I have found no difficulties in any place but such as were easily conquered, under God's blessing, by a little pains and perseverance. . . . . The question, therefore, has often occurred to me, Why do not Missionary Juvenile Associations exist in not only 200 towns in the country, as at present, but in 2000? . . . Parents are almost invariably pleased to receive an invitation for their children to join such an Association, which the children soon become intensely interested in. Moreover, I do not find the children show any tendency to grow weary in the work. We have steadily advanced here year by year, and I am just sending up the fifth contribution from our Association, which a little exceeds £100."

But perhaps the question will be asked, How are we to set to work to start a Juvenile Association? One lady has told how she made a beginning in the *Sunday School-room*:—

1873 the superintendent of our Sunday-
ls suggested the idea of an Association
the Sunday scholars, and they made
easurer. We started with about thirty
taken by our children in the school (a
ift from the Society), and then I had
lowing printed form drawn up, which
ersed among my own circle, and we
umbered fifty members :—

I——'s Juvenile Church Missionary Association.

uld the little boy or girl who receives this
ike to have a Missionary-box to save their
and send the Bible to the poor heathen
, that they may learn about Jesus, who
save them? If we love our friends, we
o as they bid us, and every one who loves
ill long to do as *He* tells them, namely,
into all the world, and preach the Gospel
creature.'—St. Mark xvi. 15.

y child wishing to have a Missionary-box
ive one gratis by applying to the Treasurer.
arterly Meetings, for the purpose of opening
es and supplying information on Missionary
, will be held (D.V.) in the National Girls'
oom, at 4.30 p.m."

ther lady tells us how the Association
h she is Secretary came into life last
a *drawing-room*.

r many years I had been a collector
Church Missionary Society, but had
been quite satisfied with the small
had annually to send. I have often
at the dear children of our congrega-
nd wondered what influence might be
t to bear upon them. At length I
d to get up a Juvenile Church Mis-
y Meeting. I called on the Vicar, who
ed to give them an address; and a day
named, I called on all the houses of
ongregation, and my own personal
, where there were young people, and
xplaining my object to the elders, I left
*the children to a* drawing-room meeting, with the day and hour written on each. Nearly seventy, including a few mammas and governesses, came at the appointed time. We sang 'From Greenland's Icy Mountains;' and after prayer, and an address from the Vicar, I explained to the children the nature of the little Association we wished to form, and gave the few following rules :—

"Every member must subscribe at least 1*d*. a month, and try to get some other children to do the same.

"Each family should have a box, and one member should undertake the regular collecting from brothers, sisters, or schoolfellows. The 1*d*. a month should be really their own offering—a regular, systematic, conscientious giving of their own little pocket-money, or earnings, being what is most desired."

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[Information about the work of these Associations, in answer to our February questions, will be supplied in our next number.]

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Contribution List from February 11th to March 10th.

Juvenile Associations.

| | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Ealing, St. Mary's | 22 | 0 | 8 |
| Oakley Square, St. Matthew's | 5 | 18 | 6 |
| South Kensington, St. Jude's | 0 | 15 | 0 |
| Brixton, St. Matthew's | 40 | 0 | 0 |
| Lower Walmer | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Christ Church, Brighton, Parcel for Palamcotta. | | | |

---

Birthday Gifts to the Church Missionary Society, April 12th.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| A. B. | 4 | 11 | 1 |
| Doncaster, Christ Church Sunday School, Female Bible Class and Teacher | 1 | 16 | 6 |
| G. and A. E. M. | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| J. D. | 0 | 2 | 6 |
| Morris, Marion L. | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| Nunn, Miss A., Stanstead Rectory Missionary Box | 2 | 6 | 6 |
| Richmond, Master R. S., Great Crosby | 0 | 7 | 0 |
| R. M. B. M. | 0 | 2 | 6 |
| Satchell, H. | 0 | 2 | 0 |

## OUR MISSIONARY BIBLE CLASS.

*Rule* 1.—*Papers must be sent in before the end of the month in which the subject is given.*

*Rule* 2.—*Only contributors sixteen years old and under can compete for prizes* (*see page* 12).

*Rule* 3.—*The name, age, and address of the writer must be given* at the beginning *of each paper.*

*Rule* 4.—*Only one side of the paper must be written on.*

*Rule* 5.—*When more than one sheet of paper is used the separate sheets must be tacked together.*

### SUBJECT FOR MAY.

Subject on which the Frere Town converts learnt passages of Scripture.

Prayer.

Can you quote,

Five sayings of the Lord Jesus which teach us how to pray;

Five sayings of the Lord Jesus about the answering of prayer;

Five instances in the Old Testament and five in the New Testament of prayer answered.

(*Without Concordance.*)

### SCRIPTURE ANSWERS FOR MARCH.

*Faith*—its nature. Heb. xi. 1.

Faith—its author and finisher. Heb. xii. 2.

Faith is God's gift. Rom. xii. 3; Phil. i. 29; I Cor. xii. 9.

Faith is our righteousness. Gen. xv. 6; Hab. ii. 4; Rom. iii. 21; v. 1.

Faith produced by Holy Scripture. John xx. 31.

Faith produced by preaching. John xvii. 20.

Faith produces peace. Isaiah xxvi. 3; Rom. xv. 13.

Faith produces hope. Lam. iii. 21; Ps. xvi. 9, 10; Rom. v. 2.

Faith produces joy. Ps. xvi. 9—11; I Pet. i. 8.

Faith produces confidence. Isaiah xxviii. 16; I Pet. ii. 6.

*Faith* produces obedience. Gen. xii. 4; xxii. 3; *Heb. xi. 8, 17—19.*

Faith produces boldness. Ps. cxvi. 10; II Cor. iv. 13.

Faith produces salvation. Mark xv. 16; John iii. 16; I Pet. i. 9.

*Repentance* is God's gift. Jer. xxxi. 18; Sam. v. 21; Zech. xii. 10; Matt. ix. 13.

Repentance is pleasing to God. Ps. li. 17; Luke xv. 7—10; Acts xvii. 30.

Repentance leads to life and forgiveness. Ezek. xviii. 27; II Sam. xii. 13; Acts xi. 18; II Cor. vii. 10.

Repentance is produced by God's goodness and longsuffering. Isaiah xxx. 18; Rom. ii. 4; I Pet. iii. 20; II Pet. iii. 9.

Repentance is produced by chastisement. I Kings viii. 47; Rev. iii. 19.

CLAUD WOOD,
Skillington Vicarage,
Grantham.

Faith.—Gen. xv. 6; Job xiii. 15; Ps. xxxi. 19; Dan. vi. 23; Hab. ii. 4; Matt. ix. 22; Eph. ii. 8; Heb. xi. 6; James ii. 20; I John v. 4.

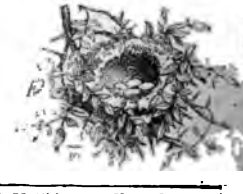
Repentance.—II Chron. xxxiii. 13; Ps. li. 3; Hosea xiv. 1, 2; Joel ii. 12, 13; Jonah iii. 5, 10; Matt. iii. 8; Luke xxiv. 47; Acts iii. 19; II Cor. vii. 10; Rev. ii. 16.

MARGARET SIMCOX,
Francis Road,
Edgbaston.

Fifty-eight papers were sent in answer to our Scripture Subject for March. Of these fifty-three had the words of the text written out.

The twelve papers standing first on our list are—

1. Claud Wood.
2. Margaret Simcox.
3. Charlotte Low.
4. Jane C. Clarke.
5. Minnie Hextall.
6. Stanley Stocken.
7. Anne Stote Fox.
8. Charles W. Spriggs.
9. Winifred Hutchinson.
10. Anne Stenning.
11. M. E. & A. G. Thorpe.
12. Lucy C. Brown.



*London: Church Missionary House, Salisbury Square; Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday, 54, Fleet Street.*

[Price One Halfpenny.

# CHURCH JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR MISSIONARY SOCIETY

THE SYRO-PHENICIAN WOMAN.

"*But he could not be hid.*"—MARK vii. 24.

## THE SYRO-PHENICIAN WOMAN.

"O woman, great is thy faith: be it unto thee even as thou wilt."—MATT. xv. 28.

IF you saw any one—a man or a boy—knocking at a door, and then, because it was not opened soon, going away without knocking again, you would think that he did not care much about being admitted; but if he stood there, knocking and knocking and knocking, until at last the door was opened, you would say he was quite in earnest, and determined to get in. Now I am going to tell you in this paper, the story of a woman who knocked at the heart of Christ, and at last was let in. "What," you say, "does the Lord Jesus ever shut His loving heart against anybody?" No, my dear children. *That* we cannot suppose for a moment; but in this particular case the Lord Jesus had good reason for keeping the poor woman waiting for the blessing, although He intended to bestow it upon her all along.

But let me tell you the story first, and then I will make my remarks on it afterwards.

The Lord Jesus, after He had been preaching for about two years, determined to go with His disciples to the north of Palestine; and accordingly leaving the shores of the *Lake of Galilee,* He travelled on for about *two days, and then reached* at last a beautiful *green slope, from which* He could easily discern the waters of the Mediterranean Sea. Between Him and the sea lay a broad strip of yellow sand, on which were situated, close by the beach, and in the midst of palm-groves and gardens and orchards, the two heathen cities of Tyre and Sidon. They were very busy but very wicked cities. In the distance our Lord could see long rows of warehouses, filled with costly merchandise; palaces, temples, monuments, public buildings; the streets crowded with a bustling population, and the harbour filled with shipping from every part of the then-known world. No doubt the sight interested Him, for He loved and cared for man, and all that belonged to man; but, at the same time, He grieved over the darkness and idolatry which brooded, like a thick cloud, on these beautiful and busy places. Probably He went no nearer than the green slope of which I have spoken, for He wished to be quiet, and not to let His presence be known; and we may suppose Him to have taken refuge in the house of some friend or disciple, who happened to live in the neighbourhood.

However, as the sacred writer tells us, He "could not be hid." Some one found out that He was there, and the news soon spread; and presently as He was going out of the house, with His disciples, a woman of the country came to Him to entreat Him to heal her daughter. Poor woman, she was in great trouble! The girl was very ill—worse than what we call "ill"—for she was possessed with a devil; and she was a terror to her mother, and to all the neighbours: and none could heal her but Christ Himself. Well, you remember what followed. To everybody's surprise, the Saviour took no notice of the poor mother. He *seemed* not to hear her cry, or not to care for it. And when she asked again and again, He did break si[lence] only to repulse her; only to tell h[er]

business was with Israel, and not with people like herself. Still she persisted. Like Jacob, she felt, "I will not let Him go, except He bless me." And at last the Saviour, whose kind heart was yearning over her all the time when He seemed so strange and so hard, granted her petition, and sent her away with words of commendation and comfort: "O woman, great is thy faith: be it unto thee even as thou wilt."

Now on this beautiful little story I make two brief and simple remarks. First, this was the first time that the Lord Jesus came into contact with a *heathen*. He was sent, He said, to the Jews; that is, to the Jews first. And, as a matter of fact, He restricted His ministry to them almost entirely. But here is an exception. He listens to, He praises, He blesses, a Gentile. And we cannot doubt that, by making this exception, He intended to teach the disciples—what they were so very slow to learn, but what we now, of course, understand thoroughly—that He is the Saviour of Jew and Gentile alike; that the Gospel is to be preached to men of every country and of every race; and that all who will come, no matter what their colour or their creed, are to be gathered into the fold of the One Shepherd, and made happy there. So you see our subject is a thoroughly Missionary one.

My second and last remark is this: that the Lord Jesus often—perhaps more often than not—keeps His people waiting a long time before He bestows upon them the blessings which they ask for others in prayer. If you read the history of Missions, you will find that what I say is true. In Western Africa, in Sierra one, in New Zealand the Missionaries toiled and prayed for years, year after year, before a single convert was other places. *But were the mayed by the delay? Did* they think, "Christ does not hear, and does not care"? No! they persevered in prayer. They knew that there was good reason for the delay. They trusted their Lord. They believed that the answer would come. And it *did* come, in God's time, which is always the best time. My dear children, we may all learn a lesson here. Sometimes we are inclined to give up praying, because we seem to have no answer. But I would have you remember the words of the Apostle, "Let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not."

GORDON CALTHROP.

## THE GOSPEL IN THE SNOW.

GOOD morning, Teddy, I hope you have had a good night's rest, and that you feel bright and strong this morning. I have had morning prayers with the Indians, and after breakfast we will go out and see this place.

It is St. George's Day, so that the Indians will be here soon with their guns. Both here and at York prizes are offered for the best shots. It is an old custom, and the people like it very much. Whites, Indians, and Eskimos, may all try their skill, the firing is at a target, and each man is allowed three shots. Last year at York the first prize was won by William Churchill, my Eskimo pupil there.

The sun is beginning to melt the snow a little, so that the ducks and geese will soon be here. Their desire to go north is so great that they come as soon as ever any water can be found. Does it not seem strange that nearly at the end of April all should be snow and ice? On May day in England the boys and girls will be busy with their flowers and

garlands, and a week of good warm sunshine with south wind would make a great change here. The snow would melt, and the ice on the river crack and start by the force of water running under it. At last it would break up with a grand crash. The breaking up of the ice is one of the great sights of the country. Often have I sat up all night to see it. At some of the Forts the people are obliged to do so, lest they and their homes should be carried away together. If the ice is stopped, the water rises at once, overflows the banks, and does a great deal of harm. At York the banks are twenty feet above the level of the river, yet in the space of an hour I saw the water rise to their top, and large masses of ice piled twenty feet above them.

But put your cap and mittens on and let us go out. The Fort is not very large, and looks but a speck in this large country. The Fort house is at the end, the servants live on that side, and on this are the church, mission house, and trading-room. I took a little photograph of it not long ago, and will send one home that the boys and girls there may see what this last house in the world is really like. When I was here four years ago we had such a snowstorm in the middle of May that the Fort house was all buried in the drift, and the men had to dig us out in the morning. There are only eight or ten servants of the Company here, with their wives and children, so that if the Indians or Eskimos wished to cut them off, and take all that is at the place, they could easily do so. But they have no desire to do this, and the whites are not at all afraid of living here among them. They have ever treated the natives with kindness, and God gives them their reward. Once the Indians and Eskimos used to quarrel with each other, and sad tales could be told of their

CHURCHILL.

but they never thought of hurting their friends the whites, and now they are living in peace together. They have heard of the Gospel of Jesus, which teaches all to be kind and gentle.

It is not a little strange that this place was visited by the very first Missionary who came to Rupert's Land. It was a visit only, but his coming caused the people to hope, and when Mr. Jones settled in Red River some of the natives went from here to live there, that they might hear the good news. And among these was an Eskimo boy, named Colin Leslie. It was a long journey of 1000 miles he had to make to go there; but he was not afraid. He was a bright, clever boy, much beloved by all. After leaving school he learnt the trade of a carpenter, and hoped to return here to teach others. But a sad disease coming to Red River, poor Colin fell a victim to it, and died. One day the Missionary going by his bedside, noticed that he looked sad, and asked what was causing him distress. Colin replied, "I am thinking about my poor parents, they have never heard that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners; what will become of them if they never hear of Him! Oh, write and tell them of Jesus!"

"Write yourself," said the Missionary, "for if I write they will say that it is I that speak, not you."

"I can't write," he said; "see how my hands shake."

"Why did you not write before?" the Missionary asked.

Poor Colin in eagerness said, "I did not then think of the value of my soul; it is only since I began to feel my own need, and to pray for mercy myself, that I have become anxious about them."

Ever since then there has been more or less of light in this far-off place, and now I hope that Jesus has a little band of faithful ones here. The Indians can't stay here long at a time, and so they have wished for some one to give them books to take with them to their hunting-grounds. This, by God's help, I have done for them; and day by day, through the long cold winter, they are enabled to sing the praises of God. You will see to-night how well they can use their books, and how heartily they will join in the worship of God.

But it is nearly time for school. You had better come with me, as you will be able to tell the boys and girls of England what you saw there. Ring the bell, and I will put the books ready. Here they come, young and old together; for all who cannot yet read will come. The old sit with the young, just as if they were all the same, and none think it odd or strange. We will have a hymn first, then a short prayer for God's blessing, and then the school. You will not be able to help me, Teddy; but never mind that, sit here and see all that is going on. We shall only keep them a couple of hours or so.

There, wasn't that a nice little school? and did you notice how merry they all were over their ba, be, bi, bo's? The syllabic scheme is a grand thing for these poor Indians, and many of them will for ever bless the name of that good man who invented it for them. By it they learn to read and write in a month. Is not that a good thing, both for them and us, as we cannot keep them long together?

Come here, Dzini-ye, and shake hands with this little boy who has come from England to see you all. I am glad to hea that you can now read so nicely. Be a good little girl, and God will bless you. That poor child's history is a very sad one, Teddy, and yet is there joy in it. Her parents died when she was quite young, and left her to the care of heathen relatives, one of whom treated her

very unkindly, and it is said on one occasion struck her a severe blow on the back with a stick. From that blow she has never recovered. Her spine was injured, and she suffered dreadfully. When she could no longer walk, her cruel relatives left her behind them to live or die as best she might. For a night and a day did she lie under the rocks, where they had left her, when she was found by one of the men of the Fort, who brought her here, and has kept her ever since. The wonder is that she was not eaten up by the wolves or the dogs. Her poor back grew quite crooked, and for days after she came to the Fort she could do nothing but lie and cry over her pain. When I came and began teaching the Indians, she heard the others sing and read, and the desire to do the same was so great in her mind that she used to crawl on her hands and knees to my house to learn. We then made a pair of crutches for her, and by the aid of them she was able to walk a little. Mr. and Mrs. Spencer showed her great kindness, and the next time I came here, found that she could begin to work a little; and now she almost earns her own living, and can walk about without crutches or any help. She is a bright, clever little girl, and I hope will become a true disciple of Jesus.

Then did you notice that young man, deaf and dumb? He never misses either school or church, and though he cannot understand much, is ever most attentive and reverent. Should any of the others not be so, he is the first, by signs, to reprove them. When we sing and pray he will have his book, and do just as he sees the others; and it may be that in his soul he is praising God. Let us hope that some day Jesus may loose his tongue, and enable him to join with angels in their everlasting song.

*W. W.* KIRKBY.

## KISULUTINI.

DEAR CHILDREN,—Two years ago, when I taught in Sunday-schools in England and Ireland, whenever I spoke to my scholars about Missionary work, I noticed their faces brighten, and they always appeared anxious to hear something about the heathen.

When they understood that I was coming to the black man's country, they earnestly asked me to send them letters, and give them an account of the land and its people.

As the Green Book is read in most Sunday-schools, will not other children, besides those I taught, feel interested in what I have to say? Oh, yes, I am sure they will; I can fancy I see their eager looks as they bend a little nearer their teacher so as to hear every word.

Kisulutini is about fourteen miles from Freretown. We live in the old Mission-house, which was built by the first Missionary, Mr. Rebmann, who lived and laboured here for thirty years. His wife was spared to work with him for fourteen years; her grave, and that of her little child, is close by.

I have been here for more than a year now, and ought to be able to give you a true account of your black brothers and sisters.

Nearly three hundred people live in this village, but not many of them are children, only sixty, of these thirty are old enough to attend school, the rest being infants.

You ask, Why are there not more children? The reason is, that most of these people have been poor slaves, and their little ones have been taken from them and sold. Their masters do this cruel thing when they want money or cattle.

I teach the children on Sunday. I read a verse from the Bible over many

them in their own language, until they know it quite well. I then explain it in English to a native teacher, who understands our language, and he tells the children all I say and questions them for me. I speak in their language a little, and they are so pleased to hear me, and to know that I understand what they have to say.

Most of our children have a very fair knowledge of the Bible, my husband gives them lessons on weekdays, so that helps

I will tell you what they look like in Sunday-school. First, a row of neatly-dressed, clean-faced little boys, sitting quietly, and looking at their teacher very attentively. Next, a row of girls, also nicely dressed and attentive. Then those who lately came to the village, some five or six. They have nothing on their little bodies but a dirty calico cloth about their waists: the girls wearing besides coils of rusty steel or brass chains round their necks, from which drops unpleasant-smelling oil; and their faces, legs,

STREET SCENE, MOMBASA.

and arms, are covered with dust. Would you be inclined to turn such children out of school? We do all we can to encourage them to attend, and very soon we observe a change in them—the chains are put away, the hair neatly cut, the dust and oil washed off and clean English-made clothes put on.

The girls who are old enough, some fourteen or fifteen, come to me twice a week sewing; they are getting quite clever at it now, and just before Christmas they finished a patchwork quilt, to give to a companion for a wedding present.

Polly, the catechist's wife, and I, are now teaching them how to make babies' frocks, for which there is a great demand, as the parents love their little ones, and like to dress them well.

Our children know several hymns, which they sing very well. My husband has translated many of your well-known hymns into Kisanhili, and it pleases us very much to hear the familiar tunes sung heartily by the little black children. May the good words sink deep into their hearts, that they may become little wells overflowing with living water!

On New Year's Day we had all the children racing for prizes; we gave them pice (coppers), as there are no toys here. Next year I hope to have some, if you, dear children, put by a trifle for the purpose.

You would like to see them run, their little bare feet seem scarcely to touch the ground, and they hold themselves very erect.

When we visit the villages round about here, we are surprised at the number of children we see. They crowd around us to stare at our white faces, but not all are bold enough, for we notice some shy ones peeping at us from behind their huts, and if we go *near* them away they will run, crying out *from fear. These poor children* have never been taught anything, such as reading or sewing, they don't even know how to pray to God; for if the people are badly in want of rain, they beat drums and dance, and paint themselves, saying that if they do this, they will drive away the evil spirit that keeps the rain away. They do the same when one of their number is ill. Is it not sad that they don't put their trust in God, who alone is able to make well and to send rain?

But, thanks be to God, for these people have lately shown a desire to learn what the Bible teaches, and have asked us to send some one to live with them and teach them.

We visit, whenever we can, a large town called Fimboni, whose people were the first to ask for a teacher. Now this is what I observe there: huts, like bee-hives, built close together, with no regular streets between them; hundreds of children, all sizes, naked and dirty, the bigger girls carrying a baby brother or sister upon their backs, slung in a cloth, the boys knocking up the dust when not ascending cocoanut-trees for their fathers.

I see but very few women, because they are nearly all out working in their shambas (gardens), or busy preparing for the evening meal. The men, I am sorry to say, appear very idle, for we often see them asleep on mats outside their doors. You see they require to sleep in the daytime, for their nights are spent in drinking tembo (palm wine) with their friends, or dancing to the tom-tom to drive away evil spirits. When our visit is over, the children escort us part of the way home, and amuse and please us by the joy they show, because they have heard that there is to be a church built in their town, and this they shout out at the top of their voices for a long time. The building for prayer and classes they call "church," but it will be a long time before they have one the same as you have.

akes our hearts full of prayer to One able to make each of these dear children of His own glorious Church. also pray for them in faith, and do ou can to send them a teacher, one od's own heart!

Monday, from two o'clock to four, I Mothers' Meeting; this has been very tended from the first.

and I teach the women how to sew, , and mend; many of them have ed very much lately, so I gave them a each, and it is amusing to see them use it.

e they are busy sewing, we ask them ns on the sermons they heard the ore; they find it difficult to remember but we are encouraged by several ing very well; and if we persevere r questioning, I am sure they all will listen better, so that they will not he "glad tidings."

hen teach them a verse of a hymn, g it, and after prayer they go.

ve another very interesting class, one I enjoy more than any, the women's lass, on Friday evenings, which is also ell attended.

cks of fever have prevented me having lasses very regularly; but now, thank have much better health. Every day is plenty of work to do—sometimes at, sometimes otherwise. We feel very ul that our Master has given us some- o do for Him in this corner of His st field," and may we do all with a eye to His honour and glory!

A. K. BINNS.

## RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD.

### THE RELIGION OF THE HINDUS.

(*Continued.*)

*First.* They acknowledge the authority of the Brahmins.

*Second.* They observe the rules of caste among themselves.

All the holy books of the Hindus are written in the Sanskrit language, which the common people cannot understand; and so a special body of men was set apart, who made the Sanskrit scriptures their particular study. These teachers, or priests, gained enormous power over the people. They called themselves Brahmins, or the sons of Brahma. Not only must they be holier than any other mortal—they are quite a different kind of being. Other classes sprang from the shoulders, the thighs, the feet of Brahma, but the Brahmins came forth from his mouth. It is written in their books, "A Brahmin is a mighty divinity, whether learned or unlearned." "His teaching must be accepted by the rest of the world as infallible."

Only Brahmins may open the holy books; a low-caste man who ventures to study the sacred Sanskrit language should be put to death. A low-caste Hindu will bring a dish of water and place it before a Brahmin, that the holy man may dip his foot into it. Then it is consecrated, and the low-caste man will drink the dose reverently. Highly exalted above every class, therefore, is the Brahmin; but the Hindus are divided into many lower castes, and each lives distinct from the rest. The lowest castes are as careful to "keep to themselves" as the highest—this is a religious duty; and if they eat food with men of other castes, they think their gods will be angry with them.

The Hindus believe, you remember, that all living creatures are parts of God; they hold that the highest happiness of man is to return into the being of God; but they have no hope that this will happen when a man dies. There are eighty-four millions of creatures into any of which the soul may enter after death; and millions of years may be spent by the soul of a man in these wanderings or transmigrations. You have heard of the devotees in India, who try to turn away from every thought of earth, and fix their whole minds on God. They hope in this way to fit their spirits to be absorbed into the being of God immediately after they die, instead of being made to enter the body perhaps of a bird, or a fish, or a worm.

English children may smile at these strange, wild stories about Vishnu, and about the souls of men passing into insects; and perhaps you will wonder how any people can believe such things. Yet, if we had been left to find out about God we should have been just as ignorant as the Hindus. Do you know that when our forefathers in Britain lived in forests, and wore the skins of animals for clothing, and could neither read nor write, the Hindus were living in great cities, and had colleges of learning, and understood many arts and sciences? But with all their study they could not find out God, because only the Bible can give this knowledge.

Hundreds of years ago, Missionaries brought over to poor dark, heathen Britain the Holy Book, which tells of the true sacrifice for sin—the one way Jesus Christ has opened into the kingdom of heaven. And ought we not now to help in sending this *Book to* the millions of Hindus who have *sought so long for the* way back to God, and *have sought in vain?*

## MISSIONARY SKETCHES.

THE name of some scene or character connected with Missionary work will be given each month.

Children are invited to send papers (in accordance with the rules of our Missionary Bible Class, see page 72) to the Editor, Church Missionary House, Salisbury Square, telling what they know of the subject given.

PRIZES will be awarded to the three best sets of papers sent in for our first course of sketches.

The papers must not fill more than one column of the Green Book. The best answer for each month will be inserted in the Green Book, whenever space can be found for it.

Our first course of seven papers will be connected with Africa, the earliest Mission-field of the Church Missionary Society.

### MISSIONARY SKETCH FOR JUNE.

William Johnson. When and where did he labour? What can you tell of his work?

*Fuel for a Bonfire.*—"At the Pahari village of Chalki, we baptized seven adults and five children. A large number of heathen assembled to witness the baptism. After we had spoken with the candidates, and examined them concerning their faith, a very interesting event took place. They lighted a large bonfire, and cast into it four stone and nine wooden gods, which they had formerly worshipped. I then baptized them. It was most refreshing to see the faith of these poor simple people in casting the very idols they once feared and worshipped in

## JRCH MISSIONARY JUVENILE ASSOCIATIONS.

STION 1. (see page 23). *Do you make rules as to the admission of children into Juvenile Associations?*

ur correspondents report that a regular cription of not less than 1*d.* per month, either weekly or monthly, constitutes child member of the Juvenile Associa-

Members who wish to become collec- *must obtain the full consent of their nts.* When children ask for collecting s or boxes, it is well for the secretary acher to take these to them, in the first nce, at their own homes, and ascertain onally what is the parent's wish. When bject of the collection is intelligently ex- ed, and the children have a real wish to me collectors, consent is very rarely ed.

uestion 2. *Do you prefer to receive offer- by means of Missionary-boxes, or of and collecting cards?*

xes appear to be the universal favourites ng our correspondents. They are con- ed safer; perhaps, also, more ornamental.

uestion 3. *What means have you found successful in supplying the members of Association with Missionary informa- and can you suggest any plan for taining the extent of their knowledge of* Missionary information is supplied—

1st. By Missionary literature.

2nd. By Missionary meetings.

3rd. By Missionary lessons.

"The regular supply of Missionary reading is absolutely essential. Meetings, however interesting, will never keep up the Missionary spirit alone; the children must have good and interesting reading." The periodical publications of the Church Missionary Society, suitable for children and young people, are the "Quarterly Token," a free gift to members of Juvenile Associations, whether subscribers or collectors, the "Juvenile Instructor," and the "Gleaner," which members should be encouraged to purchase. We think it a better plan to supply copies of the "Quarterly Token" regularly to individual members than to distribute them broadcast in Sunday-schools. The secretary of one of our most successful Juvenile Associations makes a point of directing and forwarding copies of the "Token" to the members at their own homes.

Much useful information might be supplied by furnishing Sunday-school and home libraries with Missionary histories and biographies.

(*To be continued.*)

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No correspondent has suggested any "plan for ascertaining the extent of children's knowledge of Missionary work." Yet we think some such plan might be adopted with advantage. Our Missionary Sketches (started this month, page 70) suggest one method of encouraging children to heed and remember what they may read about Missionary labours. Occasional catechizing on some scene or character described in the books and periodicals which are supplied to them, might also give point and interest to their reading.

CONTRIBUTION LIST FROM MARCH 11TH TO APRIL 10TH.

JUVENILE ASSOCIATIONS.

| | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Ambleside | 5 | 14 | 5 |
| Bournemouth (Drawing-room Sale, per Mrs. B. Bevan and Miss Lodge, Juvenile Association Sec.) | 101 | 6 | 0 |
| Brixton, St. Matthew's | 9 | 19 | 7 |
| Eastney | 7 | 1 | 9 |
| Kilburn | 13 | 3 | 6 |
| London, St. John's, Fitzroy Square | 12 | 5 | 10 |
| Melton Mowbray | 103 | 3 | 0 |
| Tonbridge, St. Stephen's | 7 | 12 | 10 |
| Tunbridge Wells, Christ Church (contributions, £38 4*s.* 3½*d.*; sale of work, £65 13*s.* 1½*d.*) | 103 | 17 | 4½ |

BIRTHDAY GIFTS TO THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Anonymous | 0 | 3 | 4 |
| Friend to C.M.S., Sale of Jewellery | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| Hertford: All Saints' Sunday Schools, by Miss Stoddart | 0 | 9 | 0 |
| J. C. P., Stapleford Tawny | 0 | 0 | 6 |
| M. B. J. | 0 | 3 | 0 |
| Morchard Bishop | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Rodger, Stuart and Maggie, Manchester, Missionary Box | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Roper, Ettie and Eddie, Manchester, Missionary Box | 1 | 18 | 0 |
| Smith, Miss Fanny, Chester | 0 | 2 | 6 |

## OUR MISSIONARY BIBLE CLASS.

*Rule* 1.—*Papers must be sent in before the end of the month in which the subject is given.*

*Rule* 2.—*Only contributors sixteen years old and under can compete for prizes* (*see page* 12).

*Rule* 3.—*The name, age, and address of the writer must be given* at the beginning *of each paper.*

*Rule* 4.—*Only one side of the paper must be written on.*

*Rule* 5.—*When more than one sheet of paper is used the separate sheets must be tacked together.*

### SUBJECT FOR JUNE.

The last subject on which the Frere Town *converts learnt* passages of Scripture, was

*The Study of God's* Word.

Can you find,

Six passages about the attributes of God's Word;

Six figures under which God's Word is described. Explain one or more of these figures.

Quote six precepts to study God's Word.

### SCRIPTURE ANSWERS FOR APRIL.

Obedience.

*Precepts.* Exod. xxiii. 20, 21; Deut. xxviii. 9, 10; Eccles. xii. 13; Jer. xxxviii. 20; John xv. 5.

*Promises.* Deut. iv. 30, 31; xxviii. 1—14; xix. 8—11; Isaiah i. 19; I John iii. 22.

*Examples.* Noah, Gen. vi. 13—22, with vii. 1—9; Abraham, Gen. xii. 1—4; xxii. 1—10, 18; xxvi. 6; Gideon, Judges vi. 25—27; Amaziah, II Chron. xxv. 5—10; The Apostles, Matt. iv. 18—22; ix. 9.

CHARLOTTE LOW,
Vale Terrace,
Guildford.

*Precepts.* Lev. xix. 37; Deut. viii. 1; I Sam. xv. 22; Jer. xxvi. 13; Act. iv. 29.

*Promises.* Exod. xv. 26; Lev. xxvi. 3—12; Deut. xxviii. 1—12; Jer. vii. 23; Heb. v. 9.

*Examples.* Gen. xii. 1—5; xxii. 1—14; I Kings xviii. 1, 2; Mark i. 16—18; xvi. 15, 20.

FREDERICK JAMES KITTERMASTER,
Meriden,
Coventry.

(Scripture answers for March received from Florence and Jessie Long, Mowbray, Cape Town, South Africa.)

Forty-five papers were sent in answer to our Scripture Questions for April. Forty of these papers had the words of the texts written out.

The twelve names standing first on our list are—

1. Charlotte Low.
2. Fredk. Kittermaster.
3. Claude Wood.
4. Alice Atkinson.
5. Winifred Hutchinson.
6. Margaret Skeat.
7. Jane C. Clarke.
8. Ina Head.
9. Stanley Stocken.
10. Percy Stocken.
11. Caroline Cross.
12. Minnie Howell.

*London: Church Missionary House,* Salisbury Square; Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday, 54, Fleet Street.

JULY, 1880.] [Price One Halfpenny.

# CHURCH JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR MISSIONARY SOCIETY

THE PROPHECY OF CAIAPHAS.
JOHN xi. 51, 52.

## THE PROPHECY OF CAIAPHAS.

JOHN xi. 51, 52.

BAD men have sometimes uttered good prophecies. Balaam, of whom we read in the Book of Numbers, was a bad man—a very bad man; for he taught the King of Moab how to tempt Israel to sin; yet he spoke beautifully about the "star that should come out of Jacob, and the sceptre that should rise out of Israel;" and there can be no doubt that he spoke under the influence of Divine inspiration. And Caiaphas was a bad man; but his prophecy that Jesus should die for the people, was a true prophecy, for all that. God's Holy Spirit, in some way, caused him to utter words which should convey a meaning *beyond*, not contrary to, the meaning that was in his mind.

I. But let me tell you something about Caiaphas himself; and when I have done so, we will consider his words.

The Lord Jesus had just raised Lazarus from the dead. He had wrought many miracles before, but this was the greatest of them all, the crowning miracle, and it produced a wonderful effect upon all who witnessed it, and indeed upon the whole nation. Now Jesus, as you well remember, had many bitter enemies amongst the upper class of the Jews—the Scribes, and Pharisees, and Chief Priests, and Sadducees, and others, who felt that He was in their way; and these men were thrown into terrible perplexity when they heard of what had taken place in Bethany. They were really in alarm. Some years before, a man called Judas had *revolted against the Romans*, and drawn much *people after him.* The Romans had crushed the revolt, of course, but after much bloodshedding and cruelty; and now it seemed likely that the people, in their enthusiasm for Jesus, would again rise up against the Roman authority, with Jesus for their leader, and that all the former trouble, and worse than the former trouble, would happen over again. The Romans will come—thought these Jews—if there is another revolt, and destroy the people, and abolish our privileges, and trample us under foot, and make us like any one of the common nations on the face of the earth. Of course, my dear children, they quite misunderstood Jesus. He was not likely to make Himself a leader of insurrection; indeed, it was not possible that He should do such a thing. But the Jews thought that He would, and so they were in great perplexity and alarm.

Well, they had a meeting, and after much talk, one having proposed one thing, and another another, Caiaphas, who was the High Priest, and president of the assembly, rose up to deliver his opinion. He was, as I have told you, a bad and unscrupulous man, and his opinion was this—that they had better make up their minds to put Jesus to death. Some perhaps would object to this. They would say, "But He has not broken the law. How can we kill Him?" "Never mind that," said Caiaphas; "we cannot talk about right and wrong, now. Jesus must die, or else the nation will perish. And surely it is no great harm to put one solitary man out of the way, if thereby we can secure the safety of the rest. So, innocent or guilty, let him die; that's what I say." This was agreed to. And Jesus had to die, that the people might be saved.

II. There was a meaning, of course, in these words, beyond what Caiaphas intended. Let us pass on now to consider what it was—that is to say, let us consider w

of God teaches us by the mouth of this wicked man.

He teaches us first that there are children of God scattered abroad in all parts of the world; then, that these scattered persons are to be brought together into one—that is, into one body—by being united to one great Head; then, that this great Head is the Lord Jesus Christ Himself; and lastly, that it is by His dying that Christ brings the children of God together.

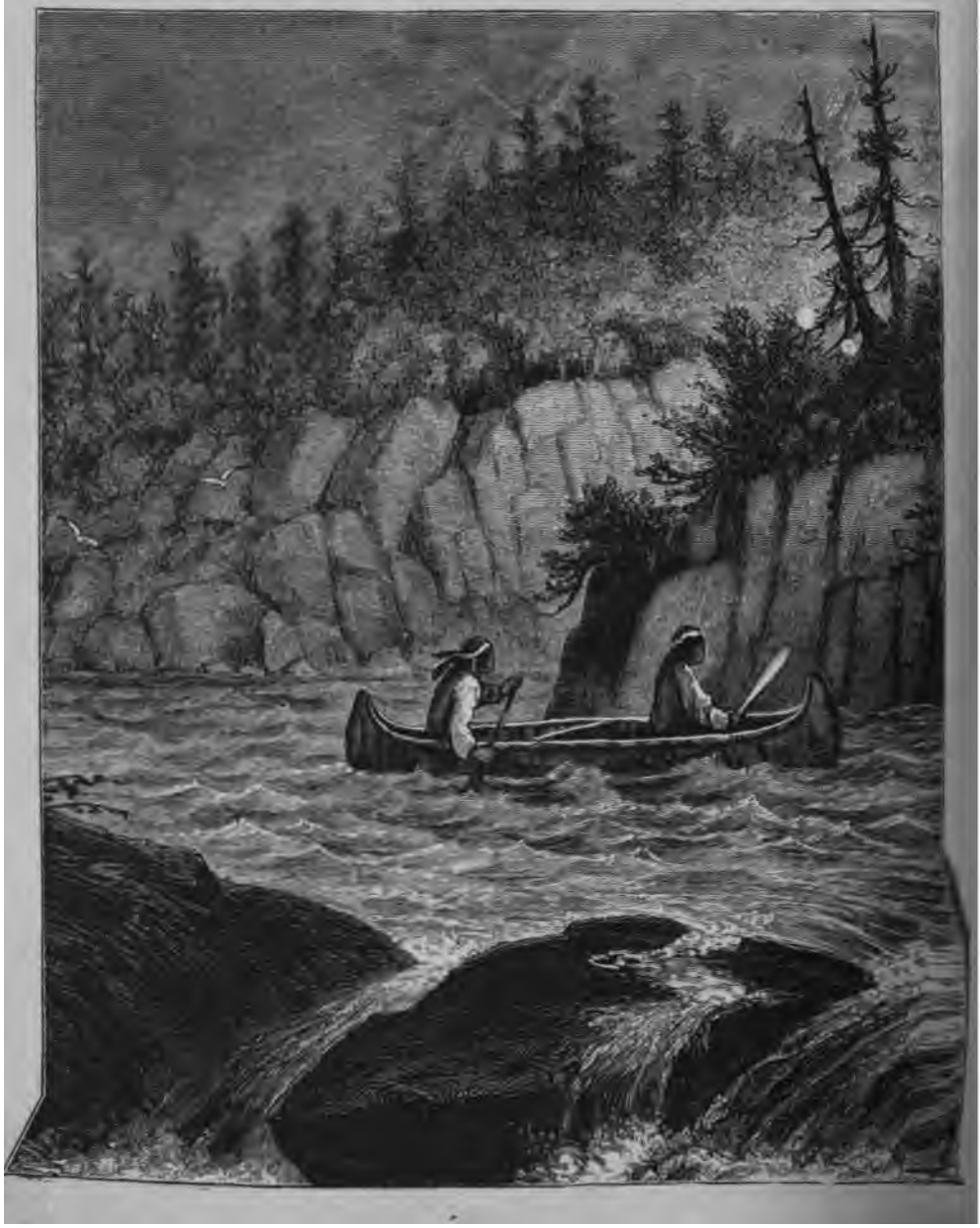
Now think for a moment, my dear children, how true all this is! Think how the unconscious prophecy of the wicked High Priest is even now coming to pass!

Wherever the Missionaries go they lift up the Cross of Christ; they speak of Jesus, Son of God and Son of man, dying to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself; and almost always they gather out some—not many, perhaps, but few, one here and another there—whom the Spirit enables to believe their report, and to accept Jesus as their Saviour. These are the "children of God." There are some of them in Africa, some in China, some in New Zealand, some in North-West America—in fact, wherever the Missionaries go, they almost always find some; and these are "gathered together into one," by the preaching of the Cross of Christ. Yes; they form one great family. They are brothers and sisters. When they meet, they find that they understand and love one another. And the reason why they do so, is clear enough. It is because they serve and follow the same Lord, and are taught by the same Spirit, and believe in the same Word of God, and are fed by the same spiritual food, and are journeying on through this world to the same Father's home above, where Christ, the great Divine Elder Brother, receives His people unto Himself. So they are "gathered together into

GORDON CALTHROP.

## THE GOSPEL ON THE RIVERS.

TEDDY, we must not call our little paper "The Gospel in the Snow" this time, I think, for the winter has all gone, and the hot summer has come. The dogs will now have a rest, and the carioles be put away for the summer. All travelling by land is over until the snow falls again. There are no roads in this part of the country, and although the Indians have to hunt, their families can only move about in canoes. The Eskimos are just the same, though their canoes are a little different. Come, I will take you to see some outside the fort. Here they are. They are made of seal-skins, stretched over a thin frame of wood, and are called "kyacks." They are decked over, and only a hole left for the man to sit in. No woman can go in these. They have a larger open one, like a boat, which is called "oomiack." It is needful for the man to have his kyack decked over, for he has to face rough seas in it, and were it open, like a boat, would soon be filled with water. The Eskimo sits in the hole, buttons his seal-skin shirt to the outer rim, and is then afraid of nothing. With his double-bladed paddle, he can go through anything. They are brave men, and do not fear a little danger. Did I tell you of Timothy Komuk, and what happened to him when out hunting seals? Holes are made through the ice, by which the seals come up to breathe; the Eskimo then tries to kill them. This was what Timothy was doing, when suddenly the ice broke up, and left him on a large floe. This was carried by the winds and tide far out to sea, and daily became smaller. For a whole month he lived in that kind of danger, and must often have had nothing to eat. At length the wind changed, and brought him safe to



Had Timothy's little kyack been with he would not have remained for a upon that piece of ice. It was a good Timothy knew how to pray; and we e quite sure that he asked God day by bring him safe to land.

w we will go and look at the Indian s (see illustration, p. 76). You see they ot at all like the Eskimo ones, and are of *bark*. They will hold from one to e persons, according to their size. I don't what the Indians would do without their s, as their very lives seem to depend upon How kind and loving, then, it is of our enly Father to put the trees from which anoes are made all over the country, he use of these poor ignorant children is. But the canoe is useful to other le, as well as to the Indians. The fur- ers use it in sending their letters from side of the country to another. The ionaries also use it in carrying the good gs of salvation to the tribes who live nd them. It was in a little canoe, called e Herald," that I went within the Arctic le to preach the Gospel to the Indians e. It was a long, trying journey, but watched over me for good, and I thank very much for taking me there.

t was in a little canoe, just like "The rald," that I found my way to Trout Lake, e first time any Missionary had ever been ere. It was a strange journey, so that I ll tell you a little about it. No one had de it before, and no one knew it all rough. Some of the Indians from York d been to a lake more than half-way ere, and the Trout Lake Indians knew e way beyond that lake. As soon, then, the rivers were clear of ice, I set off in y canoe, paddled by the two men who had en the half-way lake some years before, *We took food for* fifteen days, a net, and a gun. My canoe was 14 ft. long, and 2¼ ft. wide in the middle where I sat, so that we had not much room in it. But we wished it to be as light as possible, on account of the many *portages* we should be sure to meet with. After a good many days of hard work, we came to the lake, where we hoped to find the Indians who could show us the other part of the way; but they were gone, not one could be found. We paddled round the lake, which was fully thirty miles long, but could find no one. Our net had been carried away by the river, we had lost our gun-caps, and had only food enough left for three days. To go back to York was impossible, and to attempt going on any farther equally so. Large rapids were before us, but we dare not ascend them for fear of wasting time and food. On paddling round the eastern side of the lake we saw a river going out of it, and feeling sure that would lead us to the sea, we followed its course, and after paddling nearly two whole days and a night, we met two Indians in a canoe coming up the river. You may imagine how glad we were; our food was just about finished, and we did not know where more could be had. But now our wants were supplied; the Indians gave us some meat, and told us that we were within fifty miles of Severn. This was not at all where we wished to go, but we were glad enough to reach there. After a few days' rest we took a guide, and ascended the rivers again to Trout Lake. This we reached after a fresh journey of twelve days.

One day I took a little photograph of our encampment. The tent is pitched, the canoe lies in front of it; one man is cutting wood for the fire, and the other is seated on the canoe preparing his gun for a shot at some ducks that are near. I hope he got them, for they are very useful on a journey.

And now, Teddy, my boy, I think it is time

for us to go in. Mr. and Mrs. Spencer will be waiting for us. How kind they have been all the time we have spent with them! How quickly the month has gone, and how much you have seen of both Indians and Eskimos! Hark!—what is that? I do believe it is the ship's guns. It is. Look! the flag is going up, and the people are all running upon the rocks to see it! Mr. Spencer will see it first with his glass. It is the ship. Well, it will not stay here long, as it has but few things to put out. You must therefore get ready to go. How nice for you to go back to England. What will your dear mother say? Here, take these Indian and Eskimo curiosities to her as a small present from me. She will like to see the snow-shoes, also the bead and silk-worked bags. And, Teddy, tell out to all the boys and girls in your school what you have seen here. Ask them all, day by day, to pray that God may send out His light and truth to this and every dark place in the world. Tell them also not to forget their Missionary-boxes. Some day, perhaps, I may see them and speak to them myself. I do so like juvenile meetings. And if I do come, tell them that I shall expect their boxes all to be full. Now shake hands with all. Good-bye, dear boy. Thank you so much for coming. May God bless you, and take you home in safety! We shall think of you very often, and hope you will do the same for us. With love to everybody, yours sincerely,

W. W. KIRKBY.

## THE ENVOYS FROM UGANDA.

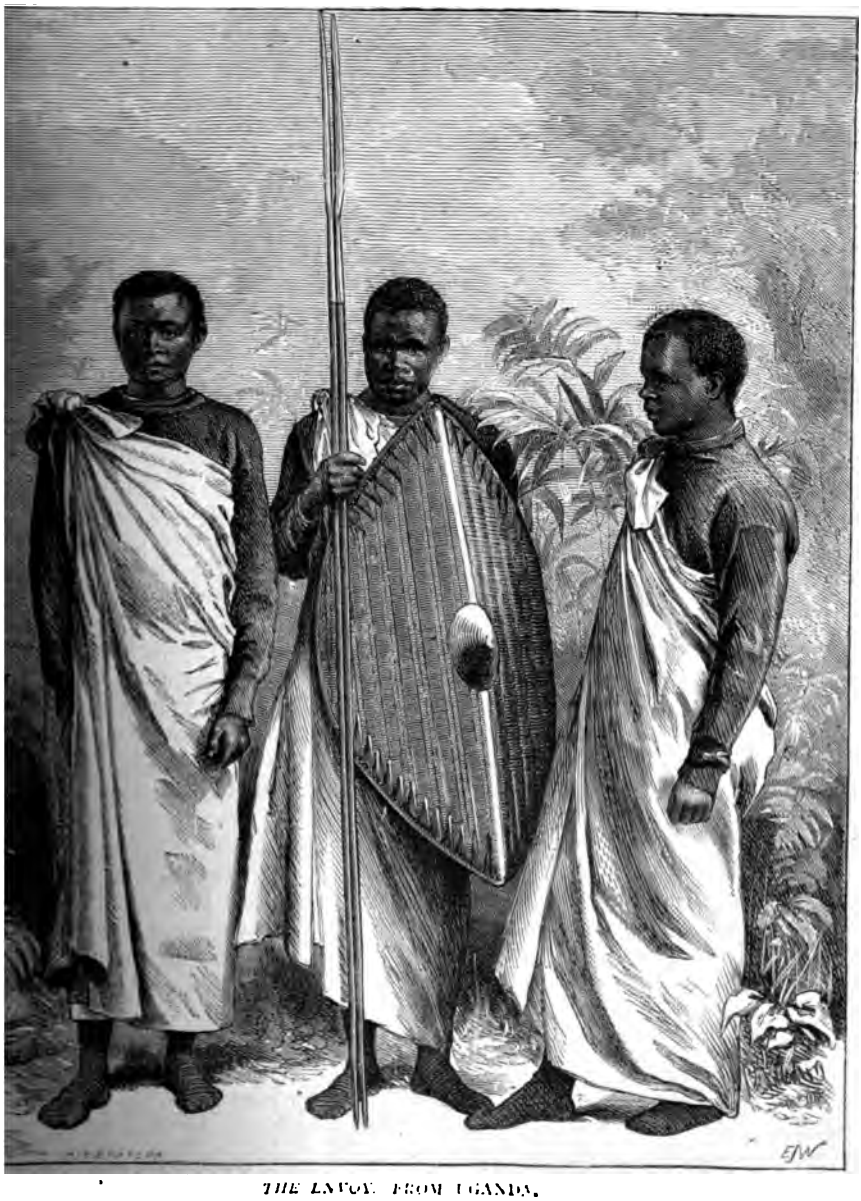
SCARCELY five years have passed since a message reached this country from the king of a powerful nation in Central Africa *asking* for teachers to be sent *to him.*

The king was Mtesa of Uganda, and the message was sent by the traveller Stanley.

Other travellers had been to Uganda and seen King Mtesa; indeed our own countrymen, Speke and Grant, were the first to visit him; yet it was to Stanley that he gave his message, asking for teachers.

And now we have had in England six men who have been sent by King Mtesa to see England and take back to him reports of all they have seen and heard.

What a journey these poor fellows have had. Take a good map of Africa, and find the Lake Victoria Nyanza. Our Missionaries, Wilson and Felkin, with these men, walked all the weary way across to Gondokoro; then they turned to the west, and marched round through the province of Darpur to Khartoum and Berber. Then they crossed the Desert to Souakim on the Red Sea. But how were they to get from this Arab port to England. Well, we went to the British India Steam Company, and told them these men were coming, and asked them to let one of their steamers call on its way home from India. So they telegraphed to India, and ordered the steamer "Arcot" to call at Souakim. So it did on the 26th of March, and the whole party were landed at the docks in London on the morning of the 20th April. We went to meet them, and saw the Waganda all gathered on the deck, astonished at all they saw. The three chiefs were introduced first, Namkaddi, Kataruba, and Sawaddu, then their followers. They looked very cold and uncomfortable; but we soon got them warm coats and clothes, and when they had had some food they brightened up and seemed pleased at all around them. But we have not space here to tell of all the sayings and doings of these interesting visitors, so we must hasten on. Look at the picture. Are they not fine fellow



THE ENVOY FROM UGANDA.

questions are asked about them. Some ask, "Are they Zulus? Are they Negroes? What part of Africa do they come from?"

Now let us understand, these men are not Zulus, nor are they Negroes.

Of the chief races that inhabit Africa, the two that we are working among are the Negroes and the Bantus. The Negro belongs to that part of Africa which extends from the West Coast across by the great Niger to Lake Tsad, and thence eastwards to the Nile. The Bantus, though black, are not of the same family as the Negro. They inhabit the higher lands and mountain ranges which run along the eastern side of Africa; and in addition to the difference in their appearance, their language is entirely different.

These Waganda are the most northerly of the Bantu family, and the Zulus and Caffres are the most southerly of the same race.

The three chiefs in the picture are: in the centre, Namkaddi; on his right, Sawaddu; on his left, Kataruba.

The dress they are wearing is intended to represent that which they wear in their own country; the spears and shield belong to Colonel Grant, the African traveller, who kindly lent them when the chiefs were photographed.

They have been to see many of the wonders of London, and the Queen's kind reception of them at Buckingham Palace must be a bright spot in their memories.

But it is so difficult to give them any knowledge of the truth. We have tried in various ways, and the pleasantest evening we have had together was spent over Doré's great illustrated Bible. By the help of Mr. Wilson's Vocabulary, we were able to make them understand some of the chief pictures. The life and work of Christ gave them much *thought, and the miracles,* especially the raising of Lazarus, seemed to fill them with wonder.

These poor men have come to England to see if all that has been said of its greatness and power is true. Though their stay is short, let us hope that their report of what they have seen will dispose the heart of King Mtesa and his people to receive the Gospel of Christ, and to help and protect the Missionaries who have been sent to teach him and his people.

## RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD.

### CHINA AND ITS CREEDS.

I WONDER what idea you have most of you formed of the great Chinese Empire, and its inhabitants? Have you a general impression—derived from screens, plates, and vases—of gentlemen with pig-tails, walking across little bridges, that lead—whither, I wonder? and ladies with small feet, sitting or standing under trees which bear very round fruit, and appear to take root in the air?

Nevertheless, China is a very real country, with bridges that lead definitely somewhere, and trees that grow out of the ground.

Let us go there in imagination, and take what people in geographies are fond of calling a bird's-eye view of the empire.

On the north it is bordered by the vast snowy plains of Siberia, where Russian exiles shiver through an almost endless winter, and the wolves howl through the long dark nights.

On the south it lies under the shadow of the giant Himalayas, their lofty heads crowned with snow, and their steep sides clothed with dazzling sheets of crimson rhodona. It skirts the beautiful Vale of Cashmere, where summer—the poets say—seems to have gone to sleep amongst the roses.

[redacted] the east it looks across the North [redacted]ific to the shores of the American Re[redacted]lic; and westward it slopes towards "the [redacted]ay plains of Burmah."

[redacted]his is a vast stretch of country indeed, [redacted] it is not at all thinly peopled either; [redacted]e are great cities crowded with inhabi[redacted]s; and the rivers and canals are busy [redacted] traffic. Chinese emigrants are continu[redacted] pouring across the Pacific Ocean into [redacted] Francisco, and surrounding parts. They [redacted] to be found in Australia, the South Seas [redacted]verywhere.

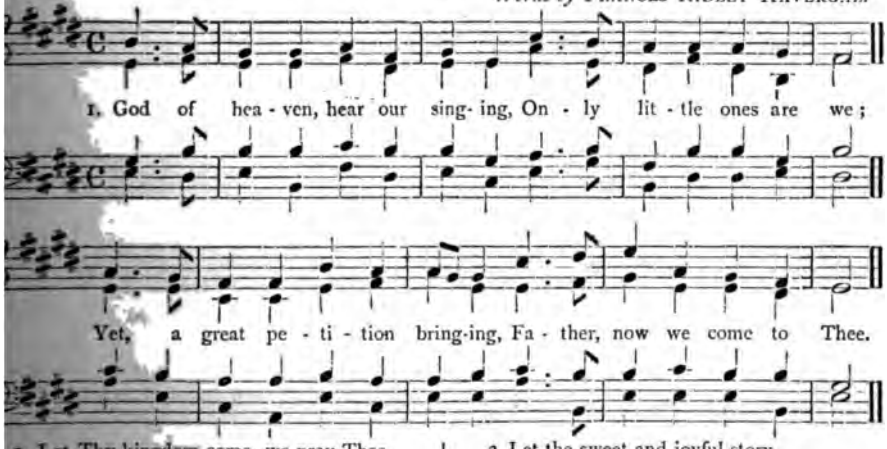
[redacted] told you—did I not?—that the Chinese [redacted] governed by an Emperor; and very far [redacted]k into the twilight of the world's history [redacted]t we go to look for that empire's founda[redacted]. A writer on this subject says, "Its authentic history begins before the building of Rome; her historical facts standing out clear on the ages, before the myths of Rome's early story appeared." Its oral history (that is to say, history which is not written, but handed down by word of mouth) goes back farther and farther yet. Before (so some say) Solomon built the Temple; before the story of Greece began to be written in song and stone; before Assyria was an empire, or Babylon rose and fell, China was a compact and flourishing kingdom.

Think of this, and of all the extraordinary changes this extraordinary empire has witnessed. Next time we will talk about what the Chinese believe.

E. SUTTON.

*(To be continued.)*

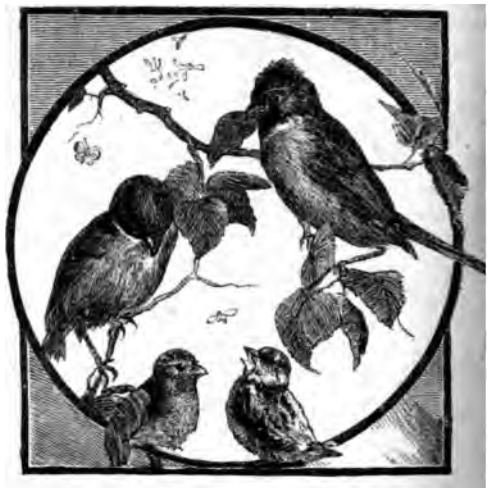
## Missionary Hymn.

*Words by* FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

2 Let Thy kingdom come, we pray Thee,
Let the world in Thee find rest;
Let all know Thee and obey Thee,
Loving, praising, blessing, blessed.

3 Let the sweet and joyful story,
Of the Saviour's wondrous love,
Wake on earth a song of glory,
Like the angels' song above.

4 Father, send the glorious hour,
Every heart be Thine alone;
For the kingdom, and the power,
*And the glory* are Thine own.

## CHURCH MISSIONARY JUVENILE ASSOCIATIONS.



QUESTION 3 (continued). *What means have you found most successful in supplying the members of your Association with Missionary information?*

1. Missionary literature (see page 71).
2. Missionary meetings.
3. Missionary lessons.

Second only in importance to a careful supply of suitable literature is the arrangement of meetings for Juvenile Associations. Our correspondents suggest various ways of making these meetings attractive, but all are agreed on one point, viz., that they *should be held once in every three months.* We need not mention the many obvious advantages of this practice; for the fact that it is adopted by all our most *prosperous* Juvenile Associations speaks for itself.

These quarterly meetings are generally connected with the quarterly opening of the Missionary-boxes. In one instance, the boxes are brought to the secretary a few days beforehand, and are given back at the meeting,—a "Quarterly Token" being given to each box-holder on the same occasion.

The proceedings of the quarterly meetings at Hereford are as follows :—

"Notice is not only given of the day, hour, &c., at church, but the secretary writes a note to each box-holder inviting to the meeting. On the appointed day and hour our staff are ready in the class-room at 3 o'clock to open the boxes. One friend sits at the door as box-opener. The opened boxes are then brought to a lady, who, with two assistants, counts out the contents, for which formal receipts are given by the clergyman. The amount is entered in a book, and the boxes are handed on to two ladies, who re-label them, and make th complete for work again.

"At 4 o'clock we have our meeting in t schoolroom. After prayer the clergym announces what the boxes have yielded t day, and reads aloud any slips of pa which may have accompanied them, such 'Sale of waste paper, 2*s.*;' 'Sale of flowe 5*s.*;' 'Thankoffering for recovery from si ness,' &c., &c. Then, after a few words encouragement, &c., he calls upon a friend whose services he has secured for the occasi —to give a brief Missionary address. Th quarterly meetings give the opportunity getting out fresh boxes.

"The children are usually accompanied their parents and friends, and our offer boxes to those who have not any are cepted."

These meetings had better be too short th too long. An hour or thereabouts genera strains quite sufficiently the children's pow of attention. There should be bright, che ful singing, and it is well if the

know beforehand what hymns will be sung. The *best* places should be reserved for the children. This may seem a matter of course for a *juvenile* meeting, but those who have watched the little ones on back benches, craning their necks in the vain effort to peep over the mass of "grown-up" shoulders on the front chairs, will know that a caution on the subject is not unneeded. One secretary advises that—

"There should be variety in the style of meetings.

"Four meetings conducted in precisely the same way should be avoided if possible. We have—

"(*a*) An anniversary meeting.

"(*b*) A sermon, with plenty of good singing.

"(*c*) A meeting, with magic lantern and Missionary views.

"(*d*) A summer gathering, with sale of work made for the most part by the children. Tea for all on the vicarage lawn."

This suggestion of variety in quarterly meetings is very valuable, and though such pleasures as "summer gatherings on vicarage lawns" cannot be afforded to our young members in great cities, the ingenuity of Juvenile Association secretaries might be well exercised in devising some substitute for them.

3. Missionary lessons. "A few words spoken at the close of school." "On the second Sunday in the month a Missionary subject is taken for the lesson, and an occasional Missionary address is given." These are some ways in which Missionary lessons are imparted to the young members of our associations. But it is not only in Missionary addresses given by the clergyman, superintendent, or teacher, or even in distinctly Missionary lessons, that children can be taught *interest in Missionary* work. It is impossible to over-estimate the influence that Sunday-school teachers can exercise in this matter of stirring the hearts of their children to care for the souls of the heathen. They have, Sunday by Sunday, the opportunity of bringing before the little ones our warrant for Missionary work—the will, the command, the promise of God as given in His Word (John iii. 16, 17; Mark xvi. 15; Acts ii. 38, 39). The Bible is full of "Missionary stories;" an acquaintance with Missionary work will open to the teacher a whole treasure-house of illustrations of Bible truths. The prophets of Old Testament days, the Apostles of Christ, were charged with the same message as Missionaries now carry forth; and it will give an intense reality to the story of the triumphs of the Cross in heathen lands if we can make clear to the scholars that the record of Missions to-day is just a continuation of the history of the Acts of the Apostles.

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## CONTRIBUTION LIST.

### JUVENILE ASSOCIATIONS.

| | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Episcopal Jews' Chapel . . . | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| Burton-on-Trent, Holy Trinity . . | 5 | 1 | 7 |
| Proceeds of a Children's Bazaar, from the Grandchildren of Mr. C. Kelly . | 6 | 4 | 6 |
| Tasmania, Campbell Street, Hobart Town . . . . . | 5 | 0 | 0 |

### NIGER STEAMER FUND.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Edinburgh Juvenile Association . . | 10 | 0 | 0 |

## MISSIONARY SKETCH FOR JULY.

(*See page* 70).

ABEOKUTA. Where is Abeokuta? What led to the preaching of the Gospel there? Do you know anything of its history as a Mission-station?

## OUR MISSIONARY BIBLE CLASS.

*Rule* 1.—*Papers must be sent in before the end of the month in which the subject is given.*

*Rule* 2.—*Only contributors sixteen years old and under can compete for prizes* (*see page* 12).

*Rule* 3.—*The name, age, and address of the writer must be given* at the beginning *of each paper.*

*Rule* 4.—*Only one side of the paper must be written on.*

*Rule* 5.—*When more than one sheet of paper is used the separate sheets must be tacked together.*

NOTE.—The subjects for our present course of lessons will be taken from the Scripture papers which a kind friend has addressed this year to our young readers, and of which an illustration is found on the first page of each number.

This course of questions will be concluded in our December number.

PRIZES

will be awarded February 1st, 1881, to the three best sets of papers.

Our first subject is

THE SOWER (see page 3).

1. What must be done with seed in order that it may bear fruit?
2. Find passages which show that sowers must be diligent, liberal, patient in their sowing.
3. Show that seed cannot thrive unless watered from above.
4. Where is God's word called seed? Where is it contrasted with every other seed?
5. Where must the seed of God's word be sown before it can bear fruit?
6. Quote a prophecy of Christ in the Old Testament, and a reference to Christ in the New Testament as the great Preacher of the word.
7. When did the Lord Jesus appoint His "under-sowers"?
8. When did they first sow the seed after Christ left them, and with what result?
9. How wide is the field to be sown by Christ's sowers?
10. Quote a blessing promised to those who sow in all places. What sower of the Gospel seed was exhorted to sow at all times?
11. When was the seed of the Gospel first sown in Samaria? When among the Gentiles?
12. Where do we find the expression, "The word grew and multiplied"? and how do *you explain it?*
13. Quote a sentence of eleven words telling effect of St. Paul's preaching which sum the result of Gospel preaching in all ti
14. What kind of soil for the seed of the was found among the Athenians, the Ber Ezekiel's admirers, the Galatians, the C sians?
15. Find one passage in the Old Testamen one in the New Testament which tell glad harvest-time for God's sowers.
16. The Lord Jesus teaches how every one c disciples can hasten this time. Ca quote His words?

SCRIPTURE ANSWERS FOR MA

Prayer.

*We are taught by the Lord Jesus to pray* secret, Matt. vi. 5; in faith, Mark xi. 24; a forgiving heart, Mark xi. 25; with in tunity, Luke xviii. 1—5; in His Name, xvi. 24.

*The Lord Jesus has told us that*—secret pr Matt. vi. 6; believing prayer, Matt. xxi. forgiving prayer, Matt. vi. 9—14; in tunate prayer, Luke xi. 5—13; prayer in Name, John xiv. 13, 14; will be answered

*Examples of answered prayer.* Solomon, I I iii. 5—28; Elijah, I Kings xvii. 1, 21, xviii. 1, 41—45, see James v. 17, 18; Heze Isa. xxxvii. 15—37; xxxviii. 2—9; Danie ix. 16—25; Nehemiah, ch. i. 11; i Bartimæus, Mark x. 46—52; the Disc Acts i. 5, 13—15; ii. 1—4; the Apo Acts iv. 24—31; Peter, Acts ix. 40, 41 Church at Jerusalem, Acts xii. 5—12.

CHARLOTTE LOW (aged 14) Vale Terrace, Guildfo

SECOND ANSWER (omitted from want of s

LUCY CAROLINE BROWN (age Great Clacton Vicar Colches

Forty-three papers were sent in answer t Scripture subject for May.

The twelve names which head our list are

1. Charlotte Low.
2. Lucy C. Brown.
3. Claud Wood.
4. { Alice Harding. { Emma Mayes.
5. Anne Stote Fox.
6. Fredk. Kittermaster.
7. Stanley Stocker
8. Lily Harding.
9. Francis H. Sat
10. Minnie Hextall
11. David Hutchis
12. { Ina Head. { Emily Gidley.

*London: Church Missionary House, Salisbury Square; Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday, 54, Fleet Stree*

ST, 1880.] [Price One Halfpenny.

# CHURCH JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR MISSIONARY SOCIETY

THE LOST SHEEP.

LUKE XV. 3—7.

## THE LOST SHEEP.

Luke xv. 3–7.

THE idea of the Heathen is that man has to seek God. God, they think, is either angry with man on account of his transgressions, or else cares nothing about him at all; and what man has to do is to try to make God his friend, and to persuade God to be kind to him. And so they offer up sacrifices, and make costly offerings, or go on long pilgrimages, or submit to painful penances, in the hope that at last they may succeed in obtaining the divine favour.

But what a mistake this is! The Scripture teaches us—not that man seeks after God, but that God is so good and kind and condescending that He goes forth to seek after man, and endeavours to win his heart back to Him. And in no part of the Bible is this truth more distinctly and beautifully taught than in the parable of the lost sheep, which I have selected for the subject of the present paper.

Let us consider the parable.

"All we, like sheep, have gone astray"—in one way or another, each choosing the path that pleases him best. We have wandered from the fold, and have to be brought back again. We shall not return, of ourselves. Other animals, dogs for instance, and even cats, have been known to find their way home again from very great distances indeed; but sheep never do such a thing. They stray farther and farther away from the fold, and some one must go after them, and find them, and fetch them, if they are to be recovered at all.

And then a stray sheep is exposed to so much danger. It has no weapons of defence, no teeth to bite with, no claws to tear with, no swiftness to escape its pursuers, and all the wild beasts of the field are its enemies, and are glad to have an opportunity to seize upon it, and to tear it to pieces. Just such is *our* danger when we have gone astray from the fold, and from the protection of the Good Shepherd. We are exposed to the rage and malice and cruelty of the Devil, who goeth about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour.

But now what happens? The Good Shepherd misses His sheep. He is sad and sorrowful because it has gone away. He cannot rest without attempting to find it. And so one morning He starts, leaving the rest of the sheep in security in the fold, with some one to take care of them, and determines to seek after His lost sheep until He finds it. On He goes, up the rugged mountain sides, where the flint-stones cut His feet; amongst the briers, where the thorns scratch His hands and make them bleed; down into the dark ravines, with the torrents rushing through them; into the deep caverns—searching everywhere; never caring for hunger, or thirst, or fatigue—going on, and on, and on, until at last He finds the object of His search—the poor, miserable, lame, maimed sheep—shrinking out of His sight, because it knows it has done wrong, and is afraid to see Him.

And how does the Good Shepherd treat His lost sheep? Does He scold it, or beat it, or punish it? No! He is very gentle with it. He is so glad to recover it that He will not even drive it home before Him, for He knows it is weak and footsore; but He lifts it up, and lays it on His shoulders, and carries it home rejoicing.

I need not tell you, my dear c

the Good Shepherd is the Lord Jesus Christ. The whole of mankind had gone astray from God; they had wandered into the ways of wilfulness and sin; and He undertook to go after them, and to bring them back—all at least who were willing to come when He found them. And in order to do this, He took upon Him our nature, and became man; entered in amongst us, and bled, and suffered on the Cross, and died. All this is a seeking of the lost sheep. And now He sends to the Heathen, who are some of the lost sheep, the preachers of the Gospel, to tell them of His wondrous love, and of His readiness and willingness to save. And with these preachers He sends *some one else*, without whose help the preachers could do nothing. You know that I mean the Holy Spirit. And the Holy Spirit clothes the word with power, opens men's closed hearts, and inclines them to receive the Lord Jesus as their Saviour and their King. And this is a seeking of the lost sheep. Some, as you know, will not believe, and they perish in their sins. But others believe the word, and accept Him of Whom it speaks; and these are the *lost sheep found*, whom the loving Saviour carries home on His shoulders rejoicing.

GORDON CALTHROP.

# RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD.

## CHINA AND ITS CREEDS.

YOU all know what "creed" means. It means *belief*. I said that this time we would talk about what the Chinese believe. But that is a very wide subject. As I told you that great numbers of people live in China, you will not be surprised to learn that they believe many different things.

We will begin by talking about the national religion, i. e. the religion which is professed by the Emperor and members of the government. It is called Confucianism.

Confucius flourished some 500 years before the birth of Christ. He would be living at the time when the second Temple was being built, and the promised coming of "the desire of all nations" announced to the Jews.

What did the Chinese learn from this, their greatest teacher? and what had they believed before?

There is evidence that they worshipped one God in very early times, and also that they believed in a future existence. Confucius did not enlighten them much on these points. If any one pressed him much to discuss the nature and attributes of God, he would answer, "While you do not know man, how can you know God?" If questioned as to the future life of the soul, he would reply, "When you do not know life, how can you know death?" If he did not tell them about God, and would not speak of immortality, what then *did* he tell them? He taught them many wise and useful things about this life: that children should love and reverence their parents; that rulers should be just and temperate; and that the people should obey their rulers, and mind their own business.

Was not this good teaching? It was very good teaching indeed, but there were one or two fatal flaws in it. If people hadn't those tiresome, irregular things that we call *hearts* they might have followed his advice, and instead of troubling about an *un*certain future state, would have attended only to a certain present one. If it were not for that ugly inconvenient thing called *sin* his instructions might not only have been repeated and admired, but thoroughly followed.

I daresay you will have found out now the chief flaw in his teaching. He told people what to do, but he couldn't tell them how to do it. He had no Gospel for the sinner—no merely human teacher ever has had.

"If you sin against heaven," says Confucius, the apostle of prudence, "there is no place for prayer." "If any man sin, he has an advocate with the Father," says St. John, the apostle of love. Which message do you think the best news? E. SUTTON.

## THE NATIVE CHRISTIAN'S WEDDING-FEAST.

THE Lord Jesus, when on earth, deigned to be present at a wedding-feast, and by His presence sanctified its joy. We hope that He was present at Batála, at the simplest of banquets held on a like occasion.

Perhaps our young readers have never so much as heard of the name of Batála, and yet it holds no mean place amongst the cities of the Punjab, and is a Missionary-station. It is near Batála that there is a boarding-school for Christian Natives. To such English school-boys as read this periodical it may be interesting to hear in what sort of a school our young Punjabis are trained.

This is *not* a home for destitute children, nor is it a Government school from which all religion is carefully kept out. The Batála school is a nursery for the infant Indian Church, where the sons of leading Native Christians may be trained not only for time but for eternity. Here study and sport go hand in hand; and the lad who works hard at the desk sends the ball flying far in the cricket-ground. In a match held against the boys of the Government school, our first two lads made 87 runs, were never bowled out, and when the sun set, tired but triumphant, they held their wickets still. The match was never ended, for all saw that the heathen had no chance against our Christian lads.

Most of the boys are the sons of Native Christians; but some have had themselves to fight the hard fight against persecution, and leave home, parents, and friends to follow the Lord Jesus Christ. Amongst them are the converted Hindu, the Mohammedan, and the Sikh. What these young

Christians have had to endure can only be guessed by one witnessing, like myself, the distressing scene before the baptism of the last.

Oh, how thankful should English youths be that they have not to endure such trials as it is painful even to look on!

Our boys are taught to feel that whatever their future post in life—whether they be merchants, lawyers, doctors, or Government officials—they should be workers for God; they should, as far as possible, be evangelists to their heathen countrymen. Christians in India are as yet, as it were, but a handful compared to the heathen around them. In Batála, counting our school-boys, they are about *one* to *five hundred*. Our elder lads, under their principal, the Rev. F. Baring, not only "hold the fort," but sally out against the enemy. They go and give the glad tidings of salvation even in the streets of Batála; their younger school-fellows backing them up by singing Christian hymns. Let any British boy who glances at these pages ask himself if *he* would dare to stand up amongst bigoted Mohammedans and Hindus, in a city where people are noted for their quarrelsome disposition, and boldy speak to them of sin and a Saviour?

But to return to our wedding-feast. It was no grand display; no sumptuous banquet. The bridegroom was but a native servant, the bride but a girl from an orphan-home. But on such occasions, at Batála, we drop distinctions of rank as we break down pride of caste. The English clergyman and his boys, the converted villager, the needy miller, the servant and her mistress, shared the humble feast together. The Native Pastor, happy to serve, handed oranges, bits of sugar-cane, sweetmeats, &c., around.

Nor was music wanting. Our boys, who receive such an education as may fit them to compete for Government appointments, are necessarily taught English. In English were sung the first two songs which burst in joyous chorus from the young Punjabis. The rough rhymes which were sung with heart as well as with voice, may give a fair idea of what is thought by its inmates of the boarding-school at Batála.

Air, "As I came by."

We'll ne'er forget Batála, Batála, Batála,
We'll ne'er forget Batála when we are far away.

The stately palace * ringing
With shouting and singing,
The fish we home were bringing,
The feasts where all were gay.
We'll ne'er forget Batála.

The tank with lilies blowing,
The trees with mangoes growing,
The well, and water flowing,
The study, and the play.
We'll ne'er forget Batála.

The chapel where attending,
Our prayers together blending,
And hymns of praise ascending
On peaceful Sabbath-day.
We'll ne'er forget Batála.

2.

We've heard of schools in Calcutta,
Madras, too, and Bombay;
But the school that we love better
Is not so far away.
Then hail! the Batála boarding-school,
Where we like brothers dwell;
We will not shirk our good, hard work,
But try to do it well.

We've heard of many a master,
Who tries his boys to train,
And to make them work the faster,
Thinks nothing like the cane.

* The school is held in a palace built by the Maharajah Shere Singh, who slept in it but one night, then went to Lahore, and was murdered.

*YOUNG KASHMIR PRINCE (see Note, p. 80).*

But hail! the Batála boarding-school,
Where never a flogging befell;
We will not shirk our good, hard work,
But try to do it well.

Lord, make our school a blessing,
A light that all may see,
Let each boy, grace possessing,
A brave, true Christian be.
Then hail! the Batála boarding-school,
Where we like brothers dwell;
We will not shirk our good, hard work,
But try to do it well.

Then followed a more solemn strain, this time sung by the boys in their native tongue. "A few more years shall roll," sounds as sweet in Urdu as it does in English. And so the happy little meeting closed; and the bell soon summoned us all to the room set apart as a chapel for our evening devotions. A short time afterwards the large, well-filled building was almost as quiet as if it held none but its old inhabitants—the rats, owls, and the bats. A day of steady work and cheerful play had been followed by an evening of innocent mirth, and night brought that

"Sleep which should us more active make
To serve our God when we awake."

A. L. O. E.

AN old man—a Guru, or teacher—who was known to be wealthy, was asked what was his income? "Twenty-five rupees," he answered. His age he said was only two or three years. His disciples begged him to explain his meaning. "I reckon my income," he replied, "as limited to the portion of it which I have given to God, and my age as only the time which I have spent in His service."

## O THE CHURCH MIS-RY MISSION-STATION HÁWÁ.

EARLY one morning in February, a friend and I started by train to visit the Church Missionary Mission-station at Baháwá, in the Santāl country, North India. We spent three days with the Missionaries there — the Rev. F. and Mrs. Cole — and had a most interesting visit. This little Mission-station is quite ion-house and schools were only months ago—indeed, they are d, though occupied—and the te a young one, but so interest-nising. Shortly after arrival, k us to see her girls' school. girls were present—most of s, as they live too far away many of them, to come daily. s are, mostly, Native Chris-nnot afford to pay anything e of their daughters; all is given by the Missionaries, including clothes. These girls look so intelligent and happy—like a large family; the difference between the expression of their faces and that of the heathen girls around is most marked. We sat some time in the schoolroom, and heard them read the Bible, and answer questions, &c. One could hardly believe the whole Mission there had only been the work of a few months (nine, I believe), so truly is God's hand and blessing felt and seen in the work of His servants, in this and many other Mission-fields here in India.

The next day we held a kind of examination of the boys' and girls' schools, and distributed small prizes. Of course, the dialect they speak is Santhāli, so we were unable to understand a word. Mr. Cole put them through a brief examination, in reading the Bible, answering questions, writing, geography, &c. Sunday was a most peaceful, happy day; more like an English Sunday than any I have passed in India. One felt as if in some Christian village at home: all work ceased; and the various families from distant Christian villages came wending their way over the hills, to attend the services which were held in the girls' school-house, no church being yet built. One end of this school building has been specially fitted up for service—raised and railed off for the communion-table, &c. The services were held in the middle of the day, and only an interval of about half-an-hour between the two, as the congregation all came from great distances. Between the services they all go out and sun themselves — natives never seem tired of sitting and standing in the sun!—and Mr. and Mrs. Cole generally have little talks with any who may wish to speak with them in the verandah; then all go into the building again, resume their seats, and practise a few hymn-tunes and

chants, like one large family. They sing very nicely, have pleasant voices, and keep good time and tune, especially the girls belonging to Mrs. Cole's school. The singing over, there was an interval of ten minutes before the bells, or rather gongs, sounded for the second service. This time the sermon was preached by a native *moonshi*, a most earnest and useful helper of Mr. Cole. In the evening we took a long walk to a Native Christian village. It was so strange to note the Sabbath quiet in the village; no work going on—so unlike all the heathen villages in other parts of India. The little mud-houses and enclosures all looked clean and cared for; the people all turned out to welcome us—most simple and friendly—many wishing to shake hands, and make their salaams to us. They followed us up the street—a Santāl village has only one street, huts built at each side of it—evidently the sight of *four* white faces at once in their village was most unusual. The numerous pariah-dogs, too—every house seemed to possess at least one—all turned out to have a look at us, and barked vociferously at the strange sight. We went into one house and compound, but were not able to stay long, as we had a long walk back before us, by the bright light of the moon.

These Native Christians will walk miles to attend the Sunday services—husband and wife taking it in turn to attend with their children; and during the "rains," when the whole country is under water, they still come. This shows that they really value what they are taught, and delight to worship God together in His House of Prayer. After the morning service, during the reading of the offertory sentences, they all—men, women, and children—came forward, one by one, and dropped *their "pice"* (small coin) into a dish placed *near the communion rails* for the purpose; those too poor to bring a "pice" brought a few handfuls of rice or grain, which they poured into a box provided for the purpose. These are all voluntary offerings; and I believe in this way they support, wholly or in part, two or three Native Pastors stationed in other distant Santāl villages.

We were quite sorry to leave this interesting little Mission settlement the next morning, and I regretted I had not time to make a sketch of the Mission buildings, and hills beyond. The Mission-house is situated on high ground, with hills on three sides; one side a piece of open, flat country, leading to the railway-station. The next Church Missionary Station is Taljheri, I believe.

I forgot to mention that after the examination of the girls, Mrs. Cole told them to show us their various salaams, on meeting a father, mother, brother, sister, friend—all quite different, and some of them very graceful. Also their dancing together, which seems to come naturally to them; arms and hands linked, in a kind of half-circle, singing as they go, and moving so gracefully to the air, keeping time with their feet. It was really a most curious and interesting sight.

S. J. V.

## THE STORY OF A SIGNBOARD.

I.

IT was against a wall, outside the city of Hang-chau, that this signboard was to be seen. But first, do you know anything about Hang-chau—the greatest of the many great cities in the Chinese province of Che Kiang? The people there think their city so beautiful, and they are so proud of it, that they have a saying, "Heaven is above, Hang-chau below;" meaning that no place but heaven can be compa

: are many, many thousand dwellers in ity, which has great walls built all round id each gate in the wall by which lers pass in and out, has its special . One is called the Periwinkle Gate; ps there is a market there for peri- es, which you know are just the kind id a Chinaman likes best.

e evening, about three years ago, a ler, who had come on business to -chau from his village-home, seventy away, was approaching this Peri- e Gate when he was attracted to hing by the wayside which he had seen before, often as he had walked this road to the city. It was no very ng object that met his eye, only a board vords written on it, and fastened against all of a small one-storied house, and (for that was the Chinaman's name) ut to look about him and he could see s of other such signboards, for the se are fond of this kind of advertise-

But this particular board was unlike hat he had ever seen. It had on it this sentence in Chinese characters, "The Religion of Jesus Christ." What could words mean? thought the stranger, and could they have to do with that little ? He had often heard the word gion." This very city swarmed with les and religious priests, and religious onies, and with people who earned a by making idols and incense sticks paper money which they sold for the ice of religion. Chow himself, who a village school, taught his boys to burn and incense in honour of Confucius, old them this was a religious duty. But these observances he had never heard the "Jesus Christ," and he was determined id out what they meant. He learned near that the people who rented the house lived in a certain street in Hang-chau, and he soon made his way to this place.

And so it happened that as our Missionary in Hang-chau was sitting one evening reading with his catechists and pupils, a message was brought in that Matthew Tai, one of the catechists, was wanted by a gentleman. When Tai went outside he found our friend Chow who told him just what you have read. How he had seen the words "the Holy Religion of Jesus Christ," and had come to find out their meaning. You may guess how gladly Matthew preached unto him Jesus; the two men spent a long time together, and then the catechist brought Chow to Mr. Moule, the Missionary, and he repeated his story. And so long as he stayed in Hang-chau he came often to the Missionary's house, always wanting to learn more about the religion of Jesus Christ.

(*To be continued.*)

THOUGHTS *of the heathen about God's Word.*—"It is a common saying among the Hindu women that they have not such a pure life among all their gods as Jesus Christ's, neither have they ever heard such words as are read to them from the Gospel."

I was much interested in a visit to a certain landowner. About four years ago Mr. Daeuble gave him a Hindi Testament, which he has read with evident interest, and he seems to know much of its contents. "It has told me about my sins," he said, "which have been great and many, as no other book ever did." J. ELLWOOD.

## CHURCH MISSIONARY JUVENILE ASSOCIATIONS.

QUESTION 4 has been practically answered under the head of Question 3, page 71.

QUESTION 5. *Do the juvenile members take an active part in the sales of work by which many Juvenile Associations raise the greater part of their funds?*

"The sale of work," one secretary writes, "has been a productive source of income. We hold it about Christmas-time, and have a great Christmas-tree or trees; the children look on it as a concern belonging to them, and always take a great interest in it. Many of them make articles for sale, and young people, such as Sunday-school teachers, take an active part in arranging and selling at the stalls. We are careful to avoid all objectionable practices, raffles, &c., and we always meet with the workers for prayer before the sale commences. Articles left over are either given back to the contributors or forwarded to other sales. We found it a bad plan to keep the goods hanging on from year to year."

Another secretary "gives notice of the sale in good time to the children, who all work for it, and when the time comes round some of them sell at the stalls, with the assistance of other friends."

One correspondent adopts a most useful means of furthering the success of Juvenile Associations in connexion with Missionary sales of work. "The work for our summer sale is prepared at working parties throughout the winter, held monthly or fortnightly, and the special subjects for prayer named in the "Gleaner," are brought before God."

*It is much* to be wished that such gatherings *were held for the members of* every Juvenile Association throughout the country. We have already shown (page 47), that they are equally practicable for boys and for girls. The frequent meetings together, with a definite object, which each child takes an active part in promoting, has proved the best of all means of stimulating the feeling of membership. Children must be occupied in some way. They have no greater pleasure than to be useful to others, and the words of a former correspondent* who describes a Juvenile working party will be echoed by all who have experience in such gatherings. "As I looked at the cheerful faces, and the busy, willing fingers of the young workers, I said to myself, Surely the best answer to the question so often asked, 'How can we make the children care for the Missionary cause?' must be 'Let them work for it.'" Though the money value of the labour of these little ones

* See JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, 1879.

may be small, do not let us despise it, nor grudge them our help and encouragement; but let us be glad if we are allowed to train them for future usefulness. After all, their infant service is only a little more feeble and imperfect than ours, and they have as much right as we to a share in the promise that God will not forget any work of faith or labour of love which is shown to His name.

It is encouraging to find that there has been a steadily increasing prosperity wherever Missionary sales of work have been regularly held from year to year by Juvenile Associations. We quote two out of many instances :—

| | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| First sale at St. John's, Upper Holloway, 1873 . . . . . | 19 | 13 | 7½ |
| Seventh sale at St. John's, Upper Holloway, 1879 . . . . | 75 | 7 | 7¼ |
| First sale, Margate, 1865. . . | 39 | 11 | 3 |
| Fourteenth sale, Margate, 1879 . | 131 | 0 | 0 |

## JUVENILE CONTRIBUTIONS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Battersea, St. John's Children's Mission Army, by Rev. W. Ellison . | 13 | 1 | 6 |
| Baxter, Mrs., Southall Green, for Elephant Fund (Coll.). . . | 7 | 7 | 0 |
| Hampton Wick School Children, by Rev. F. De Crespigny . . . | 0 | 10 | 8 |
| Windsor's, Mrs. Wm., Children's Missionary-box . . . . . | 1 | 5 | 6 |

*Omitted in May number.*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Lingfield Sunday-school, by Mr. E. V. E. Bryan : | | | |
| 1st Class, Girls . . . . . | 0 | 4 | 9½ |
| 2nd ,, . . . . . | 0 | 1 | 7½ |
| 4th ,, . . . . . | 0 | 2 | 4 |
| 4th Class, Boys . . . . | 0 | 1 | 4½ |

## MISSIONARY SKETCH FOR AUGUST.

(*See page 70*).

### SAMUEL CROWTHER.

## MISSIONARY SKETCH FOR JUNE.

### WILLIAM JOHNSON.

William Johnson was a German mechanic, born in 1787. He was converted in 1812. Some time after his conversion he felt a great desire to tell others of the love of Christ, and wished to become a Missionary. From the Committee Minutes of the Church Missionary Society we learn that he was sent out as schoolmaster to Sierra Leone, West Africa. His wife, four other Missionaries and their wives, accompanied him, and landed safely on April 27th, 1816. Mr. Johnson was appointed to Regent's Town, or Hogbrook, the inhabitants of which place were liberated negroes. Their wretched condition is described in his letters and journals. To these miserable people he was not only schoolmaster, but preacher and minister, for the Home Committee recognizing his value, he was ordained in 1817. His growing labours and success are remarkable. Tribulation, however, came on him in 1818, and several of his fellow-labourers succumbed to fever and other maladies. But God continued to bless his work, and in two years he wrought an entire change in Regent's Town and its population.

In 1819 he accompanied his wife (recovering from dangerous illness) to England, and paid a short visit to Hanover; but he returned to Africa in 1820. He was grieved to find a great relapse from Christianity at Regent's Town, but soon restored the condition of the place. Till 1822 he continued to labour there, often in trials and difficulties, yet always with increasing success. Two great troubles fell on him at the end of this year; ophthalmia attacked him, and his wife became fatally ill, and was obliged to return to Europe. January, 1823, he embarked for England, but the third day after he went on board, the fatal malady (the African fever) appeared, and though every care was taken of him, his was a "finished course." He was never more to see Africa, or the mission of which he was as the father. He died on Saturday, May 3rd, after such a ministry as is granted to few Missionaries.

WINIFRED HUTCHINSON,
8, Sumner Place, South Kensington.

Missionary Sketches for June were sent by Winifred Hutchinson, Lucy C. Brown, Frederick Kittermaster, Archie Thomson, and K. E. Brown.

(*Arranged in order of merit.*)

## OUR MISSIONARY BIBLE CLASS.

*Rule* 1.—*Papers must be sent in before the end of the month in which the subject is given.*

*Rule* 2.—*Only contributors sixteen years old and under can compete for prizes* (*see page* 12).

*Rule* 3.—*The name, age, and address of the writer must be given* at the beginning *of each paper.*

*Rule* 4.—*Only one side of the paper must be written on.*

*Rule* 5.—*When more than one sheet of paper is used the separate sheets must be tacked together.*

### SCRIPTURE ANSWERS FOR JUNE.

The Bible.

God's word is *pure*, Ps. cxix. 140; Prov. xxx. 5; *everlasting*, I Pet. i. 25; *perfect, sure, right*, Ps. xix. 7, 8; *true*, Ps. cxix. 142; John xvii. 17; *quick, powerful*, Heb. iv. 12; *comfort*, Rom. xv. 4.

God's word is spoken of as a *lamp, light*, Ps. cxix. 105. As a lamp gives a steady light on a dark night, and enables us to reach home, so God's word lights our path to the Heavenly home. A *fire*, a *hammer*, Jer. xxiii. 29. As a hammer breaks a rock, and a fire melts iron, so God's word breaks stony hearts, and melts hearts of iron. A *sword*, Eph. vi. 17; Heb. iv. 2; A *burning fire*, Jer. xx. 9; *honey*, Ps. cxix. 103. The study of God's word is enjoined, I Chron. xxviii. 9; Joshua i. 8; Isaiah viii. 20; xxxiv. 16; II Pet. i. 19.

ALICE HARDING (aged 16),
Ulverstone House, Uckfield.

Our course of Bible-class lessons on the subjects taught to the Frere Town converts is now completed, and we have the pleasant task of awarding prizes to those who have sent in the four best sets of papers during the last six months.

One hundred and fourteen names are on the list of candidates.

PRIZES.

CHARLOTTE LOW (aged 14),
Vale Terrace, Guildford. 1st Prize, 7*s.* 6*d.*

CLAUD WOOD (aged 12), 2nd Prize, 6*s.*
Skillington Vicarage, Grantham.

ANNE STOTE FOX (aged 12),
Warwick Square, London. 3rd Prize, 4*s.*

STANLEY STOCKEN (aged 15),
*Warwick House*, Maidstone. 4th Prize, 2*s.* 6*d.*

The marks earned by the twenty candidates who head the list are as follows:—

| | Marks. | | Marks. |
|---|---|---|---|
| *Charlotte Low | 236 | George Sands | 163 |
| *Claud Wood | 235 | E. P. Coleman | 156 |
| *Anne Stote Fox | 219 | Jessie Harding | 153 |
| *Stanley Stocken | 218 | Fanny Bannister | 151 |
| Percy Stocken | 216 | Millicent Simcox | 148 |
| Alice Harding | 184 | Caroline Cross | 147 |
| Margaret Simcox | 178 | Alice Atkinson | 133 |
| David Hutchison | 172 | Ina Head | 132 |
| Fredk. Kittermaster | 167 | Lucy Atkinson | 131 |
| Lucy C. Brown | 165 | Jane Leach | 126 |

FISHERS OF MEN.

1. Which of Christ's apostles do we know to have been fishermen?
2. Mention four names given to the lake on which they fished.
3. How many kinds of fishing can you find mentioned in the Bible?
4. Find the passage "Thou madest him to have dominion over the fish of the sea." What incidents in the Gospel story illustrate these words?
5. Prove from Christ's own words that He has dominion over the souls of men.
6. Show that the fisherman's is a toilsome calling.
7. Which prophet speaks of the joy of the successful fisherman?
8. When Jesus called the apostles to be fishers of men, did He promise them success?
9. What points of difference can you find between the two miraculous draughts of fishes recorded in the Gospels?
10. Quote instructions given by our Lord after His resurrection which correspond with the words, Matt. xiii. 47, "the sea," and "gathered of every kind."
11. When was St. Paul instructed in what special direction he should cast the Gospel net?
12. Quote two passages in which St. Paul shows that he was like a skillful fisherman who uses artful devices and different kinds of bait to lure the fish.
13. Can you find any teaching for fishers of men in the occupation of Andrew and Peter, Mark i. 19?

"The Lord clothes His promise in the language of that art which was familiar to Peter; the fisherman is to *catch* men, as David, taken from the sheepfold, is to *feed* them. . . . It is *men*, not poor fishes, which henceforth he shall take; and he shall take them for *life*, and not as he had hitherto taken his meaner prey, for death."—TRENCH.

*London: Church Missionary House*, Salisbury Square; Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday, 54 Fleet Street, and all

EPTEMBER, 1880.] [Price One Halfpenny.

# CHURCH JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR MISSIONARY SOCIETY

THE KING'S MESSENGERS.

MARK xvi. 15.

## THE KING'S MESSENGERS.

"And they went forth, and preached everywhere."
MARK xvi. 20.

IF we compare St. Mark with St. Matthew, it appears that our Lord gave His command to "preach the Gospel to every creature" on two occasions, first, when He appeared to the Eleven as they sat at meat; and then, and finally, at the time of His Ascension. Our picture represents the former of the two occasions; but the paper refers to the latter. Our Lord had announced that He was about to be taken up into heaven, and commanded the disciples to meet Him at a certain place. They did so—those who were in Jerusalem at the time—and went to the Mount of Olives. Presently the Lord Jesus joined them, and they began to talk with Him; and as they talked they walked on, until He had led them as far as Bethany. There He gave them His final charge to go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature; and when He had said everything to them that He wished to say, He lifted up His hands to bless them, and in this act of blessing He was parted from them and carried up into heaven, to sit at the right hand of the throne of God until the time when He comes again in His glory. The disciples saw Him no more, but returned to Jerusalem with great joy, praising and blessing God for all that they had seen and heard.

Our business, however, in this paper, is not so much with the Ascension itself as with the command which our Lord laid upon His disciples just before He left them; and this *command we will at once* proceed to consider.

(1) Notice, then, in the first place, that that command is given after our Lord had announced that all power had been given Him both in heaven and earth. Look at St. Matthew, the last chapter and the eighteenth and following verses. It is *because* Jesus is King, and has been exalted to the Throne (and this did not take place till after His ascension), that the disciples are to go forth and preach. The subject of their preaching, then, is to be, that Jesus is King—that God has made Him King, because He was obedient unto death, even the death of the cross—and that all men are to submit to His rule, and to acknowledge Him as their Sovereign and their Lord. Of course you are all of you aware that the Gospel is "good news." And when we think or speak about preaching the Gospel—the idea of God's forgiveness and mercy, the idea of salvation and of help for those who are struggling with temptation and sin, rises up in our minds. But the Gospel means also that Jesus is King, and that He must be served and obeyed by all who call themselves His disciples and expect to share in His blessings.

(2) In the second place, this Gospel was to be preached to "every creature." The Jewish religion was for one nation: Christianity is for the whole world. And the command of the Lord was obeyed, and is being obeyed now. The Apostles and early preachers did go everywhere—to every country they could visit, and to every man they could speak to, no matter what he was—wise or unwise, learned or unlearned, rich or poor, barbarian, Scythian, bond, or free—he was a subject of the Lord Jesus, and he was to be claimed as such. And the Missionaries nowadays are doing exactly the same thing. Of course, we do not suppose that the Gospel has been *thoroughly* carried

the whole world even now—there is much still remaining to be done; but we may say that there is scarcely an important tribe, and certainly not a nation, that has had no opportunity of hearing about the Lord Jesus Christ. And soon we may expect our Lord's words to be fulfilled, "The Gospel of the Kingdom shall be preached in all the world, for a witness unto all nations."

(3) In the third and last place, we are told by St. Mark that the Lord "worked with" the preachers of the Gospel, and "confirmed the word with signs following." Is that the case now? Is there anything to show that the Lord Jesus is working with His servants and helping them in their work? Certainly; there are always *some* tokens of His presence. Take, for instance (for I have no time to speak of more), the work in Sierra Leone. Years ago, people said scornfully, "Teach negroes Christianity! You might as well try to teach monkeys and baboons!" But see what has been done! See the churches crowded with worshippers, the Lord's table attended by devout communicants, the schools filled with children! Hear the African pastors, ordained clergymen of the Church of England, preaching to their people! The change is marvellous. And how has it all come about? *By the working of the Lord Jesus Christ with the preachers of His Gospel.*

GORDON CALTHROP.

## FROM RED RIVER SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

SINCE one or two articles have been forwarded about our St. Andrew's Red River Church Missionary Association, I send a brief account of one of our little scholars whom it has pleased the Good Shepherd to gather into His heavenly fold at the early age of thirteen.

Jane Ann was the eldest in a family whose mother, a quiet, consistent Christian, died about four years ago, manifesting in the midst of great bodily suffering a firm trust in her Saviour.

Jane was one of our most regular scholars, and took a deep interest in our Missionary effort.

This spring, symptons of the same disease of which her mother died showed themselves. She rapidly grew worse, and it was soon too evident to all her friends that it could have but one end. But for *her* death was robbed of its terrors. She was trusting in that Saviour whom she had learnt to love while yet in health. She rejoiced to believe that the Good Shepherd would meet her and carry her through the dark valley.

Her first thoughts were for her young

brothers and sisters who had been to her the objects of almost motherly care since their mother's death. She told her sister next in age to herself that she must try and fill her place to them. Her father, whose work kept him very much away from home, so that the children were generally with their uncle, our excellent Sunday-school superintendent, was also the object of her deep and loving solicitude. Like too many her father is addicted to drink. This was a great sorrow to the dying child; she longed to speak to him, and yet shrunk from what to her retiring nature would be a most painful effort. She asked her grandmother to do so, but when told that coming from her dying bed it would have more force, she at once asked to see her father alone. We can only hope and pray that the faithful, loving words of his daughter, whom he dearly loved, will under God's blessing deliver him from this fatal snare.

When visiting her, though evidently suffering from great exhaustion increased by the close, sultry weather that prevailed at the time, I found her quiet and restful, and yet longing to depart and be with Jesus. One day a few verses from John x., another day, when death was near, Psalm xxiii., gave her great comfort. She also loved to be sung to. While the singing continued she seemed to forget her bodily distress and often joined in.

After her death I received a note from her uncle, at whose house she died, who writes: "She died, or rather I should say passed from death to life at ten minutes to 12. We sat with her up to the time of her departure. She suffered greatly and wrestled much in prayer, asking us at times to pray with her that she might be removed. At about 11.30 *she asked me to sing.* I sang, 'There is a *happy land' and 'Jewels,'* and then waited. She asked me to sing another hymn. I sang 'The sweet by-and-by.' She joined in, repeating the words audibly and clear. When the hymn was ended she said, 'That will do.' I spoke a little to her, trying to cheer her, when all at once she said, 'Jesus, come!' and looking at us said, 'He *is* coming.' A few minutes after she said, 'O Lord Jesus, come!' then passed away very quietly, so quietly that she was dead almost before we knew it."—We sang "Safe in the arms of Jesus" at the open grave, and felt how true, in her case, it was.

R. YOUNG.

## THE CHRISTIAN'S REST.

"I WAS passing late one evening a village in which there lives one lonely Hindu convert. I found he had not yet returned home from his shop, so I went there to look for him. The shop was open, and seemed to be empty, but there was a light behind the door. On looking round the corner, I saw my friend crouched over his prayer-book on his knees, saying evening prayer; and without stopping to make salaam or salute, he beckoned to me to join him. How glad I was to take part with this faithful Christian in prayer to our God, after having spent a long, weary day among the heathen! Alone in his faith—Hindus and Mohammedans persecuting him, his wife reviling, his own son sometimes even striking him—he seeks strength for every temptation, and comfort for every trial, at the Throne of Grace."

R. BATEMAN.

## A LITTLE PILGRIM.

HE readers of the Green Book will be interested to hear of the happy Christian life and early death of the little son of our late catechist, O Ling-teh, who worked for many years in Ning-po. Little Ming-eng (Manifesting Grace) was born in 1873, at a village outside Ning-po; his father died not long afterwards, and this little son was left to be the joy and comfort of his widowed mother. He was a bright, intelligent boy, and very early he became interested in Bible truths, and loved to pray. Though unavoidably brought in contact with heathen neighbours, and seeing heathen customs, no child trained in a Christian land could have had greater contempt for the folly of idolatry. One incident occurred a few months ago which shows how deeply he also felt the sinfulness of it.

His mother had a large block of stone, partially cut out for an idol, which she used as a stone weight. One day, little Ming-eng came running to her in great distress, and begged her to hide away this stone image, for he had heard some of the neighbours say they were going to take it away, and make an idol of it. While the child was talking to his mother, the people carried out their intention; and when she arrived on the scene, the image was nowhere to be found. Ming-eng's distress was really piteous to see; sobs he *entreated for the* image to be brought back. His mother tried to comfort him with the promise of another.

"No, no, mother; I don't want *another*. I don't care about the stone; but those people have taken it away to worship it, and God will be so angry."

After some search the stone was discovered in a neighbouring temple, already installed as the "Goddess of Mercy;" and with some difficulty it was recovered. The child's only wish on getting it back was to have it thrown into the river; and till this could be done, he hid it carefully away, where there was no fear of its being found by any one who could look on it as an object of worship.

Ming-eng had an earnest desire to do right, and to please God; and if he had done any wrong thing, he was never happy until he had confessed it. He often asked his mother to read to him from the "Peep of Day," the "Pilgrim's Progress," and other books; and would ask questions which showed great thoughtfulness in one so young. One day he was overheard talking with another child, much older than himself, about the resurrection of Jesus Christ. His companion said he did not believe that Jesus Christ could really be alive now. He knew people were put in the grave when they died, and *they* never came out again. "But," argued Ming-ing, "haven't you heard them say, over and over again, in church that Jesus *is* alive now in heaven?" "Oh," replied the little sceptic, "they may say so in church, but I don't believe it is possible." But Ming-eng's faith remained unshaken. "Why, don't you know," he said, "that Jesus is now sitting on God's right hand, and He has prepared a feast, and is waiting there for us?"

It was the testimony of a heathen aunt, that he was always talking about Jesus; and, indeed, he seemed to have no fear of speaking of religion to any one. He was once

riding with one of us in a sedan-chair, when we passed by some idolatrous offerings made to the spirits, and he preached quite a little sermon to the heathen sedan-bearers about the folly and sin of such worship.

Only a Sunday or two before his death, at our family prayers, Ming-eng was asked to choose a hymn, and he selected—

"I'm but a pilgrim here,
Heaven is my home."

Little we then thought how near the dear child was to the heavenly home which he so loved to talk about. His last illness was very short, and on October 28th he passed peacefully away, aged six years and five months. The night before he died he told his mother that God was with him, and again and again he begged her not to weep for him. Bending over him, and calling him by an endearing name, she asked him in whom he trusted? Though he could not articulate distinctly, the little lips formed the word "Jesus." An hour or two later, Ming-eng had departed to be with Jesus his Saviour.

The next day the coffin, covered with flowers, and followed by a few loving friends, was borne to the burial-ground of our Native Christians, where the little one was laid to rest near his father, to await with him the joyful resurrection morning. As we turned away from his resting-place, our hearts gave thanks to God for the grace which was so abundantly given to this His little servant.

E. G.

# RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD.

## CHINA AND ITS CREEDS.

### CONFUCIANISM.

VARIOUS people have tried at various times to define briefly the real difference between man and the lower animals.

He has been described as "a talking animal;" but then, unfortunately, monkeys chatter, and parrots, ravens, and magpies share with us the gift of articulate speech. To say that "they speak without thinking" scarcely helps the matter, since to how many grown-up men and women, not to mention talkative little boys and girls, may the same remark be justly applied? Again, man has been defined as "a laughing animal;" but then hyenas laugh, and so does that odd Australian bird called "the laughing jackass." Nor can I see that much of a point is proved by saying that after all they make a very poor affair of it, and that nobody but themselves can see the joke! That might be found to hold equally good in the case of so many people, that really I think we had better not go more deeply into the question.

But somebody has said "man is a worshipping animal," and that I believe to be the best way of stating the case. You will not therefore be surprised to hear that, though Confucius would have condemned idolatry, and was very faint in his promises of any future existence whatsoever, nevertheless his followers do *worship something*. They worship the spirits of their ancestors, and the memory of their Great Teacher himself, and whereas that Teacher seemed very doubtful as to the propriety of allowing man *one* soul, they handsomely provide him with three!

One of these (they believe) enters in-

CHINESE WORSHIPPING THE SPIRITS OF THEIR ANCESTORS.

spiritual world, and goes to judgment, one enters the wooden tablet erected to the memory of the deceased, and one descends with the corpse into the grave.

You will perhaps have heard of their burning paper clothes and money for the use of the deceased. They believe that those in the spiritual world have need of precisely the same means of support that they themselves require, only in a different form. The fire (they consider) changes their offerings into such a form as will make them useful to spiritual beings.

Their idea of the state of morals in the next world may be learned from the fact that they consider their relatives will be in want of money wherewith to bribe their unjust judges; experience having sufficiently taught them what influence a bribe has here. Confucius, who had such a high and correct estimate of the office of rulers, and how important it was that they should adorn that office by the most stainless conduct, would surely have been grieved by such an idea. But you see all his moral maxims and sensible advice does not enable his followers to execute true judgment between man and man. Much less does it answer the world-old question—"How shall a man be just with God?" E. SUTTON.

(*To be continued.*)

## THE STORY OF A SIGNBOARD.

### II.—SEED SOWING IN GREAT VALLEY.

THE time came for Chow to go back to his home among the mountains south-west of Hang-chau in a district called Great Valley. Now, it was a very hard thing for him to tell his people that he dared to believe there was any religion better than that which his forefathers had followed. The Chinese, even when they are grown up and married, often live under one roof with their parents and brothers; and the members of a family, whatever their age, join in religious observances, such as the worship of the memory of their ancestors, &c. Though Chow was a middle-aged man with a wife and family, he had four brothers older than himself; and he was afraid to face their anger if he should keep away from idolatrous practices and confess his new-born faith.

So for a while, after he came home, he was silent about all that he had learnt in Hang-chau, and, if this had lasted, the good seed sown in his heart might have died away, and certainly there would have been no story to tell you of seed-sowing in Great Valley.

But Chow had other opportuni-

Christian friends in the city, and no God used their teaching to make him to do right. And then he found—what , have sometimes found, dear children, rou have resolved, trusting to your aly Father's help, to do the right, how- rd it seemed—that the difficulties he d so much were cleared away.

reached home, after a journey to the ie Saturday, and the next day, instead g to the fields to work, he stayed in ise, trying to keep God's day holy by and by reading the Bible, of which he ought back a copy. It was the season hering in the mulberry-leaves for , and, as the weather was fine, Chow's s were hard at work all day, and they much vexed with him for not giving is help that they came early the next g to scold him for being so lazy.

he spoke out bravely and told them had stayed away. He was now a r, he said, in the heaven-sent religion is Christ, and the holy book of this commanded that one day in seven kept holy, therefore he had spent this the worship of the true God. Thus confession was made. When once his re opened he began to speak freely to friends about the Lord Jesus, and, of the storm of anger and abuse s he expected, the people gathered him and asked him to tell them more hese new thoughts of his. After work venings sometimes four or five, some- more of his fellow-villagers came to m read out of his Bible, and he tried ain its holy words to them, and before rted the little company would kneel im in prayer. They learnt by heart ed and the Ten Commandments, and ained out the Lord's Prayer for them- know that among Chow's pupils were three of those elder brothers of whom he had once been so sorely afraid.

(*To be continued.*)

## THE LIGHTHOUSE.

(*Translated from a Chinese hymn for children.*)

To be a man is but to sail
Like mariners to their distant home;
This life is as a stormy sea,
Our haven is the life to come.

When Adam launch'd his boat of life,
The favouring breezes gently blew;
And, shining on the further side,
The hills of heaven were full in view.

He fell: the waves white-crested rose,
The stormy wind began to roar;
The sun went down, the stars were hid;
No eye could see the heavenly shore.

The devil's wiles are stormy winds;
Man's lust—the waves that roar and toss;
False doctrines are the pall of night;
Shipwreck—the soul's eternal loss.

So had souls founder'd one by one;
But God, who ever loves to save,
Reveal'd the Gospel o'er the world
Like Light across the stormy wave.

And little children now may help
To light the lamp in mercy given;
Bid all around repent, believe,
And Christ will guide their souls to heaven.

A. E. M.

*EDICINE-MEN and their Devices.*—Mr. Cole, the Santal Mission, writes, "Our work is gr hindered by the Santal *ojhas* or medicine- Their power over the people is very great; were it not for them I believe we should many more converts from heathenism. One with his family, was on the point of becomi Christian, and his relatives tried all they c to prevent his coming forward. Just at that his child became ill, and they seized this opp nity of calling in the medicine-man. He tol father that an evil spirit was devouring his internally, and sacrifices were necessary to ap the demon.

"The father would not consent to offer sacri so they came secretly, at night, and buried a head with the sacrificial marks upon it close t door of his house. In the morning the med man came, performed his incantations, and after shaking his head till he foamed at the mouth, he went to the place and said the demon was in that very spot. They dug where he pointed, and of course there they found the goat's head. Upon this the man was terrified for the life of his and consented to let the sacrifices be o to the demon; and thus he has gone to heathenism."

## THE REDEEMER'S CALL.

(*Translated from the German Sunday-School Hymn-Book.*)

O! Jesus quits the realms above,
To grace this world of sin,
Exchanging seraphs' songs of love
For earth's discordant din.

The scorn of those He came to save,
His guerdon here below;
A shameful cross, a stranger's grave,
His heritage of woe.

*That we the* sons of God might be,
*He left His* father's throne
And as our burden-bearer, He
The wine-press trod alone.

His empty grave is the behest
Of pard'ning love to all;
To north and south, and east and we
Sounds the Redeemer's call.

In spotless wedding-garment clad,
With joy He sees them throng,
Those afar off brought near, and glad
To join the heavenly song.

No peace for man till victory
O'er sin and death's complete,
And love's constraining energy
Casts all at Jesu's feet.

## CH MISSIONARY JUVENILE ASSOCIATIONS.

VENILE CONTRIBUTIONS.

| | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Holy Trinity Juvenile Associa- | | | |
| . . . . . | 10 | 13 | 8 |
| on, St. Barnabas' Sunday- | | | |
| . . . . . | 0 | 16 | 6 |
| , St. Paul's Sunday-school . | 0 | 18 | 6 |
| Christ Church Sunday-school | 1 | 9 | 8 |
| Austin, Missionary-box . . | 1 | 18 | 4 |

### SSIONARY HELPERS IN A BOYS' SCHOOL.

ere are two distinct branches of our e Association; first, the village school, ing about 60 children; secondly, we our parish a school for the sons of nen. Several pupils in this school oxes last year (the first year of our e Association), the contents of which ed to £16. The Senior Prefect is asurer. A notice of the Juvenile Mis- Meeting is sent to each box-holder quarter, requesting attendance and ng the quarterly papers.

th each box given by the Secretary, le red collecting-book, issued by the , is supplied, and the new owner to get subscriptions of ½*d.* or 1*d.* from schoolfellows, &c. This plan the money in regularly and surely, ounts for the large amount of *coppers* the boxes, most of which contain, erage, 6*s.* a quarter. I know of one boys who amuse themselves with aphy, and put the proceeds into the ary-box, and of another who sells for fit of the Church Missionary Society y fret-work carving, which is such a occupation for boys.

"If this should meet the eye of any Christian school-boy, may God lead him to consider what he can do to help in spreading among his schoolfellows an interest in the heathen in distant lands! he might even be the means of forming an association in his school." H. G. B.

### MISSIONARY SKETCH FOR JULY.

#### ABEOKUTA.

That part of Africa which is called the Guinea Coast contains the kingdoms of Ashantee, Dahomey, and Benin. The old kingdom of Benin is broken up into various tribes, the chief of which are the Yorubas, Egbas, Ijebus, Ondos, and Popos.

In 1822 the travellers, Denham and Clapperton, found the Yoruba country fertile and populous, but soon afterwards the Foulahs, a Mohammedan tribe from the interior, commenced slave wars there, and almost depopulated it. In 1825 an enormous rock called Olumo, or the hiding-place, became the refuge of a few poor fugitives, escaped from the slave-hunters. This rock contained a large cavern, once the resort of robbers. As their own towns were destroyed, more fugitives joined this little band; they formed separate communities, to which they gave the names of their native towns, till by 1876, this place of refuge, called collectively Abeokuta—Under-the-stone—numbered 150,000 inhabitants, representing 130 desolated towns. The chief township was called Ake, and the head chief is called the Alake.

In 1846 Mr. and Mrs. Townsend and Mr. Crowther went as Missionaries from Sierra Leone to Abeokuta. They were cordially received by the chiefs and the people. In 1847 a church was built. In 1857 Abeokuta was in danger from the invasion of the king of Dahomey, but after he was repulsed great progress was made in the Mission work. The Dahomians have made several attacks on Abeokuta, but have been unsuccessful.

Internal dissensions in the townships of Abeokuta compelled the European Missionaries to leave Abeokuta in 1867, and the town remained closed to them for seven years; yet when in 1874 Mr. Townsend and Mr. Roper returned they found

the church much advanced under the care of the Native Pastors. A European Missionary, Mr. Faulkner, is now appointed to take charge of the Mission.

WINIFRED HUTCHINSON, aged 12.

Missionary Sketches were also sent by F. Kittermaster, L. and K. Brown.

## OUR MISSIONARY BIBLE CLASS.

*Rule* 1.—*Papers must be sent in before the end of the month in which the subject is given.*

*Rule* 2.—*Only contributors sixteen years old and under can compete for prizes* (*see page* 12).

*Rule* 3.—*The name, age, and address of the writer must be given* at the beginning *of each paper.*

*Rule* 4.—*Only one side of the paper must be written on.*

*Rule* 5.—*When more than one sheet of paper is used the separate sheets must be tacked together.*

### THE RACE. (See page 26.)

1. Find in St. Paul's writings allusions to the race-course, the rules of the race, the training needed, the judge, the spectators, the goal, the prize.
2. Show that the Christian's race is appointed for him.
3. Quote five words in which David describes this course.
4. In what words does Isaiah reveal the secret of success to the runners?
5. Where are we pointed to Jesus as our great example in the heavenly race?
6. Do you know what was the victorious racer's prize in St. Paul's day? Compare what we are told of the Christian racer's prize with this.
7. Quote three allusions to the hindrances which beset the Christian racer. How does St. Paul say he dealt with such?
8. Show that the race must be lifelong if the prize is to be won.
9. Can you find a phrase of four words, in w the Bible bears record of one who wa off in his youth by the violence of wi men, that he had reached the goal in heavenly race?
10. Where does St. Paul compare his calling preacher of the Gospel, to a race?
11. The object for which preachers of the Go should strive is described by two prophe the same words. Can you quote them?
12. Where does St. Paul say he should c himself a loser in this race unless preaching produced holy lives?
13. What did he say should be his prize in race, and when did he look to receive it

'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

### SCRIPTURE ANSWERS FOR JUL

(1) John xii. 24; I Cor. xv. 36. (2) Eccle 6; Gal. vi. 9; II Cor. ix. 6; James v. 7, 8. Deut. xi. 4; Is. lv. 10; I Cor. iii. 6, 7. Luke viii. 11; Is. xl. 8; I Pet. i. 23. (5) I viii. 8. (6) Is. lxi. 1; Eph. ii. 17. (7) Ma 17. (8) Acts ii. 14. (9) Matt. xiii. 38; x 19, 20. (10) Is. xxxii. 20; II Tim. iv. 2. John iv. 41; Acts x. 34—43. (12) Acts xii (13) Acts xxviii. 24. (14) Wayside, Acts 22, 32: thorny ground, Ezek. xxxiii. 31— stony ground, Gal. i. 6, 7: good ground, xvii. 11, 12; Col. i. 5, 6. (15) Ps. cxxvi. John iv. 36. (16) Luke x. 2.

The twelve papers which head our list sent by—

1. { Margaret Simcox. / Millicent Simcox.
2. Claud Wood.
3. Fanny Symes.
4. Arthur Taylor.
5. Alice Wilkinson.
6. Fredk. Kitterm
7. Bertram Spenc
8. William Taylo
9. Alice Harding.
10. Annie Fox.
11. Emily Fox.

### MISSIONARY SKETCH FOR SEPTEM

(*See page* 70.)

BONNY.

London: Church Missionary House, Salisbury Square; Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday, 54, Fleet Stre

TOBER, 1880.] [Price One Halfpenny.

# CHURCH JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR MISSIONARY SOCIETY

PHILIP AND THE EUNUCH.
Acts viii. 38.

## PHILIP AND THE EUNUCH.

"And he baptized him."
Acts viii. 38.

MISSIONARIES go where they are sent; they do not select their own fields of labour; God sends the Missionaries to the places where they are wanted, and where He knows they will do a work, and achieve a success for Him—*that* is one of the lessons taught us by the story of the Ethiopian eunuch.

But perhaps I had better tell you the story itself before we proceed further.

The "great persecution" which arose about Stephen drove all the Christians, except the Apostles, out of Jerusalem; and one of them—a man called Philip—went down to the city of Samaria, and stayed there some little time. Of course he was not idle whilst there. He was an evangelist, or preacher, and he began almost immediately after his arrival to tell the people of the town the story of Jesus Christ. I suppose the minds of the Samaritans had been prepared by the presence of Christ among them; about which St. John informs us in the fourth chapter of his Gospel. But whether this were so or not, it is clear that a very great effect was produced by the preaching of Philip. The people, we are told, with one accord gave heed to the things which Philip spake; they were baptized, both men and women; there was great joy in that city. Yes, Philip was accomplishing a great work in Samaria, and was exceedingly useful.

In the midst of his usefulness a message is sent to him by God through an angel, *and he is com*manded to leave the place where he is doing so much good, and where all the people are very attentive to hear him, and to go to a desert. Such a command must have seemed a very strange one. It was sending him away from all his opportunities. But Philip did not dispute it. He knew that it was his business to obey God, and to obey *at once*, without murmuring or asking questions; and so he arose and went.

Presently he sees before him a crowd surrounding a chariot, which is moving on leisurely in the road. Obviously there is a person of some importance in the chariot, and he is reading aloud to his attendants from a long roll which he holds in his hands. "Go near and join thyself to that chariot," says the Spirit to Philip. Philip does so; and entering into conversation with the great man, who proves to be the prime minister of Candace, Queen of the Ethiopians, is asked to explain the meaning of some verses in the fifty-third chapter of the Prophet Isaiah. Here is the preacher's opportunity! He seizes it, of course, and tells the Ethiopian all about the birth, and death, and resurrection, and ascension, of Jesus Christ, and how all that had happened to Him—and happened only a short time ago—had been predicted years and years before by the Jewish prophets. The Spirit of God gives power and effect to the words which Philip uttered, and the Ethiopian believes in Jesus, and after making a profession of faith in His name, is baptized, and goes on his way home rejoicing.

Such is the story.

Now let us go back to the lesson, or rather lessons, which I said the story teaches us.

(1) In the first place, a true Missionary does not choose for himself the place in which he shall labour, but goes wherever it pleases God to send him. He may not like the place to which he is sent; he may have

a strong impression that he might be more successful elsewhere. Nevertheless, he believes that God knows best, and submits, willingly and cheerfully, to the Divine leading. One of the most successful Missionaries of our time told me that when he first offered himself as a Missionary, there was one place in all India to which he had an especial objection; he would rather have gone anywhere else. But it was to that very place he was ordered to go. Of course he went; and there God granted him an unusual blessing, for he gathered out of the heathen, in a comparatively short time, a large Christian Church, which exists and flourishes now to the praise and glory of God, though the founder of it has gone to his rest and his reward.

(2) In the next place, God, through His Spirit, sends the Missionary to the place where he is wanted, and where he may be useful. It was so with Philip the Evangelist. The man to whom he was sent was groping after the truth. He longed to be taught, but did not know where to find a teacher. God provided him one. Just the man that he wanted was sent to him. Philip came at the right moment, and "preached unto him Jesus;" and the eunuch's soul drank in the word, just as the parched and thirsty soil drinks in the precious showers that descend upon it from heaven.

And, if we are rightly informed, the heathen, in very many places, just like the Ethiopian prime minister, are hungering and thirsting after the knowledge of God. Above all things they long for acquaintance with that salvation which God has provided for us in Jesus Christ. Shall we not then, my dear children, do what we can to send Philips—Evangelists, Missionaries—to "preach Jesus" to them, and to bring them into the fold of the great Shepherd, Jesus Christ?

GORDON CALTHROP.

# RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD.

## CHINA AND ITS CREEDS.

### TAOUISM.

DID you ever hear of a religion called Pantheism? It was the religion of many in the ancient world, as it is the real faith of many in the present day. The term is derived from two Greek words, "pan, theos," which mean literally, "All, God."

Long ago men looked up to the bright, blue sky, and saw that the sun and the moon, "walking in brightness," and the innumerable stars, all moved according to some fixed law or laws. Then they looked down from the blue firmament above to the blue ocean below. They marked the rising and falling of the tides, and the steady course of rivers. They looked round on the green earth and saw how it "bringeth forth fruit of itself;" how some hidden, mysterious life moves and animates everything; and they came to the conclusion that *the universe was God.* But this has never been the belief of any but the educated few. The "common people" seem to have never really accepted it. So, instead of believing in God in everything, they came to believe in "gods many and lords many," every running stream and silent pool having its presiding deity.

This was what took place in Greece, and something not unlike this has taken place in China.

At the same time that Confucius lived and taught, there also lived and taught a man called Tao. He wrote a book called "The Book of Religion and Virtue;" and his followers

style themselves "Doctors of Reason." Many of his ideas, however, were so far beyond those of ordinary people, that the said ordinary people took the liberty of altering them to fit their own requirements. As far as we can tell, he held those views which I told you were called *Pantheistic*, viz., he regarded the universe as God. But his followers worship endless deities.

I must not forget to tell you that they worship a god called the "Three Pure Ones," whom they regard as the supreme ruler of all. Whosoever obeys the commands of this three-fold divinity will, they believe, be delivered from evil, and attain everlasting happiness.

Do we not see in this belief a faint and broken reflection of the doctrine of the blessed Trinity?

But, besides, they have numberless other divinities, whose business it is supposed to be to superintend human occupations. They have even a god of cooking, whose image is perched uncomfortably amidst the smoke of a Chinese kitchen, and to whom is committed the enviable task of listening to the women's gossip over their work, and reporting the character of the whole family.

Taouism is not considered to be as popular or as respected a creed as Confucianism, or Buddhism. What hope has the Taouist of another life after death? As far as I can learn he only expects to live again in the green things which may spring from his ashes, or the memory, and it may be the applause, of his fellow-men. Surely the same reproach may be brought against the religions of China, as was of old applied by the man of Uz to the utterances of his consolatory friends: "I have heard many such things, miserable comforters are ye all!"

E. SUTTON.

*(To be continued.)*

## THE MERCIES OF THE HEATH

ONE of our candidates for tism has just been turne of the house in which was living, because sh dertook the care of a cri child. The masters o house feared that the would die, and her de their house would trouble upon them.

C. PHILL

Ondo (Yoruba).

## WHAT COULD THEY DO'

I READ to my people the ci in which you wrote tha Church Missionary Socie home were in great need of m They were all very sorry for the S After thinking the matter over, they ca me in a body and asked what could be They were willing to have a subscri but just now it hardly seemed po they had so little money. I proposed as the half of the roof of my house n to be repaired, if they could help in t would save the Society expense. At the men went to cut grass, and the w fetched it in. This was worth forty shi Now they promise to help in the that I think this is a praiseworthy offering the Kudeti Christians, for they are old p and the poorest of our three churches.

D. OL

Ibadan (Yoruba).

## COUNTED WORTHY TO SUFFER SHAME.

I SUPPOSE most of our young friends have read enough about missionary work in India, to know that it is not an easy thing for a Hindu to become a Christian. "I know that all you tell us is true," they sometimes say to Missionaries; "but how can I profess myself a Christian. My brothers and my sisters would hate me, they would beat me and drive me away from home; my father and my mother would curse me, they would refuse to give me food and clothing. If they were old and feeble—even if they were starving—they would not accept one mouthful of food or one anna from my hand. I may *think* in my heart what I please, and they will not care, if only I keep my caste and bring offerings to the idols. I may believe it all untrue, and in my thoughts may believe in Jesus Christ; but I cannot *confess* my belief." And the Missionaries who so often hear these things, and remember the solemn words of Christ and our King, "Whosoever will deny Me *before men*, him will I also deny before My Father which is in heaven," can only pray that God will make the weak ones strong to confess with their mouths the truths which they say they believe in their hearts.

You have no suffering like theirs to bear, dear children; but have you ever been tempted to keep silence, when you should have spoken out bravely, for fear of cold looks, and unkind words? Then you will be able to understand a little of what it costs Hindu boys and girls to bear their greater troubles, and will you not be glad to hear of some who have had faith and courage to face them?

Not long ago there was such gladness among the Christians in Masulipatam, which no doubt you know is a town in the Telugu district, South India. A boy of the Sudra caste was sent by a man who had adopted him to the Noble High School. (See pictures on page 114.) Koti had a great friend in the same class, who last year became a Christian; and the two lads often talked together about the Bible. Ramasatrulu, the Christian lad, quite thought at one time that Koti would soon become a disciple of Jesus Christ; but before he had made any decision he left school. His work took him away from Masulipatam, but sometimes he came to the neighbouring villages; then he would go to see his teachers. They hoped God's spirit was working in Koti's heart, and often they prayed for him that he might be brought to Jesus. Very sad were they therefore when once, as they were preaching at a heathen festival outside the town, they came across Koti, and saw that he had heathen marks freshly painted on his forehead. Still he told them his heart was true towards God, and that he did mean before long to come out from among the heathen. And he kept his word. One Saturday afternoon he appeared at the Mission-house; and sent from there a letter to his father to say he had come to join the Christians. You may be sure this letter did not remain long unanswered. In less than an hour, father and friends crowded clamouring outside the Mission-gates, and those who could get in tried, some by kind words, some by curses, to force Koti to come back to them. But he stood firm, and at last the father turned away, after taking a handful of dust and throwing it into the air, in token that thus he shook off and cast away from him his son. The chief cause of his anger seems to have been that he was in danger of losing the help that his adopted son had hitherto given for his support, not that the change in his religion

INTERIOR OF OLD BUILDING, NOBLE HIGH SCHOOL.

EXTERIOR OF NEW BUILDING, NOBLE HIGH SCHOOL.

make Koti less kind and dutiful to his
but because he, a Hindu, could not
help from a vile Christian. The next
unday, the young confessor was bap-
it the morning service by the Native
ian Pastor, Kazu Garu; and though
ing relations were there to join their
s with his, as he gave himself solemnly
service of the Lord, yet it was a
ul, happy ceremony.

---

could tell you of many faithful disciples
courage has been more sorely tried
han Koti's; who have had to turn
from the heart-broken sobs of a loving
r, and have heard curses from the lips
e and children; but you would rather
happy story that has come to us from
er station, in South India, where God
use of the loving words of a young
to bring back a lonely Christian father
family.

Brahmin was persuaded by a Native
ian to read the New Testament for
lf. For years he studied it secretly
he dared tell how its holy words had
ed his heart, but at last he came boldly
Missionary at Sachiapuram and was
ed. It was of no use for him to go
to the village where his Brahmin
ons lived, for he knew they would not
uch as look at him; but at least he
ht his wife and his little boys would
to him, and he sent for them to join
n his new home. But in vain; his
nly sent back scornful, bitter words, and
d to have anything to do with him.
three years, one of his sons, a little boy
ars old, secretly found out his father and
to comfort his loneliness. Now, thought
, perhaps his wife would follow, for how
she bear to be away from both her
nd and child? But four more years passed, and still they were alone. Last year, A—— went with his boy to one of the great festivals, where the heathen meet to celebrate the praises of their heathen idols, that he might speak to them about the true God and Jesus Christ. This journey brought father and son near their old home, and the boy went to see his mother. I think he must be a brave little lad, for he had good reason to expect anger and unkindness in his heathen home; but the sight of his bright face, the sound of his loving, winning words were too much for his mother; she kissed her boy fondly, and when he told her how they missed her, and begged her to come to them, she could not say no. Very soon she brought her two other children to Sachiapuram where they are living now—a happy Christian family. For the mother has learnt to know and to love her husband's Saviour; and she and her children were baptized last autumn.

Of course her heathen relations are very angry with her for bringing disgrace upon their name by becoming a Christian. Not long ago she was obliged to go to a town where some of them lived, and they treated her shamefully; even beat her and her son in their passion of hatred and contempt; but she did not complain, for could she not remember the time, not far back, when she too had hated the very name of a Christian? and she came away full of gladness that God had forgiven her and counted her worthy to suffer shame for Christ's name.

Fear Him, His saints, and ye shall then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you His service your delight,
He'll make your wants His care.

# THE STORY OF A SIGNBOARD.

## III.—"HE SETTETH THE SOLITARY IN FAMILIES."

HIS humble sowing of the Gospel seed in Great Valley soon began to bear fruit. In October, 1877, Mr. Moule visited Chow's native village, and found eighteen candidates ready for baptism, and sixteen of these were his own relations. Some of the Christians have had very hard treatment from their heathen neighbours; but the answer of James, Luke* Chow's cousin, shows how these troubles have been borne. "What do you do," he was asked, "when you are illtreated?" "They worry and they threaten us," he said, "and then we go to prayer."

The precious message of the love of God has now been carried to many villages beyond Luke's own home. Would you like to hear how it has been received?

In his latest letter, the Missionary, Mr. Elwin, tells us—

"There are now in the Great Valley district 102 baptized Christians, scattered over 24 or 25 villages. Nov. 28th, Luke Chow's eldest brother, old Lebbæus, died after a short illness. 'What is the matter with you?' he was asked. 'My Heavenly Father is calling me to go to heaven.' Almost the last words he spoke were, 'Jesus is calling me home.' Lebbæus was among the first baptized at Great Valley. For two short years he endured the cross here, now he is with the Saviour whom he loved—the first redeemed one from the Great Valley district that has entered the golden gates.

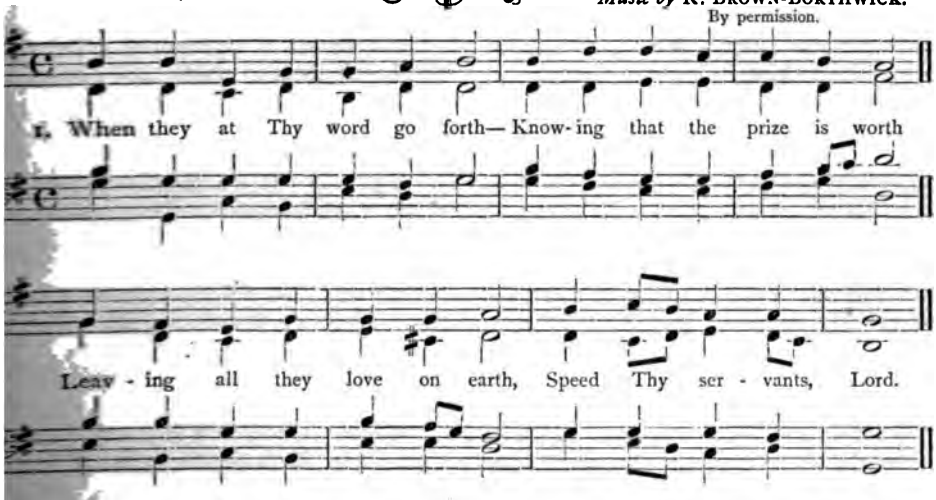
"The Christians have had to suffer much this year. Open persecution has been tried on them and has failed, and now the heathen try other ways of annoying them. They suddenly find their things stolen, their crops destroyed, their trees cut down. The first night I was with them two fields were robbed, the last night more than one hundred mulberry and other trees were cut down and wantonly destroyed. It made one's heart ache to walk round and see the destruction of their property.

"I lately visited Great Valley with my wife and three children. The excitement by the way was great, for an English lady had never been seen anywhere near that district before. When we reached Great Valley we found the Christians assembled from all parts to meet us. Some of the women had walked seven miles over high mountain passes. How they managed it with their small feet I don't know. In the evening some of the poor things said their feet did ache. No wonder! Friends in England think the Chinese bind the feet of the women to keep them at home, but I think few English women with their natural feet would care to walk so far over such a road as these women had trodden.

"At 10 o'clock the morning after we arrived, the Christians assembled at the little church. There were forty-three altogether, most of whom partook for the first time of the feast of the Lord's Supper. We shall never forget our two days in Great Valley."

* *Chow received the* name of Luke at his baptism.

# A Prayer.

*Music by* R. BROWN-BORTHWICK.
By permission.

2 When they traverse, day by day,
Stormy sea and weary way,
Be the rest and hope and stay
Of Thy servants, Lord.

3 When they reach the foreign land,
Where so weak and lone they stand,
Strangers, foes on every hand,
Shield Thy servants, Lord.

4 When their labour seems in vain,
Ears and hearts so slow to gain,
"First the seed, then blade, then grain,"
Teach Thy servants, Lord.

5 When by sickness prostrate laid,
No loved hand to smooth their bed,
With Thine all-sufficient aid,
Tend Thy servants, Lord.

6 When, fulfill'd their work of faith,
Far from home they sink in death,
With Thy mighty arm beneath,
Stay Thy servants, Lord.

7 When to end all toil and pain
The Chief Shepherd comes again,
Evermore with Him to reign,
Crown Thy servants, Lord. A. J. T.

## A PEACEFUL VICTORY.

WEAVER, who with his family was baptized three or four years ago, at a village called Sibli (near Meerut), has lately been joined by his son-in-law, who [illegible] of his bitterest *opponents.* They seem to be getting on well in their native village with their families. Persecution and annoyance have ceased, and the villagers seem friendly with them. I asked one of the head-men how it was that now they seemed reconciled to his being a Christian.

"Well, you see," he answered, "at first

we were all very angry with him for forsaking us and taking up with the Sahibs, and we annoyed him in every possible way. We threatened him with many things, and even illtreated him, because we did not wish him to get the high hand over us. But when we saw that nothing came of it—that he did not assume in any way to be better than we, or to lord it over us, when he bore and suffered everything in silence and with a smile on his face, and made no complaint against us, but went on his way quietly and lived peaceably—why then we felt that it was of *no use* persecuting him, and we became friends again, as in former times."

"Well," I replied, "I am very glad to see that you are friendly with him, and I hope you will be just in your hearts, and acknowledge that there must be something in that religion which can teach patience and forbearance to an ignorant man like this weaver."

"Yes," said another man, "he never gets angry, *that's what astonishes us;* he is certainly better than we."

A. HOERNLE.

## CHURCH MISSIONARY JUVENILE ASSOCIATIONS.

### JUVENILE CONTRIBUTIONS.

| | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Sunday-school Children, Pontardawe, by Mrs. Ford | 2 | 19 | 0 |
| Maindee Church Sunday-schools: | | | |
| Boys | 5 | 14 | 3 |
| Girls | 5 | 13 | 10 |
| St. Bartholomew's, Gray's Inn: | | | |
| Girls' Sunday-school | 0 | 14 | 3 |

### A SMALL BEGINNING.

(*Continued from page* 107.)

"Last month I mentioned our village school, with about 60 children. These have also taken their part in our Juvenile Missionary Association, which we started May, 1879. We began with a Juvenile Missionary Meeting in the village schoolroom, when the objects of the proposed Association were explained to the children. As yet we have made but a small beginning, for only eight children have had Missionary-boxes, which they have asked for, as a rule, after the quarterly meeting. Once a month the box-holders, with their brothers and sisters, and any friends who like to come, are invited to a 'Missionary Class,' held at the Secretary's house. They never fail to put in an appearance, and generally muster about 18 altogether. Those who have boxes bring them to be 'shaken,' and each child receives a small contribution as an encouragement. Then there is the Negro Missionary-box on the table, and all the little ones bring a halfpenny; great is the excitement when the little black boy acknowledges the copper with a bow. Two or three Missionary stories are read aloud, often from the Green Book; hymns are sung by the children, and the pictures in the 'Gleaner' are discussed and explained until the hour is over.

"When the close of the quarter comes round, the members of the Missionary Class are again invited to meet and see the boxes opened, and the 'Quarterly Token' is given to each child. All the boxes are opened quarterly, however little they may contain. The first quarter the sum total was 4*s.*; the second quarter, 8*s.* 1½*d.*; and the third quarter, 8*s.* 9½*d.*—making in all £1 0*s.* 11*d.* As we closed our account in February, we had only three quarters in ou

**our little** collectors are children of **ouring class.** So we are glad to have **ded thus far;** especially we rejoice in **l interest** that has been stirred in their **hearts** in the spread of His name **; the heathen.**

r the last few years each class in the y-school has had a box. These have een joined with the Juvenile Associa- nd their boxes will be opened at the time as the others." H. G. B.

TTINGS FROM THE CHURCH MISSIONARY REPORT, 1879–80.

| | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| f Watercress Bed | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Boxes in Church | 5 | 9 | 6 |
| ittle Sisters | 1 | 12 | 4 |
| ley: Missionary Hen | 0 | 19 | 9 |
| : Sale of Raspberries and rants | 0 | 11 | 11 |
| of the Poor | 0 | 17 | 2 |
| ade Boxes | 10 | 3 | 9 |
| f Violets | 2 | 13 | 6 |
| ng Fund | 4 | 9 | 6 |
| ce of Peach-tree | 0 | 16 | 0 |
| enny Subscriptions | 2 | 14 | 9 |
| in Sugar and Wine | 3 | 8 | 0 |
| and Ends | 1 | 5 | 6 |
| ce of Quince-tree | 2 | 6 | 6 |
| f Penny Bouquets | 3 | 2 | 4 |
| ce of Potato Garden | 0 | 13 | 6 |
| f Flowers | 1 | 5 | 6 |

SIONARY SKETCH FOR OCTOBER.

(*See page* 70.)

ANNA HINDERER.

sionary Sketches for August were sent by C. Brown, Winifred Hutchinson, Caroline , Frederick Kittermaster.

SIONARY SKETCH FOR AUGUST.

1821, Adjai (now Bishop Samuel Crowther) ving with his parents in Oshogun, a town in the Yoruba country, about 100 miles from the Bight of Benin. One day the town was attacked by some Eyo Mohammedans; his father was slain, and he, his mother, and two sisters were captured. He was first sold for a horse, but, as it did not suit, it was returned, and he sent back to his old master, who took him to a place called Dadda, where he met with his mother and one sister. But after a short time he was separated from them, and sold many times, often for the most trifling articles. Coming to Lagos, he was bought by a Portuguese dealer, and put on board a ship bound for America. The very day after they had set sail their vessel was taken by two English ships cruising about the coast for that purpose. On the 17th of June, 1822, he was landed with five other boys at Sierra Leone, and put under the care of Mr. and Mrs. Weeks, who kept a school of 200 African children at Bathurst; there Adjai made great progress in his studies, and was soon made a monitor in the school. On the 11th of December, 1825, he was baptized by the name of Samuel Crowther. The next year he went to England, but soon returned, and continued his education in the Fourah Bay College, where he remained for two or three years. He was married in 1829, to a black young woman named Asano, and from this year to 1841 was engaged in teaching. In 1841 he was appointed to join an expedition up the river Niger, to persuade the chiefs to give up slave-dealing, "and to begin to cultivate their land and to trade with the Produce." On his return he expressed a wish to be ordained. His wish was approved by the Church Missionary Society, and in 1843 he was ordained by the Bishop of London. He was then sent to Abeokuta, a town in the Yoruba country, where he was born. When there he had the extreme delight of meeting his mother, whom he had not seen since he was a boy—no longer a slave, for she had been ransomed by her daughters. Before long he had the joy of baptizing his mother (Afala) and nine other natives. While at Abeokuta he made several expeditions up the Niger. It was thought advisable that, as the climate was not favourable to Englishmen, Crowther, being a native of the land, should be made Bishop of the Niger. The proposal was consented to by the Society, and on the 29th of June, 1864, Crowther

was consecrated bishop in Canterbury Cathedral by the Archbishop of Canterbury. He has laboured on the Niger ever since, and his work has been greatly blest; he has ten native clergymen, whom he has himself ordained, working under him. In 1867, he was seized by a savage chief named Abokko; an enormous ransom was demanded for him and his son, Dandeson Crowther, equal to 1000*l.* each, but they escaped in a boat which had been sent out. In spite of such dangers, he goes on labouring; and it is our duty to watch his career with sympathy, and to pray that his life may be spared, and his mission crowned with abundant success.

LUCY C. BROWN, aged 15,
Great Clacton Vicarage, Essex.

## OUR MISSIONARY BIBLE CLASS.

*Rule* 1.—*Papers must be sent in before the end of the month in which the subject is given.*

*Rule* 2.—*Only contributors sixteen years old and under can compete for prizes* (*see page* 12).

*Rule* 3.—*The name, age, and address of the writer must be given* at the beginning *of each paper.*

*Rule* 4.—*Only one side of the paper must be written on.*

*Rule* 5.—*When more than one sheet of paper is used the separate sheets must be tacked together.*

### IDOLS AND THEIR MAKERS.

(See page 38.)

1. In how many passages can you find the words *vain*, *vanities*, applied to idols?
2. Quote a sentence of three words from Isaiah, and another of seven words from an epistle of St. Paul, which explain this term *vain*.
3. Mention some of the things which we are told idols cannot do.
4. What prophet says that idols cannot speak, yet they can teach?
5. In what chapter does Isaiah compare the hope of makers of idols and worshippers of idols with the hope of those who trust in the true God?
6. What circumstances led Israel into the sin described in Exodus xxxii. 1? Can you see in this circumstance any explanation for man's tendency to idolatry?
7. By what power does Ezekiel say "the heart of man can be freed from idolatry"?
8. The Israelites set an example of mixing idolatry with the worship of the true God, which was copied by another race. From what passage do we learn this?
9. Where are we told that the Israelites grew to be like the objects of their worship?
10. What cruel deed does King David mention which the Israelites learnt from the cruel gods they worshipped?
11. When will idolatry cease in the earth?
12. Which prophet foretold that the heathen would turn to the true God, confessing that their idols were unprofitable?
13. Mention two occasions on which St. Paul exhorted his heathen hearers to this act. In which epistles did he write to Gentiles who had fulfilled this prophecy?

### SCRIPTURE ANSWERS FOR AUGUST.

(1) Mark i. 16, 19.* (2) Numb. xxxiv. 11; Mark i. 16; Luke v. 1; John vi. 1. (3) Job xli. 1, 2; Isaiah xix. 8; Amos iv. 2; Hab. i. 15; Matt. xvii. 27; iv. 18; xiii. 47. (4) Ps. viii. 6. 8; Matt. xvii. 27; Luke v. 1—11; John xxi. 1—11. (5) Matt. xxviii. 18; John iii. 35; xvii. 2. (6) Luke v. 5; John xxi. 3; Ps. cvii. 23—28. (7) Hab. i. 15. (8) Luke v. 10. (9) Luke v. 3; Jesus was with them in the boat, John xxi. 4; the direction, Luke v. 4; the direction and assurance, John xxi. 6; the net brake and the fish were brought into the boat, Luke v. 6, 7; the net was not broken, the fish were brought to shore, John xxi. 8, 11; the fish were numbered, xxi. 11. (10) Mark xvi. 15; "all the world;" "every creature." (11) Acts xiii. 2; xvi. 6—10; xxii. 21; xxiii. 11; xxvi. 17. (12) II Cor. ix. 19—22; xii. 16. (13)† II Tim. ii. 20, 21; iii. 16, 17; Titus iii. 1.

The twelve papers which head our list were sent by—

1. Alice Harding.
2. Archie Thomson.
3. Annie Charlesworth.
4. { Margaret Simcox. } Millicent Simcox.
5. Claud Wood.
6. Ethel Cowell.
7. Alice Wilkinson.
8. George Sands.
9. Anne S. Fox.
10. Herbert Satchell.
11. D. Greville.
12. Fredk. Kittermaster.

* The fact that Thomas and Nathanael joined Peter, John xxi. 2, does not *prove* that they were fishermen, as is assumed in some of the papers.

† For "Andrew and Peter," in the question, read "James and John."

London: Church Missionary House, Salisbury Square; Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday, 54, Fleet Street, and

OVEMBER, 1880.] [Price One Halfpenny.

# CHURCH JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR MISSIONARY SOCIETY

PAUL BEFORE NERO.
2 TIM. iv. 17.

## PAUL BEFORE NERO.

"I was delivered out of the mouth of the lion."—2 Tim. iv. 17.

SOME think that by "the lion," St. Paul means the Roman Emperor Nero—a fierce and cruel man; others think that St. Paul refers to Satan—the roaring lion, who goeth about seeking whom he may devour. Either explanation makes very good sense; but I think that of the two I rather prefer the second. The Apostle, as you will remember, had been carried to Rome, to be tried for his life before the emperor. The chances were much against his escaping, for he had many bitter enemies, who were sure to try to make him out to be a disturber of the public peace, and an enemy of the Roman government; and were only too likely to succeed in their malicious attempt. Besides, people were afraid to stand by him, as the event proved; even his friends shrank away, and left him to confront the tyrant alone. However, through God's mercy, he *did* escape, and his valuable life was spared for a time.

Now Paul tells us that although he was deserted by everybody else, the Lord—that is, the Lord Jesus Christ—"stood by him." What does he mean? He means that Jesus strengthened him: made him bold and courageous: enabled him to seize the opportunity of speaking for his Master before the very tribunal of Nero himself. Satan, like a cruel beast of prey, was on the watch all the time, hoping that the Apostle would be frightened, and would hold back his message. And perhaps Paul might have been frightened if he had been left to himself. But Jesus encouraged him, and supplied him with strength; and so Satan was disappointed, and the Apostle delivered from his dreadful attacks. He was "delivered out of the mouth of the lion;" he remained steadfast, and witnessed a good confession before the Roman Emperor, and the court who surrounded him.

You see, do you not? that even if Paul had been put to death, as the result of the trial, he would still have been "delivered out of the mouth of the lion."

Now, how does this apply to the Missionary subject? I will tell you.

You have heard of the "converts," of course? When the Missionaries preach in heathen countries—some, perhaps not many, believe their message, and accept the Lord Jesus Christ into their hearts, and begin to lead very different lives. Then, after a time, they are baptized, and received into the Christian Church; and are taught, looked after, and cared for—that they may grow in grace, and in the knowledge of their Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. These are what we call "converts." Now do you think these converts have an easy time of it? Very frequently not. Besides being laughed at and ridiculed for Christ's sake (as people are, I am sorry to say, very frequently ridiculed, even in our Christian country), they have sometimes to undergo terrible persecutions. False charges are brought against them. They are accused of breaking the laws, whereas Christians, as you know, are always obedient to the laws. And they are brought up before judges, who, being heathens themselves, are disposed already to believe them guilty. This is a great trial, to be unjustly accused. No one likes to be beaten, or to lose their property, and to be put to death. And we need not wonder that they are tempted to deny Christ—to give up their religion in order to escape the consequences

they are threatened. No doubt, if they were left alone, their courage would fail; and they would apostatize, that is, become heathens again; but the Lord Jesus stands by them, and strengthens them, and keeps them steadfast, and enables them to bear patiently whatever is put upon them for His sake.

I need not tell you who is the great mischief-maker in these dreadful persecutions. It is Satan (the great adversary of God and man); he who stirs the heathen up to assault the harmless and peaceable Christians. And when the Christians are able to resist all the temptations to which they are exposed, and to keep their ground, they are "delivered out of the mouth of the lion."

Think then, my dear children, of what the Christian converts sometimes have to undergo. In China, of late, they have been very badly treated. But not only in China, in many parts of the world. Remember that, whilst you are comfortable, many of them are suffering—suffering wrongfully for Christ's sake; and sometimes offer up a prayer for them, that they may be steadfast, and endure unto the end; and so obtain the crown of eternal life that fadeth not away.

GORDON CALTHROP.

## RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD.

### CHINA AND ITS CREEDS.

BUDDHISM.

I WONDER if any of you have ever been awake in that strange hour when night is dying slowly from the sky, and the summer day is not yet born? The chill hour grows chiller, a mysterious shiver seems to pass over land and sea. The white mist sleeps in the valleys, and lies on the mountain-side. The loftiest heights are not yet reddened with the rising beams of the rising sun. But, by-and-by, from nests sheltered in the eaves of old houses, and from nests rocking in the dewy trees, the birds begin to call, and to answer one another. *The sun is coming*, the twilight may be grey and pale, the breeze may be chill and damp; but the light and warmth are surely coming; that is what the shiver of expectation means.

Centuries ago, when the night of Paganism was slowly dying from the heavens, and the cold, grey twilight of Scepticism was taking its place, there were not wanting voices which spoke of a coming dawn. A shiver of expectation passed over the nations, a mysterious stir moved the peoples. Heathen authors have paused to record the general belief in a coming Deliverer. This belief spread even to the "Flowery Land," as China is poetically called by her sons.

It is said (I know not with how much truth) that after the time when a "star appeared in the East" to guide certain wise men who were seeking an infant King, after the time when He who is indeed "the bright and morning star" had arisen to shed His light on a people who loved darkness, certain strange appearances were remarked about the setting sun. Clouds of more than usual brilliancy lingered in the western heavens, showing (so some imagined) that the light of China would be found in the west.

So strong was this impression, that the reigning emperor, who had heard, perhaps from travelling Jews, some rumours of the birth of a Great Prince, sent messengers to the western sands to inquire after Him. The ambassadors set forth; they reached India, they saw stately temples, and priests with a definite religion and history of their

own. They thought they had found what they came to seek, and they returned to their own country with the knowledge of Buddha instead of Christ. Their hour was not yet come. But long afterwards, from an island in the western sea, there came tidings of the Great One whom China once sought, apparently in vain.

I will tell you more about the religion of Buddha another time. E. SUTTON.

## THE PRAYER OF A FRERE TOWN SUNDAY SCHOLAR.

I HAVE often tried to make Sunday-school boys pray in their own words, and last Sunday I asked them to write down a prayer. The next Sunday nine were brought to me. I send you one exactly as it was written down:—"O Lord, Almighty God, our Heavenly Father! Help me to fight with the devil, for the devil is too strong for me; forgive all my sins, take away my sinful heart, give me Thy Holy Spirit, lead me in Thy way, and when I die let my soul go to be with Thee for ever in Thy heavenly kingdom. O Lord, teach me to worship Thee, praise Thee, and serve Thee, and when I sleep I give my soul for Christ to keep. Take care of me this night. I done wrong many times; help me to do what is right. Hear me for the sake of our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen."

## YOUTHFUL TEACHERS IN CHINA.

THE women at *Tong-a* had no one to teach them but a little girl five years old, who had learnt by heart the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, and parts of the New Testament, with some hymns. This little child did her best to teach the women, and to some extent succeeded.

---

On my last visit to the Christians at *Keng-tau* I found they were hoping to build a church for themselves; an aged Christian man who had for years been the great supporter of the Church here had offered to give them the land. I had many talks with this old man, and I used to think, if all the Mission-labour in Fuh-chow had produced no more result than his conversion, it would not have been wasted—so patient, so holy, so hard-working was he.

I asked him one day what first led him to be a Christian, and he told me about ten years ago his little daughter, who had been taught at one of the American chapels, was lying, as he thought, on her death-bed. There was no one in the house who believed in the Lord Jesus Christ except this little girl. She asked her father to bring her Bible and hymn-book, and read to her. He consented, and day after day he read from the New Testament the words which his sick child loved to

hear. The little one's life was spared, and when she was recovered from her illness she begged her parents not to stop reading the Holy Book, but to believe in the Lord Jesus. Through her influence, first the mother, and soon afterwards the father, became Christians.

At that time there were only two or three Christians in the place, and the old man's friends tried hard to persuade him not to join them. "You have always been in debt, they said; "and now, if you keep one day in seven, you will be worse off than ever." But he told them he must keep God's commandment, even if he starved.

I asked how it had fared with him since he became a Christian. "Teacher," he replied, "before I never ended the year without being in debt; but now these ten years I have never once been pressed for money, I have always had enough. Even when the years have been bad, and all around have suffered, God has taken care of me."

R. STEWART.

## A JOURNEY TO ANKIHTLAST, KISHPIYOUX.

O not be surprised, dear young readers, if you do not know in what country, or in what continent, or even, perhaps, in which hemisphere, Ankihtlast, Kishpiyoux, is to be found; for, indeed, I do not think many grown-up readers could tell you, and not long since the Green Book could have given you no information on the subject. It was only last year that the Missionary at Kincolith (which is an outgrowth of the Metlahkatlah Mission, in British Columbia) made a journey thither in the following

ORDER OF MARCH.

"Hardly had we left Kincolith, when the scow (boat), with the animals on board, upset, and two head of cattle were drowned. This accident delayed us for three days, and meantime the river rose so rapidly, that when we started again we could only take the scow a few miles up.

"Disembarking the animals, we had to drive them about thirty miles through a trackless forest and across swollen mountain torrents. Mrs. Tomlinson and the children were not with us this part of the journey, as they had gone forward in a canoe. When they rejoined us, we arranged our march in the following order: first, the Indian nursemaid, carrying our little girl, three years old; then an Indian lad, carrying our little boy, one year old; Mrs. Tomlinson, with our little girl Alice, aged seven; Mr. Woods, carrying a pack and leading a horse with a pack; my son Robert, aged nine, leading a cow with a pack; an Indian man, with pack, leading a young bull with a pack; myself, with a pack, also leading a young steer with a pack. We had more than 100 miles of rough country to cross, and two deep rivers to ford (see illustration p. 127), in one of which we lost our young bull. In spite of the rough travelling and exposure, we all enjoyed excellent health till we descended into the Kishpiyoux valley. Here, while still forty miles from our journey's end, Mrs. Tomlinson was attacked with typhoid fever. Our situation was critical, as our food was nearly exhausted, and the nearest place where our store could be replenished was fifty miles away. I sent the Indian, with orders to travel as fast as

he could. When he returned, we made a stretcher for Mrs. Tomlinson, and carried her to a higher and drier camp, where we could get good spring water, instead of the lake water we had been drinking. This change was blessed to her, and God was graciously pleased to restore her to health. As soon as she could sit on horseback, we proceeded on our journey.

"THE INDIANS' CONSULTATION.

"The Indians were looking for our arrival, and welcomed us gladly; but we soon saw they were anxious to know how far their heathen customs would be disturbed by our settling among them.

"After two or three days, all the principal men gathered round our tent, and sent for the other men of the village. They chose one to act as spokesman for the rest. The Indian thus chosen opened his speech by expressing their regard for me; they hoped I would help them to put an end to thieving and quarrelling among them; they were ready to keep the Sabbath, and they asked me to help them to buy a store and a mill, and to build better houses. But next they gave me to understand that they were not ready to give up the practice of giving away property,* and the heathen customs that went with this practice, but they hoped I would overlook this and come among them. They ended by saying that, as they had spoken openly to me, they hoped I would do the same, and would tell them why I had come, and what I proposed to do. Then came my turn to speak. I thanked them for their kind words about myself, and expressed my pleasure at their wishing to live peaceably and observe the Sabbath. My object in coming among them was, I told them, to teach the Word of God, and that though I could not compel them to give up their practices, I should unflinchingly oppose every custom which was contrary to the teaching of the Bible. I hoped to show them how truly I cared for their temporal as well as their spiritual interests, but my first object in coming among them was to lead them from all heathen ways to serve God in simplicity and truth.

"They thanked me, and then the old men said they were wedded to their heathen customs, and could not change, but the young men should say if they wanted a church and a school in the village. So they sent the young men away, and bid them consult together, and then let us know their wishes.

"In less than half-an-hour the young men came back, and declared that they did wish for the church and school. This decision took the elders quite by surprise, and called forth several violent speeches. One young man's answer was characteristic: 'We have no wish to oppose you. You asked our opinion; we gave it. You now tell us we must not have what we want. Then let the teacher go elsewhere. But remember, if we get scattered and ruined, you have only yourselves to blame.'

"THE FIRST WINTER IN A NEW HOME.

"We must now decide where we would settle. I did not wish to make our home in any one village, but to find a central spot from which we could easily reach them all. We found just such a place, seven miles away from the Kishpiyoux village, and on the Kishpiyoux river. The young men expressed the greatest delight at our choice, and the old men agreed to it. Ankihtlast is the name of this place. It is the first of a succession of beautiful flats, stretching along the northern bank of the river, and bounded by undulating hills.

"We set to work at once to erect the

* See JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, 1877, pp. 36—38.

Mission-house and such stables and out-houses as were absolutely necessary, but though we worked as fast as possible we could not get our roof on before the snow, which came a month earlier than usual, caught us, and it was not till November 22nd that we had three habitable rooms. Such as they were, we were glad of their shelter after six months' camping out, especially as the weather was growing rapidly colder. The winter has been the most severe that has been known here for many years, yet, though we were not prepared for it, none of us was sick through all that intense and protracted cold, and when we place our mercies and blessings over against our hardships, we can but say, 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits.'

"FIRST EFFORTS IN THE NEW MISSION.

"While busily employed in building we did not forget our higher work. During the summer and autumn we visited the villages every Sunday and held services, besides caring for many sick and injured; morning and evening we had prayer and a Scripture lesson with the workmen, and such others as camped near us.

"The custom of giving away property, to which the old men said they were wedded, has received a shock this winter. While many of the Kishpiyoux were assembled for one of these great sad displays, and the heathen rites were at their height, a fierce quarrel broke out over some gambling transaction. Five persons were shot in the riot, and two have died. Since then several of the older people have changed their tone.

"I need hardly remind you how greatly we desire your prayers for us, that God will bless the seed of His Gospel, sown among the scattered tribes in this wild district.

"R. TOMLINSON."

## IN MEMORIAM--"C.M.S."

(CLARA MARY STEAD.)

"She hath done what she could."

LITTLE did I think, wh wrote to condole with yo the terribly sudden rem of our beloved friend brother, Henry Wright- soon the feet of our dear little "C.M our loving and tenderly-loved only daug were to follow him, *by the same path* happiness and glory.

One slip of the little foot on the r brink, and without cry, struggle, or pain was folded, safe for ever, in the arms o Good Shepherd, the dear Saviour, whom knew and loved so well.

Born in Bombay nearly nine years received "into the congregation of Ch flock" in the little Mission-church ther initials of her name—"C.M.S."—were in a pledge and foretaste of the love she to that great Society, so dear to the h of her parents.

Her little heart was full of love the world—her short path of life was th strewn with words and deeds of love she took the deepest interest in the sa the perishing heathen. Sweet to us i the memory of her delight in Mis sermons and meetings; of her eage receive each month her little "Gree and to point out to us the incidents n in it which most interested her; of failing remembrance, each Sunday of her little Missionary-box on the h table. Last year it contained 11s. this year she had set her heart talked so much of sending up £ her beloved "C.M.S."

That box is now a precious

**ing reminder** of our darling's love aviour and His cause; and if the nemory of her short life of earnest, rvice of her Lord and Master, and udden removal and early call into ence, may be the means, in God's f stirring up some of your youthful to seek to follow her, as she followed and to do their utmost to make he Saviour's love to others, she will lived, or died, in vain. She, "being t speaketh."

l never forget the last verse she ever l to me, on the last morning of her eet presage of the coming glory in lome over there" (her favourite

, Thy boundless love to me,
o thought can reach, no tongue declare;
knit my thankful heart to Thee,
nd reign without a rival there."

EDWARD D. STEAD,
Honorary District Secretary.

## DS THAT CANNOT SAVE.

*there any among the vanities of the s that can cause rain?"* Eight years hen the plain was flooded, a slimy reptile was found in the mud of the f Tien-tsin, and before this hideous e all the great mandarins bowed down, it, as "the Dragon King," to stop ge. A temple was built in honour of tile, and costly offerings were brought. lly the waters abated, and were suc- by a drought, which has caused the f several million people.

Then the people, encouraged by their rulers, who well know the folly of idolatry, called upon the Dragon King to pour out rain, and what seems to be an answer is a blessing changed into a curse. This year a great part of the province is again under water, villages stud a great inland sea, like islands in mid-ocean. Thus the prayers of these people to their false gods for rain seem to be mocked by a deluge only less destructive than drought.

(Peking.) W. COLLINS.

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"*They must needs be borne because they cannot go.*" The father of my native assistant now bears the name Dzœ-kwong, "Following the Light." The first gleam of the true light which Dzœ-kwong has followed came to him through the words of his Christian son. At the time when this son became a Christian, the father was in charge of a little Buddhist temple, on one of the hills near here. His son often begged him to leave the temple and go home, and hear about the Christian religion, but for some time Dzœ-kwong paid no heed to him. But at last the truth of his son's remarks about idols flashed upon his mind. He saw the idol-makers construct the idols of wood and clay, and then carry them up the hill to the temple, and all at once he thought, "What my boy says is right. If these idols had any power they wouldn't need any one to carry them up there." And forthwith he left the temple, and returned to the home where his son was then living; little by little he took in the truth, attended church regularly, often walking ten miles on Sunday to do so, and is now numbered amongst the few here who call on the name of the Lord Jesus.

(Shao-Hing.) J. VALENTINE.

## GOING TO THE SEASIDE—MASULIPATAM

NOVEMBER 28th was one of the great sea-bathing days that are observed here four times a year. The law courts and offices are all closed, and the people come from the villages to the sea-coast to bathe. Every kind of carriage is seen on the road —the spring bullock bandy, the common two-wheeled country cart, and the tonjon carried by four bearers. Women who live all the year shut up in their houses, enjoy the treat on these occasions of a journey to the sea. The whole scene is more like a public holiday than a religious festival. But the bathing is considered a highly religious act. It is said to cleanse the soul from the worst sins; even the murder of a Brahmin may be atoned for by a dip in the sea at Masulipatam. Sometimes as many as five thousand people bathe here in one day.

The road leading to the sea was on Friday lined with shopkeepers, who had brought their wares for sale. A cloth was spread out *on the ground*, and on this toys, fruits, coloured powders for putting on their marks, &c., &c., were arranged. Th were a large number of beggars, alwa seen in an Eastern crowd. The l halt, the blind, and some poor lep there asking alms of the charitable. were fakeers, trying to get money b devotion, such as lying on the grou dead, with their heads buried in th and priests dreamily chanting v honour of their god, and showing i him to the people.

And besides these priests and wo of heathen gods, there were some for the true God, who went to tell of cleansing than that of bathing in Some Missionaries and Native C pitched their tent in a place where t met, in sight of nearly all who were way to and from the bathing-place, we made our station for preaching. bills were given away; tracts and po the Bible in English, Telugu, and Hi were sold. The colporteur disposed than a hundred portions of Scripture of the buyers bargained for them price, but when they found the pri fixed, they came back and paid the Others politely said in English, "W want any books;" and if they tho were coming too near them they hu for they did not want to be pollute touch and presence so soon after been purified in the sea. There w who said, "We will hear you agai matter," and promised to come and our houses. We pray that the wo were spoken at that sea-bathing fes the Scripture portions which were away to many a heathen home, may own time bear fruit to His glory.

W. CL

## I MISSIONARY JUVENILE ASSOCIATIONS.

ness page has been chiefly con-
h the work of our Juvenile Asso-
ut we have not forgotten the many
young helpers who are not mem-
ese Associations. We may safely
hey number many thousands, for,
ome collections, there are more
usand schools in which the Mis-
x has a place.* Would you care
what was the sum of the many
ins and the scarcer silver pieces
se Sunday-school boxes yielded
From March, 1879, to March,
amounted to rather more than
ancashire, standing far ahead of
counties, sent more than £1500
unday-schools.† Middlesex and

timate includes no schools connected
le Associations; the report of these
n in a future number.
sum, no doubt, a large share may have
buted by Adult Classes. All Bible

Yorkshire stand next on the list, each sending from its Sunday-schools rather less than £500. The largest sum sent by any one school was contributed by the St. Saviour's Sunday-school, Liverpool, viz.: Boys, £19 8*s.*; Girls, £33 11*s.* 9*d.*=£52 19*s.* 9*d.* Two Sunday-schools in the parish of St. Bartholomew, Salford, contributed £54 12*s.* 2*d.* But there is no need to compare Sunday-school offerings one with another; the shillings contributed in the country village-school are just as much a part of the great sum as the pounds from the large cities, and each little Sunday scholar, from Glasgow to Cornwall, who has remembered the place where the Missionary-box stands in Sunday-school, and has dropped his or her offering into it, can say, "My pennies, or halfpennies, or farthings, are in that sum of £4650."

*Note to Teachers.*—After making due allowance for different circumstances, the numbers, means, &c., of children attending Sunday-schools, the sums raised are found to vary mainly according to the observance, or non-observance, of two practices:—

1st. The supplying of a Missionary-box to each class.

2nd. The quarterly opening of the boxes.

### MORE JOTTINGS FROM THE ANNUAL REPORT, 1879-80.

| | £ | *s.* | *d.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| Wiltshire (Martin): Farthing Fund . | 1 | 0 | 6 |
| Yorkshire (Selby): Farthing-a-Week Cards . . . . . | 1 | 11 | 4 |
| Yorkshire (Sheffield): Farthing-a-Week Fund . . . . . | 36 | 17 | 2 |
| Lancashire (Eccles): Spare Moments | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Northamptonshire (Orton Waterville): Mangle Box . . . . . | 2 | 10 | 3 |

Classes and Sunday-school Adult Classes and Teachers' boxes have been excluded whenever *specified* in the Annual Report.

## JUVENILE CONTRIBUTIONS.

| | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Bradford, St. Paul's Children's Evening Service | 0 | 11 | 0 |
| Burton-on-Trent, Holy Trinity Juvenile Association | 5 | 3 | 8 |
| J. H. W., Thankoffering | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| Matthews, Miss, Shoreditch, Bible Class | 0 | 11 | 0 |
| Matthews, Miss S., ditto | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| St. Helena, A Little Girl's Savings | 0 | 10 | 0 |

## MISSIONARY SKETCH FOR NOVEMBER.

(*See page* 70.)

### FRERE TOWN.

Missionary Sketches for August were sent by L. C. Brown, K. G. Brown, F. Kittermaster, and E. Brown.

## OUR MISSIONARY BIBLE CLASS.

*Rule* 1.—*Papers must be sent in before the end of the month in which the subject is given.*

*Rule* 2.—*Only contributors sixteen years old and under can compete for prizes* (*see page* 12).

*Rule* 3.—*The name, age, and address of the writer must be given* at the beginning *of each paper.*

*Rule* 4.—*Only one side of the paper must be written on.*

*Rule* 5.—*When more than one sheet of paper is used the separate sheets must be tacked together.*

### "WE WOULD SEE JESUS."

(See page 50.)

1. Quote from the Acts of the Apostles one word which describes Greeks that came up to worship at the feast.
2. Under what title had Gentiles from the East sought Jesus?
3. What recent occurrence would lead the Greeks (John xii. 20) to expect from Jesus a claim to the same title?
4. The words of Jesus on this occasion disappointed such expectations, yet made a far greater claim than this title would imply. Explain this statement.
5. Prove from St. John's words that no man can see God but through Jesus Christ.
6. What prophet foretold that the mission of Christ would be to make men see truly?
7. By what figure did Jesus teach that the true sight of Himself brings deliverance from death? What word describes this spiritual sight of Jesus?
8. Mention two occasions when Christ's own apostles, though seeing their Lord, failed at first to know Him. What was the effect of recognition in each case?
9. Can you find any passages which connect witnessing for Jesus with being witnesses of His life on earth?
10. Quote words from a king, a prophet, a patriarch, and an apostle, which speak with assured hope of seeing the Lord in His glory.
11. Find a prayer of Jesus which assures this hope to His disciples.
12. Where are we told that all men will see Jesus?

### SCRIPTURE ANSWERS FOR SEPTEMBER.

(1) Acts xx. 24; II Tim. iv. 7; Heb. xii. 1; II Tim. ii. 5; Heb. xii. 1; I Cor. ix. 24; I Cor. ix. 25, 27; II Tim. iv. 8; Phil. iii. 14; II Tim. iv. 7; I Cor. ix. 25; II Tim. iv. 8. (2) Heb. xii. 1. (3) Ps. cxix. 35. (4) Isa. xl. 31. (5) Heb. xii. 2; The crown so earnestly striven for, so hardly won, was a wreath of green leaves, I Cor. ix. 25. (7) Heb. xii. 1; Gal. v. 7, 8; I Cor. ix. 27; Phil. iii. 7—14. (8) Rev. ii. 10; Matt. xxiv. 13. (9) John fulfilled his course; Acts xiii. 25. (10) Acts xx. 24; Gal. ii. 2. (11) Isa. xi. 9; Hab. ii. 14. (12) Phil. ii. 14—16. (13) Phil. iv. 1; II Cor. i. 21; I Thess. ii. 19, 20, with iii. 5.

The twelve papers which head our list were sent by—

1. { Margaret Simcox. / Millicent Simcox.
2. Fredk. Kittermaster.
3. Charles Sands.
4. George Sands.
5. Alice Harding.
6. Anne Fox.
7. Mabel Wenham.
8. Claud Wood.
9. Alice Wilkinson.
10. Caroline Taylor.
11. Arthur Taylor.
12. Charles Spriggs.

*London: Church Missionary House, Salisbury Square; Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday, 54, Fleet Street, and all*

ER, 1880.] [Price One Halfpenny.

# CHURCH JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

## MISSIONARY SOCIETY

THE HARVEST.
MATT. xiii. 30.

## TO OUR READERS.

IT seems such a little time ago since the friends of our young Missionary helpers decided to make your own special magazine a more attractive volume, that we can hardly believe the new Green Book is actually a year old. Yet so it is; and our readers who have kept their monthly copies since it first came to life will find that they have twelve numbers ready for binding in the pretty cover which is waiting to receive the first volume of our new Green Book.*

And we cannot let this volume close without thanking the kind friends who have helped by pen and pencil to give the children a fresh interest in Missionary work. The Missionary Bible stories, with the beautiful pictures, which help the youngest child to understand their meaning, would alone make the new Green Book a valuable treasure. What strange and varied sights the pictures have shown you. You have made snow journeys and river journeys in North America; you have peeped into heathen temples in North India, and Christian schoolrooms in South India; you have passed native huts in West Africa, and walked through slave markets in East Africa; you have seen the Chinese at their ancestral worship, and have met the Christian Indians of North-West America at the door of their house of prayer. Street musicians and fruit-sellers from Agra and Ceylon have been introduced to you; royal visitors, too, you have received—princes and princesses from India, and chieftains from Central Africa. And many a tale of heathen misery and Gospel gladness in all these countries you may find in your new Green Book.

Perhaps the children themselves have taken the most satisfactory way possible of thanking the friends who have given them all these good things, viz., by accepting them; and it is a great pleasure to be able to tell that the new Green Book has found a welcome among many thousand boys and girls throughout England.

To our readers who value the Green Book, and enjoy its true stories and its pictures, we have one word to say. Do not keep the enjoyment of it to yourselves. Tell your playmates and school friends what you have read out of it. Show its pictures to your young brothers and sisters; even if they cannot read yet they will like to hear you tell them the simple Bible and Missionary stories, and it is certain that you will understand and enjoy these yourselves all the better for sharing them with others.

And while you are thus helping to tell how the name of Jesus your Saviour is being made known on earth, will you ask God to grant that this, your own little magazine, may stir the hearts of many more children in England to care for the souls of the heathen? For you know that its Bible teachings and its stories, its pictures and its hymns, are given to you with this one purpose—that they may help you to pray, and to work for the salvation of the dwellers in heathen lands who know not God.

As some of our old and honoured friends have objected to the green-toned paper upon which the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR has been printed during this year, we are considering a return next year to white paper. In this case we shall, however, give a green cover, in addition to the twelve pages of matter and pictures, and we hope to make the "Green Book" more attractive than ever.

* Covers for binding the CHURCH MISSIONARY JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR for 1880 are now ready at the Church Missionary House. Cloth boards, with illuminated picture, price 6*d.*; cloth gilt, extra thick boards, illuminated picture, price 1*s.*

# THE HARVEST.

"Gather ye together first the tares, and bind them in bundles to burn them: but gather the wheat into my barn." ST. MATTHEW xiii. 30.

YOU know, of course, that the Lord Jesus Christ, the friend of the human race, has a great adversary, whose name is called the Devil, or Satan. This adversary makes it his endeavour to overthrow the Saviour's plans. Jesus is always engaged in doing us good, and Satan is always engaged in attempting to do us harm. Jesus is kind, and loving, and gracious, but Satan is malicious, cruel, and crafty; and knowing, as he does, all about the human heart, he will succeed in leading us astray, and perhaps in destroying us altogether, if we do not keep close to Jesus, and cling to Him. The parable, from which my text is taken, speaks of this dangerous enemy of ours. Let us hear what it says.

A man goes out and sows "good seed" in his field. That must be Jesus Himself. Indeed, He tells us so in the explanation which you will find a little further on in the chapter. "He that soweth the good seed is the Son of man;" and the good seed is what we call "the Gospel"—the "truth"—the truth about God and about man. Well, in the darkness of the night another person comes and scatters bad seed over the field; this person is the enemy, the Devil; and the bad seed which he scatters is untruth, falsehood—falsehood about God and about man. All lies come from the Devil. His chief business is to persuade men to believe lies, and unfortunately men *do* believe them. Here are some of them. "A man may live as he likes, and all will be sure to come right in the end." "Ye shall not surely die." "You need not be born again of the Spirit." "God is too merciful to punish a man severely for sin." Now, if you know your Bibles, you will know that all these statements are false; but it is pleasant to believe them, and some men can be only too easily persuaded that they are true.

Well, the good seed falls into certain hearts — hearts prepared by God's Holy Spirit—and plants spring up. These plants are wheat. And that bad seed—the untruth—falls into certain other hearts, disposed to receive it, and plants spring up. These plants are called "tares." You must know that the tares here spoken of are not what we understand by the word; they are like wheat, but are not really wheat, and it is only when the fruit appears that you can detect the difference. The wheat and the tares then grow side by side in the field, until the time of the harvest comes; and then the reapers, who are the holy angels, are commanded by the Lord Jesus Christ to separate the tares from the wheat; to "bind together the tares in bundles to burn them, but to collect the wheat into His barn."

Now what do we learn from all this? Two or three things.

First, that wherever the truth of God is proclaimed, some persons are pretty sure to follow after, proclaiming falsehood, and so endeavouring to undo the good work. The truth about ourselves is not always pleasant. We are told that we are sinful and corrupt, and that we can do nothing to save ourselves. We do not like to hear this; we are slow to believe it. So that the man who teaches pleasant, but untrue, things about us and about God has a great advantage over the preachers of the Gospel, and is more likely to be received and welcomed than they are. However, it seems as if there would always

be some who, through God's mercy, believe the truth, as well as a large number who believe the falsehood.

Then, we are taught that the result of the teaching is to be seen in the "fruit," that is, in the life. If you and I have accepted the Gospel of Jesus Christ, that is to say, if we believe and are sure that God so loved us as to send His Son from heaven to be *our* Saviour and to bring us to glory; if we have really done this, our feelings, our conduct, will be very different from what it would have been if we did not believe the Gospel. We shall bring forth what the Bible calls the "fruits of righteousness," which are to the praise and glory of God.

Lastly, we learn that the good and bad, the false and the true, are to be left to grow together until the final separation at the end of the world, and that then no mistakes will be made.

And what is the conclusion of the whole matter? Just this, and rather a sad one, that the Gospel produces a division in the human race. Some accept the truth, others accept the falsehood. It always is so, and always has been so, both at home and abroad. To some Jesus Christ is a chief corner-stone, a sure foundation, but to others He is a stone of stumbling and a rock of offence, a cause of injury and spiritual ruin.

However, let us remember that all will redound to the glory of God. When the time comes, and all Missionary work is over, the cry that will go up will be this, "Great and marvellous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty! just and true are Thy ways, thou King of Saints!" God will be honoured in all that has taken place in the theatre of this world.

GORDON CALTHROP.

## LIGHT THAT SHONE IN A DARK PLACE.

AT Lauyong we have no chapel yet, but hope soon to open one; the number of Christians is increasing, and six or eight of the men walk every Sunday to the Achia church, about eight miles away, by a steep mountain path. This little body of converts have suffered very severely. Two of them were imprisoned by the mandarins on an entirely false charge. We tried for a long time in vain to get them set free. The mandarin admitted that there was no real charge against them; still by means of heavy bribery their enemies were able to keep them in prison. However, while they were there they did good work for the cause of Christ. First of all the jailor himself was struck by their behaviour as well as their words, and before very long openly joined the "doctrine." Soon afterwards a fellow-prisoner was converted, and, owing to the friendship of the jailor, they were allowed to hold service in the prison every Sunday. They were also given some positions of trust in the place, and more good has come from their imprisonment than if they had not been called thus to suffer wrong. One word at any time in denial of their Master would have freed them from their tormentors, yet not in one case has that word been spoken; they have chosen to wander homeless and foodless, or languish in Chinese dungeons, that they "might obtain a better resurrection."

R. STEWART, *Fouchow.*

## THE WOMEN OF INDIA.

NO doubt, if we could talk the matter over together, we should find that you all know some facts about the women of India. One will have heard of their number—at least 100,000,000; others d tell of the beautiful jewels they wear; f the idle lives they live; or how early have to marry and leave their parents; hat gloomy places they live in, shut up hidden away from light and air and use-ess.

ut our picture here is of a woman of a, who led neither an idle nor a useless and her story will show us that Indian en are only useless and idle when cruel om makes them so.

he Secunder Begum was a Princess of pal, one of the Native States in India h have their own ruler and court, under protection of the British Government. eral Hutchinson (brother of Mr. Hutchin-Lay Secretary of the Church Missionary ety) represented the British Protectorate hopal when this princess ruled the State, he has kindly written you the following y of her life:—

The Bhopal family was founded by Dost omed, an Afghan in the service of the Em-r Aurungzeb. One of the first measures of the sh Government, at the commencement of the Marii War, in 1817, was to form a close alliance the Bhopal chief, Nuzzin Mahomed, who killed soon after the conclusion of the treaty the accidental discharge of a pistol in the d of his brother-in-law, a child eight years

Nuzzin Mahomed was a gallant soldier, an ghtened ruler, and a firm ally of the British ernment. He left one daughter, the Secunder um. This lady married her cousin, Jehangir med Khan, in 1835; he died in 1844, and the Secunder Begum was appointed Regent of the Bhopal State until her infant daughter should attain the age of twenty-one. The Secunder Begum ruled her country with great vigour and ability. She abolished the system of farming the revenue, and made settlements directly with heads of villages. She abolished monopolies of trades, reorganized the police, and made arrangements for the payment of the debts of the State.

"In the rebellion of 1857, she rendered good service to the British, and received from our Government a grant of land, and the dignity of a Knight of the Most Exalted Order of the Star of India. In 1859, she complained of the recognition of her daughter as a ruler during her own lifetime, on the ground that she was sovereign, not in her late husband's name, but in her own right. Though her claim could not be heard, her daughter, Shahjehan Begum, gave up her right to rule in her mother's lifetime.

"In 1863, the Secunder Begum made a pilgrimage to Mecca, leaving her daughter in charge of the State. On October 16th, 1868, the Secunder Begum died, after having ruled the State for twenty-one years. She was a woman of remarkable intellect and great firmness, and in her character were combined an aptitude for business and an amount of energy rarely found among Oriental princes. Her loyalty to the British Government was deeply rooted, and accompanied her to the grave; for only a few hours before she died she said, 'I should wish Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria to be informed that one of my last wishes on earth was for the welfare of herself, her family, and her throne.'

"The Shahjehan Begum possesses all the intellect, firmness, and energy of her mother. Her Highness fully appreciates the advantages of education, and gives hearty support to all the schools which her mother founded. Her daughter has been taught English.

"The ladies of the Bhopal family do not, as is usual in India among the upper classes, cover their faces—they sit in open court, and mix freely with their nobles. It is to this, in a great measure, they owe their enlightenment and force of character."

Is it not a pleasure to read of Indian ladies

THE BEGUM OF BHOPAL.

under Begum and the Shahjehan
are not obliged to keep their
ed, nor to live imprisoned in
anas? Yet, when we see how
wise and useful Indian women
akes one more sad than ever to
multitude who have no know-
ch as their companions, shut up
ves in ignorance, can teach them.
know that one key has been found
pen their prison doors? Christian
England have gone with this key,
of which is written *Faith in*
on the other *Love for Christ;*
is key they have gently opened
many a zenana, and then have
the women inside that brightest
, that best of all knowledge—the
of God's favour to sinners.
of the women of India let this
eir hearts, you would like to ask?
y have, and some have become
s among their own people. And
t God will so bless His work in
, that thousands of the women of
have a yet better and more lasting
belongs to the Mahommedan
of Bhopal—even that they may
daughters of Christ our King.

## TMAS REJOICINGS IN E MISSION FIELD.

HAT a pleasant way of spending Christmas afternoon it would be to visit those bright spots in the dark heathen countries where this happy season is kept by have heard the beautiful Christ- of the love of God, and have believed in His only-begotten Son, whom He sent into the world that they might be saved.

Though we cannot take you this journey, dear young friends, we can tell you a little about Christmas season last year in a few of our Mission stations, and perhaps this will help you to guess what is taking place this year.

### The Frere Town Magic Lantern.

You have so often heard of the Frere Town school children, and how nicely the little black boys and girls there get on with their lessons, that we think you would now like to know something of their doings in holiday time. First, they had to go through what comes to many of you before holidays can be enjoyed, viz., the Christmas examination; and very well they acquitted themselves, and showed such an improvement in their studies since the former year that their teacher had to give twice as many prizes.

Christmas rejoicings began at one o'clock in the morning, for at that hour Mr. Handford and the children went through the village singing hymns and anthems. "Their voices," writes the Missionary, "sounded very sweet in the stillness of the night, and we could hear them far away long after they had left us. The school-chapel was adorned with branches of the cocoa, palm, and other evergreens, with some very pretty flowers which bloom here at Christmas.

"At ten o'clock we had a hearty service, with a sermon, and in the evening a magic lantern exhibition. Numbers of the people came, and we had a most happy evening. It is true that Mr. Handford had shown us the same slides the year before, but this did not make any difference, they were quite glad to see them again. We should be most thankful if any kind friend would send us

some coloured Scripture scenes for our magic lantern ; they would greatly help our people, old and young, to learn the sacred stories of the Bible."

THE CHRISTMAS-TREE AT TOKIO.

It is a good stretch to take from *Frere Town*, in East Africa, to the great city in Japan, *Tokio*. But here, again, we find some young people about whom many of you have heard before. Do you remember the Sunday-school which Mrs. Piper described to you last year ? * The children who were made happy with a Christmas-tree belong to this same school. "As Christmas drew near we thought we would have a Christmas-tree for the children who attend our day and Sunday-schools. So Mrs. Piper and Mrs. Williams bought a tree, and decorated it with dolls, flags, oranges, lanterns, &c. The children, with their parents, were invited to come at 2.30 p.m. ; but long before that time they gathered round the gate. While the children feasted their eyes on the glories of the tree, food was provided for their minds in the shape of one or two short addresses, and for their bodies substantial fare in the shape of tea and cake was furnished. Who shall describe the joy of the girls when they received their dolls ? These had been dressed in Japanese fashion by our cook's wife, and very pretty they looked in their garments of many colours, and very tempting, too, as they smiled down on the little girls from the tree branches. The boys marched from the school proud and happy with their armour of bows and arrows.

"In the evening all the Christians met in our house, and sat down to a Japanese meal, after which we spent a short time together in pleasant intercourse. Still, happy as day had been, we felt that Christmas Japan is not like Christmas in dear Englan

## UFFER LITT CHILDREN ' COME UN' ME."

(*Written for the Gi Book by a Christia lady, a native of India.*)

LITTLE ones who love the Saviour,
Is He not a precious friend ?
Are your hearts not full of gladness
In that love that knows no end ?

Well, then, is it not a pity
That this love should be denied
To the little heathen children,
Those for whom the Saviour died ?

'Twas of them He said so sweetly—
Dark although their faces be—
"Hinder not the little children,
Suffer them to come to Me."

Think about the love of Jesus
To those children far away,
Love for which they too are longing,
Send them help, then, while you may.

Some one must go forth to tell them
How that Jesus loves them too.
You cannot at present : what then
Can such little children do ?

* JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, 1879, pp. 160, 177, 190.

## THE TESTIMONY OF AN INDIAN CONVERT.

THE Bishop of New Caledonia paid, last year, his first visit to Metlahkatlah, which is now part of his diocese, the Indians welcoming him, as is their custom, with speeches. The following speech was made by a chief named James Lecquensh, once a desperate enemy of the Metlahkatlah Mission :—

"I have little to say to you chiefs, who pity us, who work for us, though not in your own strength. The Indian's home was a place of darkness. There was no daylight when you first came. Many white men saw us of old, and trod on us with their feet. But God has pitied us, and sent us His Word, and it is to that cause that I, and those of my own age, have attained to the life of to-day. It was when the fire was raging that Captain Prevost came here. He knew there was light in the place whence he had come ; he returned and sent it to us, and so it is light now that you arrive. He* who came bore the light with a strong hand, and took it round amid the darkness. He went to the villages of the heathen, and many have received the light.

"Listen, brethren, to what the chiefs have now spoken to us. They bring us the Word, not their own, and tell us of the love of God. Let us do what they would have us do. See how many chiefs are now here to help us. What do we lack? Our blessings increase more and more. To God's goodness we owe their coming. Let our hearts be strong ; what the chiefs here wish for us, let us do. As our hearts have been cleaned, so let us build up a clean village, to correspond with the clean, new state of heart. Let us listen and obey."

* Mr. Duncan.

## CHURCH MISSIONARY JUVENILE ASSOCIATIONS.

THE members of our Juvenile Associations will perhaps like to learn from our last business page for 1880 what the Church Missionary Society's Annual Report has to tell of their efforts during the past year. This Report extends from March, 1879, to March, 1880. It makes mention of 195 Juvenile Associations. Seventy-two of these Associations give no details of the means by which they raised their funds. The remaining 123 Juvenile Associations seem to have helped in one or all of the four following ways :—

1st. By the children's collections at home or among their friends—chiefly by means of Missionary-boxes.

2nd. By collections in Sunday-schools, also made, as a rule, in Missionary-boxes.

3rd. By collections at Children's Missionary Meetings.

4th. By working parties, and sales of work.

Out of 123 Juvenile Associations, we find that—

| | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 112 contributed through Home Collections . . . . | 1552 | 4 | 2½ |
| 93 contributed through Sunday-schools . . . . . | 920 | 9 | 8 |
| 64 contributed through Meetings . | 259 | 10 | 5 |
| 23 contributed through Sales of Work . . . . . | 619 | 14 | 1 |
| | 3351 | 18 | 4½ |
| 72 Associations (of which no details are given) contributed . . | 1441 | 1 | 11 |
| Total . | £4793 | 0 | 3½ |

These statistics may suggest to friends of Missionary work, who wish to form Juvenile Associations, four ways in which they can help children to become Missionary helpers, and, perhaps, will show some of our Associations already at work that there are means as yet untried by which they may greatly quicken the interest of their members in the cause of Missions. Those friends who consider juvenile meetings and juvenile working parties to be necessary features of a prosperous Juvenile Association, think far less of the increase of funds which these produce than of the opportunity they give of making the children realize their membership, and imparting *vivâ voce* Missionary information.

---

DEAR SIR,—When engaged one day in reading a copy of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, I came upon the account of a young woman—a milliner and dressmaker—who was in the habit of giving to the work of the Church Missionary Society a penny for each dress, and a halfpenny for each bonnet she made. I thought this an excellent plan; and when some years later I commenced business, I put a Missionary-box in my shop.

At the end of the first quarter, 19*s.* were found in it. Seven years have now elapsed, and 6899 articles have been sold, which represent the sum of £28 14*s.* 11*d.*

I attribute my success in business to the daily seeking of God's blessing, and would ask all Christian tradesmen to devote a portion of their means for the special object of sending forth to heathen lands the glorious Gospel of the grace of God.

* * *

## MISSIONARY SKETCH FOR DECEMBER.

(*See page* 70.)

SHERGOLD SMITH.

## MISSIONARY SKETCH FOR OCTOBER.

ANNA HINDERER.

Anna Martin was born March 19th, 1827, at Hempenhall, in Norfolk. She lost her mother when only five years old, after whose death she lived with her grandfather at Lowestoft. When about twelve years old she obtained leave of Mrs. Cunningham (the clergyman's wife) to teach in the Sunday-school, and as she grew older she worked very actively among the poor in Lowestoft, and her labours were greatly blessed.

On October 14th, 1852, she married the Rev. David Hinderer, a Missionary of the Church Missionary Society, in the Yoruba country, West Africa. She started with her husband, December 6th, from England; they reached Lagos, January 5th, 1853, and proceeded to Abeokuta, where she was attacked with fever. They soon, however, went on to Ibadan. Mrs. Hinderer took charge of several children, who became greatly attached to her, and, in spite of constant illness, she devoted much time to them, and also visited

ve homes, attended the sick, &c. In
nd Mrs. Hinderer returned to England
eir health, but went back to Ibadan
58, and were most joyfully welcomed
es. Soon afterwards a war broke out,
l many years, in consequence of which
aries and natives suffered great priva-
ere often in danger of starvation. In
nd Mrs. Hinderer managed to escape
, and came to England. They soon
d laboured perseveringly and hopefully
t of great trials for some years. But
s. Hinderer's health was so shattered
obliged to leave; and on the 16th of
this faithful Missionary died at the age
, her health having been ruined by the
ate.

. Hinderer's death the Ibadan Church
rote to Mr. Hinderer, "You both
ht Jesus with you into our town, but
eft Him among us; for this we are
May we all be her boast and rejoicing
day! Truly her labours of love will
gotten among us."

LUCY C. BROWN,
Great Clacton Vicarage.

nd Missionary Sketch for October was
derick Kittermaster.

---

## EGRO MISSIONARY BOX.

at Sheffield sends us the following,
we cordially agree:—

lad to inform you that the 'Negro
Box' you forwarded me realized
n the two days it was shown at St.
e of work in this town. I have lent
r clergyman for a sale of work, which
this week, and trust it will be equally
ere. Please excuse my troubling you
t I thought you might like to know;
if more collectors had such a box, it
much better than the ordinary one,
e used also for bazaars and sales of
r places."

me of our readers may not have seen or heard of this box, we would mention that it is of an attractive form, having a figure of a negro boy upon the top of it, who gracefully bows his head in recognition of any coin which may be dropped into the box. The price is 5*s*.

---

## WASTE PAPER.

*To the Editor of the* CHURCH MISSIONARY JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

DEAR SIR,—At a children's service held at B—— a fortnight ago, I heard the following notice:—"The members of the Waste-not Society are invited to a meeting, to consider the best plan of appropriating the funds in hand, now amounting to £20, besides the £12 already paid to the B—— Orphanage." I inquired what this Waste-not Society is, and found that each member receives a card of membership, also a bag in which to collect waste paper, which is taken in on certain days and sold; the sum thus collected in the year being £32. In every house there is waste paper which might be turned to account, and it occurred to me to ask, Could not some of our Juvenile Missionary Associations adopt a similar plan? I send you this suggestion hoping that you will put it before your young readers.

Yours, &c.,
F. T.

[We shall be glad if any of our readers adopting this thrifty method of raising money for the Society, will kindly dispose of the paper themselves, as the expense of its carriage to London has in many cases exceeded the price obtained for it.]

## OUR MISSIONARY BIBLE CLASS.

*Rule* 1.—*Papers must be sent in before the end of the month in which the subject is given.*

*Rule* 2.—*Only contributors sixteen years old and under can compete for prizes* (*see page* 12).

*Rule* 3.—*The name, age, and address of the writer must be given* at the beginning *of each paper.*

*Rule* 4.—*Only one side of the paper must be written on.*

*Rule* 5.—*When more than one sheet of paper is used the separate sheets must be tacked together.*

### THE SYRO-PHENICIAN WOMAN.

(See page 62.)

1. We read of only two instances of Christ commending the faith of those who sought His help. Who were these petitioners?
2. What was the woman's trouble?
3. What circumstances brought Jesus near her country?
4. Was His name already known among her people?
5. What was the special strain put on her faith? What words spoken to Jesus by a Jewish parent in a like trouble show by contrast the greatness of her faith?
6. How did the words of Christ, Matt. xv. 24, answer the disciples' entreaty, v. 23?
7. Try to find an explanation of these words (Matt. xv. 24) from a careful study of the following passages:—Rom. xv. 9; Eph. iii. 15; iii. 1—8.
8. Prove, by comparing the two accounts of the Syro-Phenician woman, that her faith in Jesus made her persevering.
9. Can you recall a parable in the Gospels, and an assertion in the Epistles, that show the power of persevering prayer? Under what figures did Jesus Christ teach the necessity of perseverance in prayer?
10. Of which of St. Paul's helpers do we read that he strove in prayer for his converts?
11. There is one characteristic common to all the instances of persevering prayer to which these questions refer. What is it, and what encouragement does it give to Missionary helpers?
12. St. Paul exhorting Christians to perseverance in prayer, tells in three words whence comes the strength to persevere. Quote them, and explain them by reference to another passage from his writings.

"Then the Interpreter took Christian by the hand, and led him into a place where was a fire burning against a wall, and one standing by it always casting much water upon it to quench it; yet did the fire burn higher and hotter. Then said Christian, 'What means this?' The Interpreter answered, 'This fire is the work of grace that is wrought in the heart. . . . In that thou seest the fire burn higher and hotter, thou shalt see the reason of that.' So he led him about to the back side of the wall, where he saw a man with a vessel of oil in his hand, of the which he did also continually cast (but secretly) into the fire."—*Pilgrim's Progress.*

### SCRIPTURE ANSWERS FOR OCTOBER.

(1) Deut. xxxii. 21; I Sam. xii. 21; I Kings xvi. 23, 26; II Kings xvii. 15; Ps. xxxi. 6; Isa. xli. 29; Jer. viii. 19; x. 8; xiv. 22; xviii. 15; li. 18; Jonah ii. 8; Zech. x. 2, &c. (2) Isa. xliv. 10; I Cor. viii. 4. (3) Deut. iv. 28; Ps. cxv. 4—7; Isa. xlvi. 7; Jer. x. 5; Hab. ii. 19. (4) Hab. ii. 18. (5) Isa. xliv.; xlv. 16, 17. (6) See Exod. xxiv. 18; God had taken away Moses for awhile, and they craved an earthly object to stand between them and God, though this had been strictly forbidden to them so short a time before, Exod. xx. 3—5. (7) Ezek. xxxvi. 25—27. (8) II Kings xvii. 7—17, 31—41. (9) II Kings xvii. 15; Jer. ii. 5. (10) Ps. cvi. 35—38. (11) Ps. xxii. 27; Isa. ii. 20; Phil. ii. 9—11. (12) Jer. xvi. 19—21. (13) Acts xiv. 15; xvii. 24—31; Gal. iv. 8, 9; I Cor. vi. 7, 11; xii. 2; Eph. ii. 11, 12; I Thess. i. 9, &c.

The twelve papers which head our list were sent by—

1. Alice Harding.
2. Annie Charlesworth.
3. Fredk. Kittermaster.
4. George Sands.
5. Millicent Simcox.
6. Claud Wood.
7. Anne Fox.
8. Margaret Simcox.
9. Fanny Symes.
10. Mabel Wenham.
11. Lucy Brown.
12. Herbert Satchell.

London: Church Missionary House, Salisbury Square; Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday, 54, Fleet Street, and all

THE

# CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

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# UVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

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*NEW SERIES.* VOL. II., 1881.

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WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS.

London:

CHURCH MISSIONARY HOUSE, SALISBURY SQUARE;

SEELEY, JACKSON, & HALLIDAY, 54, FLEET STREET;

AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

LONDON:
GILBERT AND RIVINGTON, LIMITED,
ST. JOHN'S SQUARE.

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JANUARY, 1881.] [Price One Halfpenny.

# CHURCH JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR MISSIONARY SOCIETY

PETER AND CORNELIUS.

ACTS X. 21.

## A GLAD NEW YEAR.

ARE they keeping New Year's Day
At that home in Judah's land,
Where all are gather'd from far and near
With greetings of love and festive cheer,
While hand is grasping hand?

Yes, there begins to-day
The year of Jubilee,
And the vine-clad hills of Judah ring
With the trumpet's note so gladdening,
Which tells "the slave is free."

How many a father loved,
Brother and long-lost son,
His years of bondage and exile o'er,
Has hasten'd from far to stand once more
Among his loved, his own.

A sinless victim slain,
Has bought this liberty
On the great Atonement Day for sin,
Those silver trumpets usher in
The year of Jubilee.

E'en thus through Jesus' death.
To save us from our sin,
The message goes forth this wide world
"Come home to your Father's Home, more,"
And His children are gather'd in.

Gather'd to freedom and rest,
Earnest of what shall be,
When the trumpet shall sound redempti
full,
And glory incorruptible,
An endless Jubilee

A. J.

## PETER AND CORNELIUS.

ACTS x. 21.

THE Scripture lessons which were given in each number of the Green Book for last year, explained to you, dear children, twelve passages from the New Testament, about the spreading of the kingdom of God. They were all, with two exceptions, taken from the teaching of our Lord Jesus Christ. These teachings were sometimes to the multitude, but mostly to His own apostles. His time for work on earth was very short. We know that His great work was to die for us; but a very important part of Christ's work on earth was to prepare some loving hearts, who were to be used by Him to tell the world of the great work had done. And when we read the Go story, remembering this, we understand patience and tenderness with which J taught His disciples. The great lesson He taught them was that they were to witnesses for Him. This verse, "Ye s be witnesses for Me, in Judea, and Sam and Galilee, and to the uttermost part the world," contains in a few words the w of the apostles' work—what they were to as well as where they were to do They were to be witnesses. What do witness do? A witness tells only that w he has seen and heard himself. There the apostles had to tell about Christ, only in the Holy Land, but to the utter parts of the world. This was true Missio work; and we propose, with God's hel show you how the apostles performed duty which Christ had co

**eing** Missionaries to the world. Let us **mber**, first, what they were to tell. Do **think** they would have done their duty if **had** merely told how Jesus went about g good, ministering to the wants of the , or have only told of His beautiful ngs and parables? No; these words and , so full of grace, would not have repre- ed the true Christ—the Saviour. They to be true witnesses of Him; and if we to know how the apostles commenced bear their witness, and what was the ect upon which they spoke, we must turn e Acts of the Apostles. Who preached first sermon? Was it not Peter, on the t Day of Pentecost? How astonished t the Jews have been who listened to . What did he tell them? That the lean prisoner, who had been scourged crucified by Pilate, was their Messiah, Son of David; that God had raised Him the dead. "Therefore," he says, "let he house of Israel know assuredly, that hath made this same Jesus, whom ye crucified, both Lord and Christ."

gain, in the 4th chapter of the Acts, r and John tell the rulers and elders ly that there was no salvation but in s Christ, whom they had crucified, but m God had raised from the dead. in, in the 33rd verse of the same chapter, great power gave the apostles witness he resurrection of the Lord Jesus. Again, n Philip met the eunuch, it was the th and resurrection of Jesus Christ upon ch Philip preached to him Jesus. Thus know what was the "evidence" which apostles were to witness—the death and rrection of Christ was to be the very lation of all their teaching. So it must n all Missionary work. It must be the st that died for our sins, and rose again d was exalted into heaven to give repentance and remission of sins, who must be preached if heathen souls are to be saved. And this Christ must be preached by witnesses, just as the apostles had personally seen the crucifixion, the resurrection, and ascension; not merely as lookers on, but as deeply interested in these solemn events. So those who preach Christ now must also be witnesses. They must have felt and known that Christ died for them, and they must feel and know it while they preach it.

Now that we have seen what the apostles were to preach, let us see where they were to preach. Our Lord said they were to be witnesses for Him in Jerusalem, in Judea, and Samaria, and then to the uttermost part of the earth. We know from the Acts of the Apostles how the disciples preached Jesus in Jerusalem, and how the multitudes from the cities of Judea came in, bringing their sick to be healed. Great success followed their work, as we read in the 7th verse of the 6th chapter of the Acts. Then the apostles became very busy in arranging the affairs of the Church at Jerusalem. But Christ had intended them not to remain there—Samaria was to hear the word of God. The martyrdom of Stephen brought persecution on the disciples, which sent Philip to Samaria, and afterwards, Peter and John preached the Gospel in many villages of the Samaritans. But how were the disciples to be witnesses for Christ to the uttermost part of the earth? The apostles were Jews, and they could have no dealings with or touch a Gentile. Just as it needed the persecution of Stephen to send the Gospel to Samaria, so it required a message from God to send Peter to the Gentiles. Our picture shows how a part of the message was sent. Let us look at the picture. There is Peter standing at the door. Who are these men to whom he is talking?

It is not the first time that Peter has seen men in armour like these. He remembers the hated Roman soldier. Peter was a Jew, and he must have hated these stern soldiers, who conquered and ruled his country. Nor could he have forgotten the Roman soldiers, and the mocking of his Master, and the awful scene of the crucifixion. Yet here he is conversing kindly and patiently with Roman soldiers. They have brought him a message, asking him to go to their master, a Roman centurion. Instead of turning away in anger, Peter receives the men and lodges them, and next day he goes with the men to the house of the Roman centurion. Here he enters for the first time into the house of a Gentile. If it had been an ordinary Roman house, almost the first thing that would have met Peter's eyes would have been images of gods. Probably the Centurion Cornelius had put away his idolatrous images. This was a wonderful meeting, between Peter and Cornelius, for it was arranged by God Himself. Read the story, and see how first an angel is sent to Cornelius. Cornelius, no doubt, had prayed for salvation, pardon, and better knowledge of God. He must have been a seeker after God. We are not told what had aroused these feelings in his heart; but doubtless he had heard of Christ and His wonderful works. The centurion of Capernaum, the centurion who commanded the soldiers when Christ was crucified, must have been friends of Cornelius, and from them he may have heard much of Christ. It is pleasant to read, too, of the "devout soldier," one of those who waited on Cornelius continually. It pleased God to hear the prayers of this devout man, and an angel was sent to him. What does the angel tell him? Does he direct him to offer costly sacrifices, or to build a temple, or put up an idol? No; he *is to send* men to fetch a *man* called Peter, a poor man, lodging at the house of a t in a town called Joppa; and it is thi who is to tell him what he ought to do

But how is Peter to be induced tc the Roman centurion's house? God him a vision. See how strangely God You remember how frequently Christ His disciples by parables, or used ordinary event as a text for a sermon. is watching on the house-top, and is h He asks for something to eat, and whi being cooked he falls into a trance, an sends him a vision, which was con with his being hungry; and the presents for him to eat all manner of cr things and animals, which more t thousand years before God had order Jews not to touch. Peter refuses, and i says to him, that which God had cle he was not to call common or unclean. did this message mean? Was it nc Christ had died for all; that His bloc been shed to cleanse from sin both t and the despised, unclean Gentile. T the preaching of Jesus which was t souls, and this message came to Pet only to send him to Cornelius, but to t him what he was to say to Cornelius. are the "words," referred to in the fol chapter in the Acts, whereby Cornelit to be saved. This story shows us wha sionary work is; a man is sent to ta message that Jesus' blood cleanses fr sin.

## PEOPLE READY TO PERISH.

AT this time of the year, when you must heap up the fire in nurseries and schoolrooms if you want to drive away Jack Frost, and you have to put on r armour of wraps and furs before you wage successful war with him in the ets, and you say, perhaps, when you come rom your walk that "it really never was old before," we want you to think some- s about a people living in a country far y, where we are told that the cold last ter was *five times as great* as you felt it England.

hese people are called the Esquimaux, live across the Atlantic Ocean, in a ntry south of Greenland, called Labrador. you never heard, you may say, in the en Book, of Missions in Labrador. Per- s not. But you have heard, have you of North-West America and Hudson's Territory? This district lies west of rador, and the wanderings of the Esqui- ux in forest and on river, in search of wild mals and fish, often bring them to the res of Hudson's Bay. Of course you know t the Red Indians who dwell in this ion have had Christian teachers for a g time, and churches and schools are ted over the country. Often among the , thin, solemn-looking, straight-haired dians who meet in these churches to rship God, there may be seen the swarthy, at, bright-eyed little Esquimaux. But it f little use that they come to these services, they speak quite another language from Indians, and the Missionaries have often t them away with sad hearts because they ked so anxious to know what it all meant; there was no one who could tell them the

But a little while ago a teacher went out to Little Whale River, especially to learn the language of the Esquimaux, and to live among them. Already Mr. Peck can preach simple sermons in their tongue, and they seem very glad of his coming. "Thou art very good, for thou art come to save us," said one, as the Missionary went to his house. "Where did he come from?" asked a man of his friend. "He has fallen down from heaven for the Esquimaux, for their sakes," was the answer. They often come into their teacher's house, and listen very attentively as he tells them about the Lord Jesus; and some of the little children are learning to read nicely, which must be rather a hard task, judging from this specimen of an Esquimaux word:—

"Kasuerfigssakangitdliunarnarysok."

Although the Church Missionary Society has now sent the first teacher for the Esquimaux in Hudson's Bay Territory, those who live in Labrador heard long ago the tidings of salvation from Christian Missionaries.

In 1769, a Dane named Hans Egede landed, with his brave wife, on the Labrador coast, and ever since then Missionaries of the Moravian Church have carried on Mission work among the Esquimaux. Each year the little ship, *The Harmony*, belonging to the Moravian Missions, starts in the spring from the London Docks, carrying passengers, books, letters, clothing, food, medicine—even houses—to the Mission stations in Labrador; and returns to England in the autumn with news of God's workers and their people. A hundred and eleven times the perilous journey has been made among the giant icebergs, and through the fierce storms of the northern seas; but it has always been sent out with earnest prayers that God would guide it safely to its journey's end, and never once has it failed to reach the haven. Only God

knows what weary, lonely, dark hours these brave, patient teachers have passed; what want and sickness they have suffered in that desolate land; but we know that He has supported and blessed His servants through all, and helped them to turn many dark souls from Satan's power. There are now 1300 Esquimaux belonging to the Moravian Church in Labrador, with forty-eight native teachers. Is not this a good harvest to have gathered in?

From the accounts of these Moravian Missionaries we can learn what the Esquimaux are like. Perhaps the bitter cold of the climate stunts their growth, for they are a very small race of people. Many of the men are only about five feet high, a height at which you boys would be sorry to stop short. They are very ignorant—more ignorant than you can understand—about the simplest rules of right and wrong. Even men and women who have been a long time under Christian instruction not only do many wrong things, but can hardly be made to see that they *are* wrong.

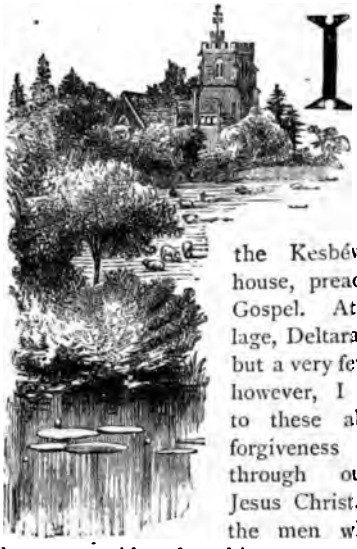
In the north of Labrador is a lone station, Ramah, where a Missionary has lived for many years, and has gathered together a little congregation of forty souls, who love their teacher, "Samuel" (they do not know much about titles or surnames in Esquimaux-land), and ask his help and advice in all sorts of difficulties. A native, who lived still further north, had often been into Samuel's hut when he came down to Ramah, and he wanted to settle in that place with his family, that he might hear more of Samuel's good words. His father and brother were quite willing to come, but his wife was the daughter of an *angekok*, a charm-maker or sorcerer, like the medicine-men among the Indians. He would not hear of his daughter going near the Christians, and said if the husband went the wife and children must stay behind with him. The Esquimaux came and told Samuel of this difficulty. Of course he *could* come, he said, but he was rather fond of his wife and his little ones, and did not quite like coming without them. Samuel said this was a very proper feeling, and advised him to ask God to show him what was right, and to wait patiently. The man left, but soon came back with a bright face, very much pleased with a happy thought that had struck him. Did not Samuel think he had better kill the old father-in-law, and then he would have no more trouble about getting away?

There is one fact about the Esquimaux which should urge Christian people to do good to them *while there is opportunity*. They are a dying race. Since the Moravians first went to Labrador their number has steadily become less and less. There are many reasons for this. Last year, for instance, the winter was terribly severe, and there was a famine in the land. The little children could not eat the coarse, hard food, which was all that could be found, and many of them pined away and died before the short summer had set in.

You see that they are a feeble, ignorant people, these Esquimaux, with very little of earthly brightness to cheer their chill, struggling existence. Will you remember them sometimes, and ask that God's blessing may be with the teacher who is now seeking out those scattered few on Whale River, as it has rested on the patient service of the Moravian brethren on the ice-bound coast? For you know, do you not, that from the cheerful comfort of your own happy homes in Christian England you can reach the poor Esquimaux, "round by the throne of God;" and if you pray for them truly and believingly, even you children may say, like

the good man Job long ago, "The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me."

## WHERE A LOST SERMON WAS FOUND AGAIN.



IN the year 1870, I spent a week visiting villages round the Kesbéwa Rest-house, preaching the Gospel. At one village, Deltara, we saw but a very few people; however, I preached to these about the forgiveness of sins through our Lord Jesus Christ. One of the men who stood listening, said such a thing was not possible, he could not believe, and he carried on an argument against the truth I preached. But it seems that though he resisted the Word, he could not forget it.

Soon after my visit he gave up worshipping his idols, and began to speak about the folly of idolatry. By degrees he withdrew from all Buddhist worship, and would not go to any more Buddhist feasts, nor help to feed the Buddhist priests. He got a Bible, and read it; but his mind was not at rest. He had no peace and comfort, and was troubled and persecuted by his relations, because they suspected that he was well disposed to the Christian religion.

Yet, till September this year, he had never spoken to any Christian about what was passing in his mind; but at last he came to me, and told me all his story, from the time of my visit to Deltara, nine years ago. I had forgotten what I preached about; but he remembered it, and told me also what were the objections he had made, though they have passed away from his mind, and he is now anxious to be taught the way of salvation.

Cotta, Ceylon. R. DOWBIGGIN.

## CHILDREN'S VOICES IN JAPAN.

### I. BEFORE THE IDOL.

DID you ever hear of a country that is called "The Paradise of Babies"? It is a name that travellers have sometimes given to the far-away islands of Japan, because they say the babies and children there all look so happy. Every one seems kind to them; and they are full of merriment and fun, and you very seldom, so we are told, hear a child crying in Japan, unless there is something worth crying about.

When, therefore, one day, some English gentlemen, who were taking a country walk in Japan, came upon a woman with a poor little child in her arms, that was sobbing and crying as if its heart would break, they knew there must be something really wrong, and they stopped to ask what was the matter. The mother told them she had taken her child with her when she went to pray, and she wanted the little thing to fold its hands

bow its head before her god, but the sight of the image had frightened it so much that she was obliged to carry it away, and it was still screaming with terror.

A little farther on the gentlemen came upon the woman's god; and then they did not at all wonder that the baby was frightened at it. This idol was the huge figure of a man in a sitting posture; it was about fifty feet high, and made entirely of bronze. No doubt, when first the great image was set up, it dazzled the eyes of the worshippers as the sun shone down on its bright surface, but that is long years ago, and time, and damp, and rain, have changed its bright colour to a dull green. Fancy a great green image, with a mouth more than a yard long, and a nose so broad that a big boy could climb up its nostrils! and you will not think it strange that even a Japanese baby should cry with fright at such a sight. If your young brother or sister was frightened in the same way, you would try, would you not, to make them understand that this monstrous thing could not move, nor hurt them, and perhaps by degrees you might persuade them to go near to it, and to touch it, and even to laugh at their own fears about a great, helpless piece of bronze. But you know the Japanese mother could not quiet her child in this way. It is more likely that she was frightened herself, lest the god, whose image she wanted her little one to worship, would be angry with it because of its tears, and that she felt she must bring it again and again till it learnt to say its prayers without crying; and because Japanese children are very obedient to their parents, the poor tiny worshipper would try, no doubt, to be brave, and might learn in time to lose its dread of the great image. But do you think any child could ever learn to love its great green, vacant face? No, surely not. And is it not sad that Japanese mothers are not able to teach their little ones about the Saviour, Whom little children can love because He loves them, and says, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me."

## II. In the Name of Jesus.

But some children in Japan have already learnt to pray to Jesus, the Friend of little children. One of the gentlemen who heard those sad cries from a heathen altar, was met by a very different sound of happy singing as he went one morning to pay a visit to a Christian boarding-school for Japanese girls. They were singing in English the hymn that begins with the words,—

> "What a friend we have in Jesus
> All our sins and griefs to bear;
> What a privilege to carry
> Everything to Him in prayer."

The visitor asked one of the scholars to write any text she could remember from the Old Testament, and she chose, "There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother." Another child was asked for a New Testament text, and she wrote under the first words, "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

You see the hymn they had been singing had made them think what the Bible teaches about Jesus being our Friend.

Next there came forward a little girl from among the younger ones, and she seemed nervous and flurried, and could not remember a Bible text, but after thinking a little time she wrote down her thoughts in her own simple language, "It is very precious to have Jesus for my Friend."

No wonder these dear Japanese children are sad for their friends who are still taught to pray before monster idols. It was a real Missionary letter that one of the girls from

this Christian school wrote to her home, "Please, dear mother, do let my little sister come to this school, that she may know Jesus, Whom I love."

## RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD.

### CHINA AND ITS CREEDS.

BUDDHISM (*Continued.*)

FIVE hundred years before the Christian era, when Confucius arose to found the national religion of China, when far away on the Syrian shore a prophet was foretelling the advent of Him whom the nations blindly sought after, a great teacher arose in Hindostan.

Many "myths" or fables have clustered round his early history, so that, at this distance of time, it is difficult to distinguish between fact and fancy, but the generally-received story of his life is something like this:—Gautama was a young prince, of a tribe called the "Sākyas," who lived at a place called Kapila-vastu, about a hundred miles north-east of the sacred city of Benares. Life seemed to smile on him; he was young, wealthy, and royal. Among the many whose lot it is to serve he was appointed to govern. According to ordinary notions he should have been a happy man. Again, he was married to a wife, to whom he seems to have been attached; a son was born to them, but this event, which, it might have been supposed, would have bound him more closely to his home, was the very thing which finally decided him to leave it. Does not this sound very strange? Look a little closer, and perhaps we shall not find it so.

Do you remember a great Jewish king, who was very wise and very wealthy, who was a great ruler, builder, and planter, who got him men-servants and maid-servants, who rejoiced in the honour of men and the love of women, and whose brief comment on all was, "This also is vanity"?

Love, wealth, wisdom, pleasure, these are all only so many chains which bind a man to this miserable life.

Such was Solomon's commentary on existence. May not young Gautama have been led to some such conclusion at the fair beginning of life, as was attained by Solomon at its sullied close?

But their way out of the difficulty was very different, as we shall see. It is said that Gautama was much impressed by a vision he had about that time. That an angel appeared to him under the form of a man broken down by age, of a sick man, of a decaying corpse, and, lastly, of a dignified hermit. May not this be only an allegorical way of showing how he had learned to look upon life? Doubtless he had learned to see that youth, health, all good gifts whatsoever, will not keep a man from the grave. That even in the midst of all these things there is a deep yearning for some surer blessing, some higher happiness. He learned to look upon

y sin, but natural affections and sensations,
o many chains which bind man to earth.
t the rejoicings on the birth of his son a
ng girl sang a stanza which arrested his
ntion. "Happy the father, happy the
her, happy the wife, of such a son and
band." He took off his pearl necklace
sent it to her, saying, "Let this be her
as a teacher." For the word "happy"
ns also "freed."
uatama went his way, resolved to "free"
self for ever from all earthly chains.
re was no voice from heaven to whisper
is ear, "If the Son shall make you free,
hall be free indeed." E. SUTTON.

## MY MISSIONARY-BOX.

And will you cross my palm with gold?
Or shall it silver be?
I've heard the gipsies speak like that,
Beneath the forest tree.

But I'm no gipsy! See, my hair
Is golden, eyes are blue;
And in my clean white pinafore,
I bring my box to you.

My Missionary-box! You'll give
Some money in all haste?
I don't like pennies very much,
They fill my box too fast.

I like to hear the silver fall,
It has a pleasant ring;
But when you drop a golden coin,
That's giving like a king!

And shall you go across the seas,
And let the Red man know
That if he trust in Jesus Christ
His sins shall be as snow?

You say you cannot go, that's sad,
But then you won't refuse,
To send another in your place
[illegible]s?

My mother says there is a band
Of earnest men and bold,
Who're waiting now to sail away--
They're waiting for *your gold!*

Then will you cross my palm with gold?
Or shall it silver be?
For if you cannot cross the sea,
You'll give your gifts through me.

CLARA THWAITES.

## MISSIONARY SKETCH FOR NOVEMBER.

### FRERE TOWN.

Frere Town is situated about one mile from Mombasa town, on the East Coast of Africa, a short distance from Zanzibar. The English had for some time wished to help the poor slaves of East Africa; and, in 1875, the Queen sent Sir Bartle Frere to Africa, to try and persuade the Sultan of Zanzibar to stop the slave-trade in his dominions. He promised to do so; and now there is very little slave-dealing continued. But the slaves, when liberated, were homeless; and, therefore, Mr. Price took some negroes with him, and cut down the jungle and trees, and built up a town on that spot, which was called Frere Town, after the Queen's messenger to East Africa, Sir Bartle Frere. Before the town was ready to receive them, a party of these liberated slaves arrived, and the next day, 120 more; this was in Nov., 1875, and there are now about 500 living at Frere Town. When they first arrived, many were so weak that it was necessary to nurse them for some time before they were able to work. There is an interesting account told of the first Sunday-school in this town. There were about 200 men and women present; the catechist (George David) divided them into several groups, and made them repeat after him, till they could say it alone, "Munugu Killa pechali yupas, yam na thun," i. e. "God is in every place, above and below." After it had been repeated about 300 times, the poor people seemed to take in a little

of its meaning. Not long ago thirty-three adults and nine children were baptized. When asked why they wished for baptism, some of their answers were very pleasing. One man said, "I want to be a soldier of Christ our God." Muili said, "That we may be the people of God." A woman named Rabunga, "Because it is the order of Jesus Christ." Hidoya, "That we may leave off that which is evil, take hold of the Word of God, and follow that which is in accordance with Jesus Christ."

LUCY C. BROWN,
Great Clacton, Colchester.

Missionary Sketches were also sent by K. Brown and F. Kittermaster.

## OUR MISSIONARY BIBLE CLASS.

*Rule* 1.—*Papers must be sent in before the end of the month in which the subject is given.*

*Rule* 2.—*Only contributors sixteen years old and under can compete for prizes.*

*Rule* 3.—*The name, age, and address of the writer must be given* at the beginning *of each paper.*

*Rule* 4.—*Only one side of the paper must be written on.*

*Rule* 5.—*When more than one sheet of paper is used the separate sheets must be tacked together.*

### THE LAST PROPHECY CONCERNING CHRIST.

1. When was it first prophecied that Christ must suffer?
2. Who uttered the latest prophecy concerning the sufferings of Jesus? What was the immediate meaning of him who spoke it?
3. By what divinely-appointed institution were Jews taught the truth spoken of in John xi. 50?
4. In what one particular was this institution distinguished from all others?
5. Show from an allusion in the Prophets, and from one in the Epistles, to this institution that both high priest and sacrifice prefigured the work of the Lord Jesus Christ.
6. By what name was this institutio Explain the meaning of this v what condition did Jews share its
7. What season of gladness was with this institution? How of occur?
8. Mention three names given to this
9. What blessings did it bring? H made known in the land?
10. Show from Christ's own words that foretold a time of greater blessi you find in John xi. 52 any allusid
11. How are these blessings to be mad earth?
12. Can you find in Eph. ii. 13—19 an tion of the prophecy in John xi. 5

### SCRIPTURE ANSWERS F NOVEMBER.

(1) Acts ii. 10; proselytes. (2) J (3) John xii. 12, 13. (4) Jesus said He reign but die; yet through His death rule over the souls not of Jews only, but John xii. 24, 31, 32. (5) John i. 18; x 6. (6) Isa. xxix. 18; xxxv. 5; xli John iii. 14, 15; comp. Num. xxi. 9; (8)* John vi. 18—21; they willingly rec xxi. 4—12; see v. 7. (9) John xv. 2 21, 22; iv. 20; x. 38—42; xiii. 31; 13—18; I John i. 1—3; iv. 14. (10) xvii. 15; Isa. xxxiii. 17; Job xix. 25— iii. 2. (11) John xvii. 24. (12) Matt Rev. i. 7.

We propose to give

PRIZES

of books to the *three best sets of* accordance with the rules as stat answer to the questions of our Mi Class during the next six months.

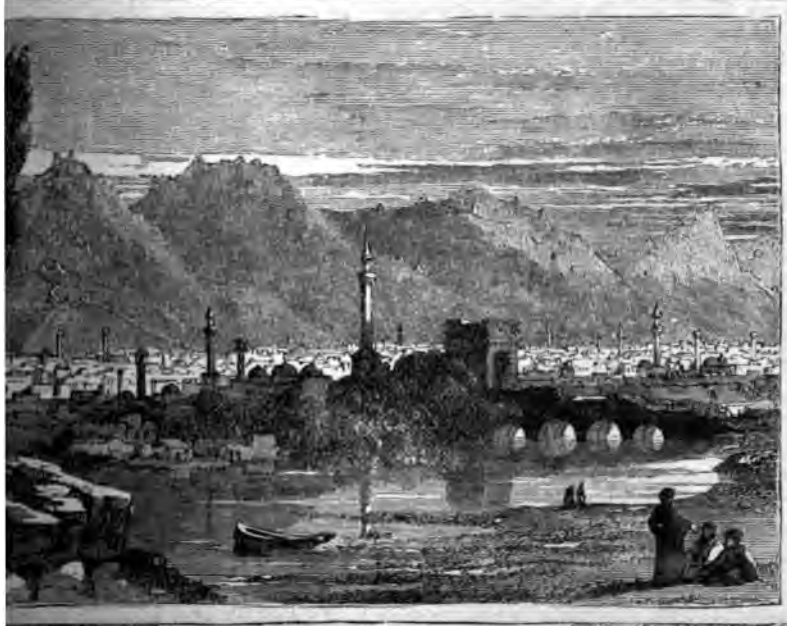
These prizes will be awarded number.

* Several papers refer to Lam We do not know that either of th *apostles*, and see v. 18.

*London: Church Missionary* House, Salisbury Square; Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday, 54, Fleet St

ARY, 1881.] [Price One Halfpenny

# CHURCH JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR MISSIONARY SOCIETY



ANTIOCH.

ACTS x. 19—21

# ANTIOCH.

ACTS x. 19—21.

IT is very striking to see how the Gospel of Christ was spread abroad by the very means that seemed sure to hinder it—the death of the martyr Stephen. I daresay many of you know the old and true saying: "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church."

The rage of the Jews against the name of Jesus, which was stirred up by the boldness of the holy Stephen, a man very like his Master, Christ, was the beginning of a persecution in which many believers in Jesus were driven from their homes at Jerusalem; and these wanderers, as they went from place to place, carried with them the message of the Gospel. At first they preached only to Jews, but some of them, when they reached Antioch, "spake to the Grecians," or Gentiles, of Christ the Saviour; and many of their hearers "believed and turned to the Lord." What a simple and beautiful record of the work to which Christ's messengers are called, and the result they are to expect! These humble and unnamed men of Cyprus "spake of the Lord Jesus;" and those who heard them "turned to Him."

Thus Antioch, instead of Jerusalem, became the chief centre of the Church.

This Antioch had been a city of great earthly importance, before it received this far greater honour; it was a place of meeting for all classes of people—a meeting point for the caravans from Mesopotamia and the ships of the Mediterranean; it might have been called, like Constantinople afterwards, "the Gate of the East." One writer has called it "a union of four cities;" two of its divisions were built on level ground, where a few poor habitations may still be seen. Another part, the New City, was on an island, round which flowed the River Orontes, and this island, like that on the Seine at Paris, became part of a grand whole, by its thoroughfares and bridges, and its noble buildings. The fourth division of Antioch was built on two craggy summits of Mount Silpius; and at the rugged bases of this mountain the ground was levelled for a glorious street, which extended for four miles across the length of the city, and where crowds could walk through continuous colonnades from the eastern to the western suburb. But the population of this great and beautiful city was for the most part a worthless rabble of Greeks and Orientals, given up to the grossest superstitions, and the most degraded pleasures.

Yet here in Antioch took place, as we have seen, the first gathering in of the Gentiles as a body—"a great number" in Antioch believed; and when Barnabas was sent by the Church in Jerusalem to aid in the blessed work thus begun, "much people was added to the Lord" by the power of "the Holy Ghost and the faith" which dwelt in this good man.

And this Antioch was the scene of other important beginnings in the history of the Church of Christ. "The disciples were called Christians first in Antioch;" it was, no doubt, in contempt that this name, now so precious to believers, was given to them in Antioch by Gentiles, for the Jews would not have given the name of their still-expected Messiah to the hated followers of the rejected Jesus.

In Antioch, also, occurred the first instance of Christian love, shown in compassion and

p towards unknown brethren for Christ's
e (Acts xi. 29).

Here also took place the first setting apart
nd sending forth of the Apostles of Christ
or special Missionary work (Acts xiii. 1).

In Antioch the first Missionary meeting of the Christian Church was held. In Acts xiv. 27, we read how Paul and Barnabas, after their first Missionary tour, came back to Antioch, and related to the assembled Church "all that God had done with them;" and how He had "opened the door of faith unto the Gentiles."

And it was to Antioch the good news was first brought that Gentile converts were to remain unfettered by the bondage of Jewish rites and ceremonies (Acts xv. 23); that the fold of Christ was to be a world-wide kingdom, not a Jewish sect. And this decision of the Christian Church, taught by the Spirit of God, which caused such rejoicing in Antioch, opened "the door of faith" to every "kindred and tongue and nation and people"—even to us in England to-day: and its effects will extend till the message of life and liberty in Christ shall have been carried "to the uttermost parts of the earth."

## THE BUDDHIST'S HOPE AND THE CHRISTIAN'S HOPE.

ONE of our converts was catechized, the other day, by a Buddhist priest. This same convert, only a year ago, was his worshipper and disciple; he had also made an offering of twenty flags, to adorn the Buddhist processions.

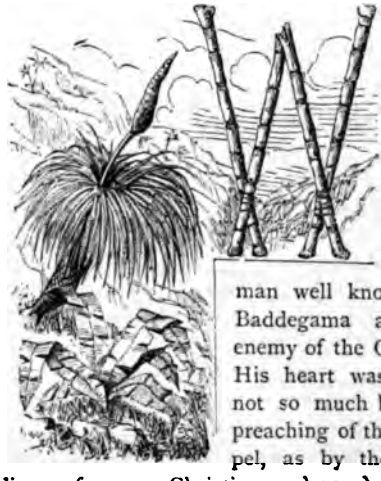
...u seen in Buddhism to forsake it?" the priest asked him; "and what good things have you seen in Christianity to embrace it?"

"Buddha says there is no God," replied the convert, "and if the face of the whole earth was covered with locusts, and you could count them, yet you could not count the number of times, in your previous existence, that you have come into life. The Bible says we are God's offspring—God's sons. Buddha says annihilation is the good thing; God says eternal life, free from sin, sorrow, and decay, is the good thing."

"Then," said the priest, "I see you are immovable; your heart is given to God. Nothing is so immovable as the belief of the heart."

Baddegama, Ceylon. J. ALLCOCK.

## KNOWN BY THEIR FRUITS.



WE have the glad news to tell of the conversion of a man well known in Baddegama as an enemy of the Gospel. His heart was won, not so much by the preaching of the Gospel, as by the holy lives of some Christians whom he knew

intimately. "Not one true Buddhist priest or layman have I found; but I have found a few true Christians," he said. "Buddhists are envious and jealous when their neighbour gets something to eat. I perceive that the really pure people, and well-wishers of the world, are true Christians. Such men as Mr. Mayor and his successors, and their converts, do not come to seek our goods, but the salvation of our souls."

Ceylon. J. ALLCOCK.

## FREEWILL OFFERINGS.

THE Christians of our Talampitiya district are all poor, and they are not able to give much money towards the support of their pastors. At every service, however, a collection is made, and they bring also the produce of a portion of their fields and gardens. The amount of these offerings in one year was eighty bushels of rice and the fruit of twenty-one cocoanut-trees.

At a neighbouring village, Hewadiwela, the Christians have been building a church of stone, which is now nearly ready to be used for Divine service. This building, in other parts of the country, would have cost more than £300, but I hope to finish it for less than £100, because the stones, timber, and unskilled labour have been given free of cost. It has been very pleasant to see how heartily and cheerfully the Christians have worked at this house of prayer for the glory of God.

Kandy, Ceylon. S. COLES.

## THE STORY OF A MISSIONA BASKET.

F
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which I resi
when they
formed me
I was going to be turned to account f
novel and very special object. They placed
on the table, and I saw myself surroun
by a host of pretty, useful articles of my yo
friends' handiwork, such as pin-cushi
pen-wipers, work-bags, scrap-books, bal
frocks, and pinafores, and socks, &c., t
of which busy fingers were fastening
slips of paper. I noticed also some fr
work neatly done by their brothers,
was much admired. Wonderingly I w
as the little girls began placing wi
one thing after another, till I was w
and soon afterwards I felt mys
carried along the road, and
children talk of the houses to
should take me.

I felt not a little curious
ception we should meet with.
from the first I felt myself to

of the party, and a sharer with the young folk in their pleasure or disappointment, according as our errand was or was not successful. I am glad to tell you that on being introduced as "the Missionary Basket" I was generally kindly received, though, of course, my welcome was in some cases much warmer than in others.

Well do I remember the glee of my young conductors when they had a good sum (in exchange for their wares) to put into the little purse that accompanied us, and their downcast faces when we were refused admittance, which, however, very seldom happened.

By degrees I learnt what it meant to be a "Missionary Basket," viz., that I had become a member of the great Church Missionary Society, which sends the Gospel to the heathen.

By the end of the summer I found there was hardly anything left in me to carry, while our little purse was pretty full; and when we counted out its coins we were well content to find it £4 1*s.* 8*d.*

"Now," thought I, "my work is over." But no, I was only to have a holiday for a while, and all through the long winter evenings my young friends were busy, preparing to refill me. The chief novelty was a supply of Scripture puzzles, maps, &c., cut into odd-shaped pieces by means of the fret-saw, and though these were heavier than most of my luggage, they were sold off so quickly when the summer season came round that they did not seriously inconvenience me. Our profits this time amounted to £6. And now I was a well-known character in the household; friends who visited at the house would add articles for sale, or make purchases, or give us orders for work, and our business grew and prospered, till at the close of our fifth year we made a little over £8.

After five years thus happily spent, I began to tremble for my fate, for I heard rumours that my family were leaving the neighbourhood, and I feared lest I might be left behind. However, I soon became too busy for anxious thoughts. It was resolved that this last year we should put forth double energy, and, I can assure you, we *did* work. What a hunting up there was of scraps! What marvellous odds and ends were turned to account! What original notions were started!

I can only tell you one of these "novelties of the season"—little boxes of perforated cardboard, about three inches long and an inch and a half wide and deep, were worked with silks; on one side they had the initials C.M.S., and on the other an appropriate text; while at the top a slit was cut, large enough to admit small silver pieces, or, of course, better still *gold*, should such a coin ever be bestowed on this elegant little "beggar."*

It was a real pleasure to us all when, at the close of our last year's labours, the amount realized proved to be the desired £20.

In six years I had had the privilege of helping to earn £58; and my readers can well believe what joy my dear young owners had found in being employed even in this small way in the service of Christ.

And for myself I sometimes think I am like the little ship that waited on Jesus (Mark iii. 9)—though not able to do anything, I can yet be used in His name.

If any who read my story feel inclined to try the plan it suggests, my hearty advice to them is to *begin at once*, and not to "despise the day of small things." U.

* One of these handed round our household on birthday and other special occasions produced in one year 10*s.*

# WESTWARD AND NORTHWARD IN NORTH-WEST AMERICA.

INTRODUCTION.

WE do not want to give our young friends a dry lesson in geography, yet we may as well let you have fair warning that you will not find it interesting to read this story of Missionary work, "Westward and Northward in North-West America," unless you get out your maps; and the largest maps you can find will help you best to understand what a vast tract of land we have to tell you about.

*Westward* we must start from Red River (or Manitoba) and Lake Winnipeg, and follow the waving lines of the Saskatchewan as far as the Rocky Mountains (see picture p. 19), a thousand miles away; and *Northward*, we will measure from this same Saskatchewan River, and along the course of the great Mackenzie River, till it reaches the Arctic Seas.

Do you know how this country was described not long ago? It was called "The fag-end of America, and a waste bit of the world." But you know enough to tell that those splendid rivers which water the whole region, should prevent its being a waste land, and it can hardly be "The fag-end of America," since there lie hundreds of miles still *further* north and west the great countries of Alaska and British Columbia.

Yet in one sense this north-west region, that you have marked out, is waste and desert, for it is a very desolate and lonely land. Not sunny corn-fields and pleasant meadows where cattle graze, are found on its river banks; but gloomy forests and vast prairies, stretching further than the eye can reach, *where herds* of the wild buffalo roam. And *instead of busy cities* and towns, a few scattered huts of Indian hunters signs of human life.

Some people say that the ti hand when white men will come, came to New England and to will settle and make life and silent hunting-fields of the Red yet, though the country is large a kingdom in the Old World hardly find so much as a good in the whole land, and the nativ not number more than 35,000.

When you have heard at meetings, or read in your Missi of the Red Indians, whom Mr. sixty years ago at Red River, or journeys on sledges, or in boat Missionaries now make round H you may have thought that was west; but do you know that trav region we have to tell about c Bay, and even Red River, the look upon Red River Settleme gay and crowded place? thoug enough that in Mr. West's day "a waste bit of the world."

You must have heard how, for teachers have gone forth from and round the shores of Hud search out the scattered Indian name of Jesus, and have tried to into His fold, and many a touch may read about these people.* lately that Christ's messengers for the wanderers along the gre wan and Mackenzie Rivers, you how they were led to t how their work is prospering t

*(To be continued.)*

* For history of these Missio America read, "The Rainbow Miss Tucker, and "Day-Spri by M. E. J.

THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS, FROM THE SASKATCHEWAN PLAIN.

# RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD.

## CHINA AND ITS CREEDS.

BUDDHISM (*continued*).

THAT night Gautama sent his faithful servant Chauna for his horse. It was midnight. In the silence and darkness he went to the threshold of his wife's chamber; the flickering lamp showed her sleeping among her flowers, her hand on the head of their child. He longed to take that child in his arms once more; but it might not be.

Within were light, warmth, fragrance, love; without were cold, darkness, and penury; but also (as he believed) the only way by which he might be delivered from the bondage of sin and corruption.

Turning his back on all that made life precious, Gautama rode forth into the night. Behind him lay the palace of his fathers, and the home of his wife and child; before him lay the wide, unknown world, which was henceforth to hold no home for him.

In the caves of a remote hill-side several hermits had settled, endeavouring to find, in solitary communion with nature, that peace which the world had failed to give them. Gautama joined himself to these men, and learned all that Hindu philosophy could teach him about this world and the next.

The Brahmins taught that a man who wasted himself with penances, and rendered his bodily life as uncomfortable as he well could, would, by this means, gain great insight into spiritual matters. Gautama resolved to adopt this plan. He retired into a jungle, and there, attended by five disciples, he lived for six years, almost wasting himself to a shadow by fasting and self-mortification.

His fame spread abroad everywhere; but fame was not what he wanted. Self-torture brought him no peace of mind; bodily hunger did not feed his soul. The worst of mental suffering—doubt, overtook him—doubt as to whether he was on the right road after all.

One day, while walking about, apparently deep in thought, he suddenly fell to the ground. His disciples thought him dead; but he presently rose, and to their intense surprise and mortification, took food like anybody else.

Disgusted with this fall—for such they considered it—his disciples left him alone in the second great crisis of his life. Everything had failed him. Rank and wealth had failed to satisfy; learning had not given him the knowledge he desired; fasting and loneliness had brought him no nearer the goal he was striving to attain.

His followers have described the conflict through which he passed in very poetical language. "When the conflict began between the Saviour of the World and the Prince of Evil, clouds and darkness prevailed." The account goes on to state that the earth quaked, mountains fell, and the sun was veiled in gloom.

This may be only a figurative way of stating what darkness surrounded his soul, and how all the foundations of his old faith seemed shaken.

Thus, it is said, he struggled from sunrise to sunset. When the sun sank, and the sudden, eastern night came down, it seemed as if the light he had so long sought after dawned upon his soul.

E. SUTTON.

## AN AFRICAN'S FIRST LETTER.

THOSE of our readers who remember hearing a little while ago of the little body of Christians at Godoma, beyond Frere Town, in East Africa,* and of the strange way in which the Gospel was carried to them by a Missionary's runaway servant, will like, we are sure, to have our latest tidings about them.

Mr. Streeter visited them last July. He says :—

"We had a happy time there; many people coming all day long to our little hut, so that we had good opportunity of speaking a word for the Master, and George was busy teaching our Godoma brethren. On Sunday we had nice services; never did I see a more attentive congregation; and it was very pleasant the next day to come across three or four of the men sitting under a tree with their 'Barth's Bible Stories.' They were trying to find out more about what I had told them.

"One of the Christians, Jeremiah, was anxious to learn writing, so I gave him some letters, which he partly knew, and the next day set him his first copy. The whole day long did he sit scribbling away, and the next morning he was at my hut before six o'clock to get a fresh copy before we started home. At Easter, he came to Frere Town with Abbe Sidi and their good wives, each bringing an infant to be received into Christ's fold. They soon returned, except Jeremiah, who stayed with me to learn, and in five weeks he wrote the following letter in a room by himself without any help. George has given a literal translation of it. I think it a beautiful letter, and clearly it shows who is the Great Teacher of these Godoma Christians, and why they get on as they do. Jeremiah is a happy, trusting, gentle Christian, a model of perseverance."

Jeremiah's letter to Mr. Streeter :—

"We, the Christians of Godoma, do ask you, the bishops, and our ministers. . . . We are in trouble for a person to teach us. Do you not know that a sheep without a shepherd cannot be without being lost? Is it not so? But a sheep which has a shepherd, when it want to go into the forest, he will bring it back on the road, because he is near, he cares for it. And if you wish a sheep which has a shepherd—well, get us a person to teach us also, for we are in much trouble. O, our master we do fall on our knees, and do ask that you may have mercy on us, as God has had mercy on us, and gave His Son Jesus Christ, so you also may have mercy on us; that we may know that we have our own shepherd. He would feed us. If we have a person to teach us we shall be glad; every person's heart will be rejoicing for having a person to teach us. This we tell you that you may know what is the thing we need in our home. And all this we do ask for the sake of Jesus our Saviour."

* CHURCH MISSIONARY JUVENILE INSTRUC-

## THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

I WAS much interested to see the joy with which one of our Christians brought an old blind man, seventy-seven years of age, to be examined for baptism. He had been the means, in God's hands, of bringing him to Christ. The poor old man also seemed full of joy that now, in his old age, he had heard of the true Saviour. He answered my questions very fairly, and when once he hesitated, his friend rose and pleaded very earnestly that he might not be rejected. I very gladly baptized him.

Ku-Cheng, China. L. LLOYD.

## LIFE AMONG THE HINDUS.

(*Address given at a Juvenile Meeting by the* REV. F. W. AINLEY.)

MONG the Hindus there are three things which cause much misery. The first is their belief about God; the second, about themselves; and the third, about the life after death. I shall tell you about each of these things.

In the country of Travancore, where I was living, we had very few high roads, but in place of those there were many beautiful rivers, up and down which we used to travel in boats rowed by ten or twelve natives. One day I was with another Missionary, and at twelve o'clock we halted at a place where many trees grew near to the river. I got out of the boat and walked in amongst the trees, to be sheltered from the blazing mid-day sun, and as I walked I came on a strange sight. Five or six men were sitting in a circle, cross-legged, on the ground; their long black hair was loose and streaming; they were beating small drums with their hands, and singing a shrill chorus. I asked them the reason of their doings.

"Oh, sahib! there is a child there (pointing to a house a little distance off) that has got *a devil, and we* are driving it out."

*Leaving them, I* approached the house, and outside, on the grass, a father held in his arms his suffering child, who was screaming with pain. The father told me that his little boy had been in this state for six hours, and knowing no better, he thought some god was angry with him, and had sent a devil into his son. He had called for these priests, hoping that they might be able to do something for him.

There are many fathers in India who have no better knowledge than this, and it is to such that we can go and say, "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him," and we can tell them what the Son of God did when the father brought to Him his sick child, who was possessed with a devil. Such is indeed good news. Hindu fathers love their children very dearly, and if they can believe that God loves them even more than they love their children they will learn to love God too.

But that which works most evil, of all the many evils in India, is what is called caste.

One class of men, called Brahmins, think they are of a different species from all others, that they are holy because they are born Brahmins. Some of them do wicked deeds, but this makes no difference to their holiness. If a man belonging to a low caste comes near a Brahmin, he will be very angry, and think that he is polluted. This is the very essence of their religion.

In this country, if we see a poor sick man needing help, we should try to do what we could for him, as our Lord Jesus taught in the parable of the Good Samaritan; but it is not so in India. A Brahmin, or other man of high caste, would far sooner let a man die on the road than go near him if he was of a lower caste. So there is no sympathy, no fellow-feeling, but the heart becomes hard, and cruel, and callous.

(*To be continued.*)

## JUVENILE CONTRIBUTIONS.

| | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Brixton, St. Matthew's—Juvenile Association | 17 | 1 | 0 |
| "Broadwater Bees" | 1 | 10 | 0 |
| Sculbury Christian Church Sunday School | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Crossle, Mrs. L., and Pupils | 0 | 15 | 0 |
| Cromford—Girls' Sewing Class, and Friends | 3 | 10 | 0 |
| *Eastbourne, Trinity Church—Juvenile Association | 53 | 12 | 4 |

### A PRECIOUS LEGACY.

You heard last November, dear young friends, how one of your number, the little C. M. S., who so dearly loved to help in sending the knowledge of her Saviour to heathen lands, was called away to the happy home in her Saviour's presence. Do you remember how we read that her great wish had been to find £1 in her Missionary-box when next it should be opened? The next Missionary meeting in her home was held not long after little Clara had been called away, and we are sure that you will like to hear once more about that box, just like your own, which has become such a precious treasure in her earthly home.

"We sadly missed her little, beaming face last week at our Missionary meeting, and especially when the boxes were opened, in which she took such great interest. Her own dear box (perhaps some of your little readers may like to know) contained no less this year than £2 4s. 9d.

"So long as God spares us that box will be carefully kept on my study table, reminding us day by day, not only of the dear old C.M.S., but of our sweet, young C. M. S. who has gone to join the great multitude which no man can number in her Saviour's presence."

E. STEAD.

* At a large Missionary Meeting, held at Eastbourne, May 29th, last year, a Juvenile Association was started for Trinity parish. The sum here given, £53 12s. 4d., is the result of *six months' work* in connexion with this Association. The following figures prove how successful has been this effort to call in the help of Juvenile workers for the support of the Mission cause:—

The contributions of the Trinity Sunday Schools during the previous *twelve months* had been about £6 7s. 9d. During the following *six months*, after the Juvenile Association had been formed, these rose to £11 15s. 8d. There appear to have been two Missionary-boxes held by young people before May 29th; there are now sixty-three Missionary-boxes in their possession, which in the six months received £33 1s. 2d.

The collections at Juvenile Meetings rose from



### MISSIONARY SKETCH FOR DECEMBER 1880.

*Shergold Smith*, the son of Commander F. A Smith, R.N., was born August 16th, 1846. He entered as a cadet on board H.M. training-ship "Britannia," 1860, and passed the next year as first prizeman. He served on board the "Trafalgar," "Cordelia," and "Duncan" in the Mediterranean, and in North America. He became lieutenant in 1869, and served on the West Coast of Africa. While engaged in the Ashanti war he was attacked by the jungle fever, which injured his eyesight, and the naval doctors advised his retirement from the service. He then entered St. John's College, Highbury, with the intention of taking holy orders; but before his studies there were completed his eyesight improved, and he offered himself for the Nyanza Mission. He was appointed leader of the expedition to Central Africa, by the Church Missionary Society; and started with one clergyman, and five laymen, March 11th, 1877. Lieutenant Smith reached King Mtesa's palace, August 10th. Having recrossed the Lake Nyanza with one of his party—Mr. O'Neele—to bring up fresh supplies, they were both killed in an attack made on them by the natives, December 7th, 1877. A tablet in

erected to the memory of Lieutenant Shergold Smith in the village church of Escot, Devonshire.

KATHERINE E. BROWN (aged 14),
Great Clacton, Colchester.

Papers also received from Lucy Brown and Frederick Kittermaster.

## OUR MISSIONARY BIBLE CLASS.

*Rule* 1.—*Papers must be sent in before the end of the month in which the subject is given.*

*Rule* 2.—*Only contributors sixteen years old and under can compete for prizes.*

*Rule* 3.—*The name, age, and address of the writer must be given* at the beginning *of each paper.*

*Rule* 4.—*Only one side of the paper must be written on.*

*Rule* 5.—*When more than one sheet of paper is used the separate sheets must be tacked together.*

### THE LOST SHEEP.

1. Which Prophet speaks of desolation and death as the fate of sheep without a shepherd?
2. Where, in the Old Testament, is the shepherdless sheep employed as a picture of desolation? and where, in the New Testament, are such regarded as objects of pity?
3. Of what is the going astray of the sheep a figure? Of how many people do we read that they thus go astray, and how soon do these wanderings commence?
4. What is the one hope for the recovery of these lost sheep?
5. In what short sentence does Jeremiah show the shepherd's twofold office?—1st, towards wandering sheep; 2nd, towards the sheep of His fold.
6. Find two passages in each of which the Lord Jesus pictures Himself as fulfilling one of these offices.
7. Where are the Israelites pictured as the sheep of God, tended by His under shepherds?
8. We learn from Christ's own words that He Himself brings in every soul that is gathered into His fold. Quote these words.
9. Find passages in the Epistles in which the word shepherd is applied to Jesus Christ.
10. When did Jesus appoint His under shepherds? What was the condition of their fitness for *the office?*
11. Quote from the Old Testament words wh tell of God's joy at the return of the w derers to Himself.
12. Find a passage in the Old, and one in New Testament, describing the shepherd his sheep, which illustrate the truth taugh Gal. iii. 28.
13. What can you learn from Scripture about characteristics and about the privileges of sheep and lambs of Christ's fold?

"None of the ransom'd ever knew
How deep were the waters cross'd,
Nor how dark was the night that the Lor
pass'd through,
Ere He found His sheep that was lost."

### SCRIPTURE ANSWERS FOR DECEMBER.

(1) Luke vii. 9; Matt. xv. 28. Both w Gentiles. (2) Matt. xv. 22; Mark vii. 24. Mark iii. 8. (5) Matt. xv. 23, 24, 26; Mark 27. The hindrance seemed to be from Ch Himself, Mark ix. 22. (6) They would h Jesus do what she asked that they might be of her. Jesus said He was not sent to such as h (7) Christ's personal mission was to the Jews, " confirm the promises made unto the fathers;" His death He broke down the barrier betw Jew and Gentile. Not till after His resurrect was the mystery revealed that the Gentiles sho be partakers of the promises. (8) Matt. xv. 25; Mark vii. 24, 25. (9) Luke xviii. 1— James v. 16; Luke xi. 9, 10. (10) Col. iv. (11) The prayers were intercessory. (12) E vi. 18. In the Spirit, Rom. viii. 26, 27.

### PRIZES

for the three best sets of Scripture papers sent the members of our Bible Class, from July December, 1880, have been earned by

Alice Harding, aged 16, Uckfield.
Margaret Simcox, aged 15, Edgbaston.
Millicent Simcox, aged 13, Edgbaston.

The papers of Frederick Kittermaster, Cl Wood, George Sands, and Anne Fox also deser honourable mention.

IT is intended to give our readers a Service Song on the Slave Trade, a portion of which w appear in each quarter of the present year. W hope to insert the first part in the March number

*London: Church Missionary* House, Salisbury Square; Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday, 54, Fleet Stre

ARCH, 1881.] [Price One Halfpenny.

# CHURCH JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR MISSIONARY SOCIETY

CYPRUS.

ZEPH. II. 10.

# CYPRUS.

"Men shall worship Him, even all the isles of the heathen."—ZEPH. ii. 1.

OFTEN in the Old Testament we read of the isles scattered over that "great sea," the Mediterranean, whose waves wash the shores of Palestine. Prophets of old were guided by the Holy Spirit to foretell the time when these isles of the west shall share the blessings of Messiah's rule;* and now we shall see how Christ's messengers were guided by the same Holy Spirit to preach His kingdom in one of the most beautiful of these islands.†

When Paul and Barnabas were sent out from the Church of Antioch, and made their way to the port of Seleucia, at the mouth of the river Orontes, they could see, far to the west across the sea, a hazy outline of hills, which were well known to one of the travellers, for these were the mountains of Cyprus, the native land of Barnabas.‡

Cyprus, which lies only a few hours' sail in fine weather from the coast of Syria, is said to be "the isle of Kittim, or Chittim," whose people, and their merchandise, their ships, and their idolatry, are mentioned in the Old Testament.§ It was a fertile land of corn, and wine, and oil. Precious stones and useful metals were hidden in mines under its soil. Sheltered bays around its coast gave shelter to many a vessel; and it was so famous in ancient days for its charms that a Roman author calls it "blest Cyprus." A pleasant halting-place for travellers, therefore, it must have been; but it was not for this reason that Paul and Barnabas "sailed to Cyprus."

Many Jews were living in the busy sea-port town of Salamis, where they landed; and you will remember that already, soon after the murder of Stephen, Jews who believed in the Lord Jesus had fled to Cyprus, and from Cyprus had crossed over to Antioch, telling of His love.* Paul and Barnabas, who spent a whole year in Antioch,† must no doubt have heard often of the little Church of the faithful in the island, and of the many Jews who did not believe in Christ; and now their first visit on this Missionary journey would be to these Jews, where, besides, Barnabas found his own friends and relations.

After the Missionaries had preached the Word among the Jews at Salamis, they travelled the whole length of the isle of Cyprus (about 100 miles) to the chief city, Paphos. In this city there dwelt a man such as Missionaries of our own times sometimes rejoice to find in heathen lands—Sergius Paulus, the Roman governor, an honest seeker after the truth. Perhaps you think one thing we are told about this man does not show him to have been very "prudent." He actually had for his trusted teacher and friend a Jewish impostor and sorcerer, a man named Elymas. But we must remember that Sergius Paulus knew no better doctrine than Elymas could teach him. He was an honest man, who was not satisfied with the cold religion of his own race, and could find only empty show or shameless wickedness in the idolatry of Cyprus. Then there came to him this

* Isa. xlii. 4, 10; li. 5; lxvi. 19, &c.
† Acts xiii. 4—12. ‡ Acts iv. 36.
§ Gen. x. 4, 5; Num. xxiv. 24; Isa. xxiii. 1, 2; Jer. ii. 10; Ezek. xxvii. 6; Dan. xi 30.

* Acts xi. 19, 20. † Acts xi. 26.

iver, who pretended to be taught from
en; and very likely Elymas, being a
had more head knowledge of God
gh the Scriptures than any heathen
l possess, and so was able to mix up
nough truth with his false teaching to
the governor trust in him.

hat a happy day it was for this honest, mis-
d heathen when the messengers of Christ
ed the city of Paphos! And is it not a
ed thought for us that now we can help
nd out men who tell of the only true
and of His dear Son to many a seeker
God scattered in heathen lands, with
idol priests or medicine-men for their
es? *

u all know how Sergius Paulus attended
e message of Christ's love, and how, by
power of God, the false teacher was
shed. The governor was not only startled
convinced by seeing his deceiver struck
l; the words spoken by the Apostles
t Jesus touched his heart, for we read
elieved, being astonished at the *doctrine*
hings taught) of the Lord.† It was the
derful Gospel message that won him.

us it was on the island of Cyprus that
irst battle between the servants of Christ
the powers of darkness was fought for a
hen soul. We do not often read of
us after this in the Acts of the Apostles.
abas was there once again,‡ but it does
seem that Paul ever revisited it. Only
years after this he sighted its shores,
n he was borne a prisoner on the far
e distant voyage to Rome.§

here is one reason why we feel now a
ial interest in the story of Gospel preach-
in Cyprus. After having often changed
ls in ancient and modern times, and
having had Egyptians, Assyrians, Greeks, Romans, Venetians, and then for many hundred years Turks for its rulers, most of you know, perhaps, that Cyprus has now become a British province, and the Cypriotes are your fellow-subjects.

## THE BACKSLIDER'S TESTIMONY.

AN unhappy man, who, though he professed to be a Christian, had always been an unsatisfactory character, has lately left us and gone back to heathenism. He gave a great feast to the heathen, and asked to be admitted again among them. As he stood up before the assembly, he said, with great emotion, "Brethren, I desire to renounce Christianity, and to re-embrace Hinduism. I do so, not because Hinduism is better, but because Christianity condemns out and out my evil deeds, which Hinduism freely and fully allows. Although I now join your ranks, I cannot but tell to all of you my deep conviction that Christianity is the only true religion, which God has given to mankind for their happiness in this world, and eternal salvation in the world to come."

*Deccan (W. India).* RUTTONJI NOWRAJI.

eek, and ye shall find," p. 29. † Acts v. 12.
§ Acts xxvii. 4.

# RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD.

## CHINA AND ITS CREEDS.

### BUDDHISM (*continued*).

AND what was the light which Gautama received; and which caused him to gain the title of *Buddha*—that is, *enlightened?*

He saw that all mankind were miserable, and chiefly, as he knew, because they were always grasping after something *for themselves* which they could never attain.

If desire causes misery, would not the absence of desire be peace? But it is vain to try and subdue inward desires by mortifying the body. If the disease is inward, inward must be the remedy.

"Give up" (he seems to have taught, first himself, and then others), "give up this vain longing for personal happiness; lose your own sorrow in the sorrow of mankind. Love all men, and seek to serve them. Only by this road can you attain to wisdom and peace."

"These are very good words," you may say; "but not very new, are they?"

Not very new to you, perhaps, who from your earliest childhood have heard such words as these: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness;" "By love serve one another;" "Is not this the fast which I have chosen? to loose the heavy burdens, to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke?"

But, remember, Gautama found this out five hundred years before He came into the world, who was to teach it the perfect law of liberty and love. Remember that he had no inspired prophet to teach him that "God will *have mercy and not* sacrifice;" and that no *amount of outward* washing will avail if the *heart* be not cleansed. But did Gauta teach that man is accountable to God for actions, or, indeed, that there is any God gods, for man to be accountable to?

As far as I can discover—No. It i little difficult to make out clearly what he his followers do teach on this subject. one thing, they taught in a different langua so we can only learn what they say by *tra lation;* and as some of you may know, i often *very* difficult to correctly transpose idea from one language to another.

Again, their way of expressing themsel is very *metaphysical.* Do you wish to kn what metaphysical means?

Some witty person has said, "When talks to B. about something which he does understand, and when B. doesn't understa it any better, that is metaphysics." But t dictionaries say, grandly (if a little vaguely that it is "the science of the mind."

You all know that *thoughts* are more di ficult to describe than *things;* that it is muc less easy to speak of what you *feel* than what you *see.* So you will not be surprise to learn that it is not easy to make out clear what Gautama taught about God. He seem to have believed that there were superi beings, but these were no more immortal th man himself.

"Nothing *is*, everything *becomes*." Th is, nothing remains as it was. Everythi changes into some new condition or conc tions.

No voice, whether inward or outwar spoke to Gautama of One who said, "I a the Lord; I change not."

E. SUTTON.

## "SEEK, AND YE SHALL FIND."

A FEW years ago there lived beyond the Rocky Mountains, in North America, an Indian who, though far away from any Christian teaching, had learnt to know something of himself. He felt there was "bad in his heart," and that he should not have peace until he had "got the bad out of him." He often hid himself in the mountain clefts, and fasted so strictly that even his Indian power of endurance could hold out no longer.* Yet the bad heart did not leave him. Then he turned to men for help. He sought the medicine-men, and tried to win their help with costly offerings of furs. He became himself a medicine-man, and joined the flesh-eating caste; but it was all in vain. At last, when he had grown old and blind, a wondrous report reached him. An Indian, whom he chanced to meet, told him that One who made sun and moon, mountain and river, and fish, sent His Son to the world to take the bad out of him. Eagerly the blind man asked to know more of the Great Spirit and of His Son; but it was not much more that his friend could tell. There were some words about the report, however, he knew, "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners;" and if the old man cared to take a journey of some hundreds of miles down to the coast, there was a man there who could tell all he wants to know. With his grandson for a guide, the blind old man sets out on his journey. Neither his feebleness nor his sightlessness matter to him, for has he not spent years in looking for some one to help him? and what are a few weeks of toilsome journeying if only at last he can find a deliverer from his sins? And so they travel on day by day, and camp at night under the cold, clear sky; the old man ever murmuring, as he gropes along, "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners."

And these words guided him to his journey's end. As he came near the coast, some Christian Indians were attracted by the familiar words; and when the tired traveller told his story, they directed him to the station where an American Missionary lived.

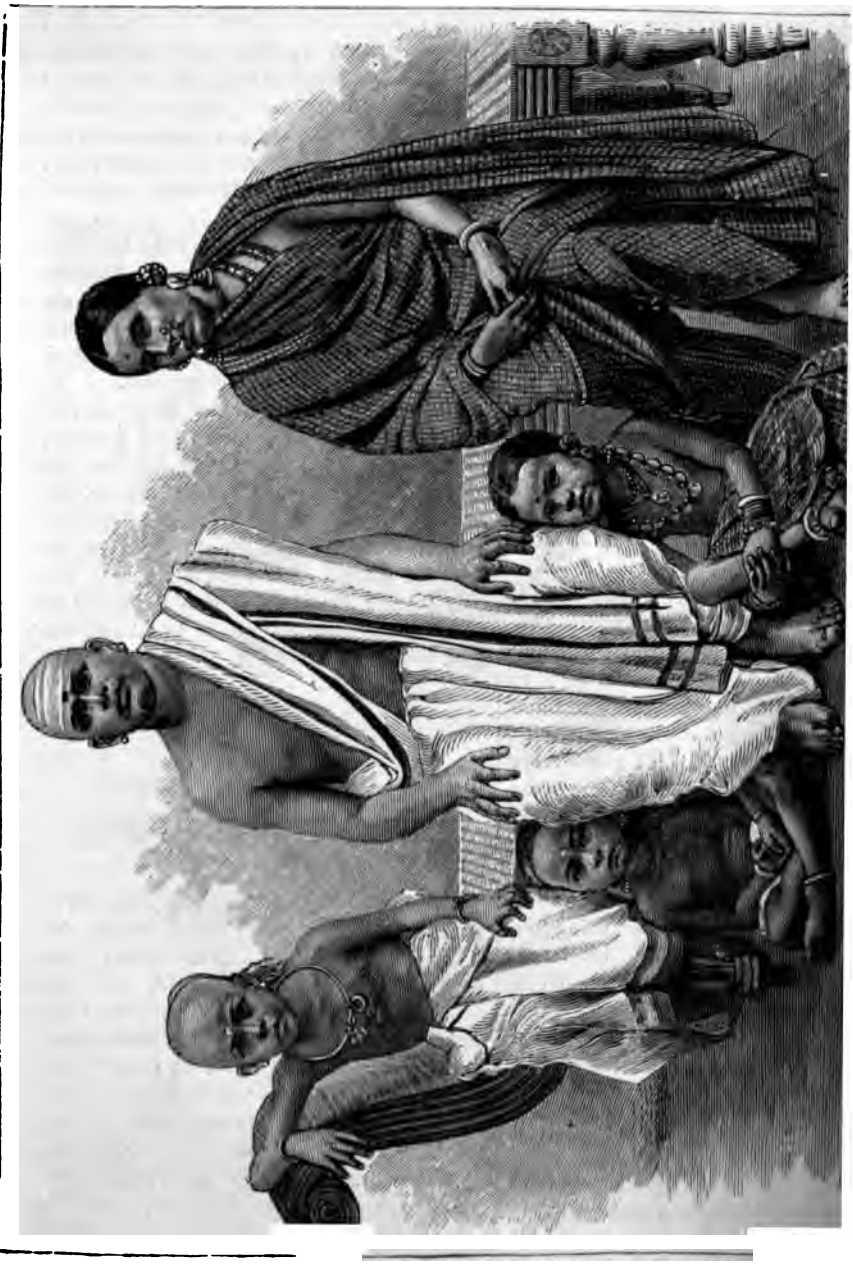
What a joyful task for this Missionary to be the messenger of Jesus to such a weary, hungering soul. I am sure there was not only gladness for him, but there was joy, too, in the presence of the angels, when that earnest seeker after God could say (as he soon did learn to say from his heart), not only "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners," but also, "He loved *me*, and gave Himself for *me*."

* Captain Butler tells of a blind Indian who lost his track in the prairie:—"He had been five days without food. No man can starve better than the Indian. For long days and nights he [illegible] without sustenance of any kind."

## LIFE AMONG THE HINDUS.

*(Continued.)*

ONE evening, as I was riding out in the country along one of the few roads in Travancore, I met some ten or twelve low-caste men and women returning from their work in the rice-fields. Some were carrying sticks, with which to make a fire for the coming meal; some were bringing home plantains and other vegetables. When they were about thirty yards from me, I came up with a Brahmin out for an evening walk. No sooner did he see these men than he



called out, "Go, go;" and they all immediately left the road, crouching down in the field beyond until the Brahmin had gone by. This is only one out of a thousand similar practices. It belongs to their religion, and wherever caste is there can never be Christ—where Christ is there can never be caste, I believe. Now what is the cure for this? The Gospel, and nothing else. We say that we all are sinners in God's sight; that His Son Jesus Christ came from heaven to save us, and became like one of us—not a rich man nor noble, but a servant, poor and of low estate; that, when on earth, He mixed with all classes, and on the cross He bore all our sins. This is the Gospel which shall overturn caste and bring all the ransomed children of God into one fold, under one Shepherd, Jesus Christ.

I have spoken of two great evils in India, and how they are to be remedied; a third is the Hindu belief about a future life. This is a very sad one. It is not quite the same throughout all the country, but a very general belief is this: When a Hindu dies his spirit passes away and enters some animal; when that animal dies the spirit enters some other animal, and so on through endless changes and forms. At last the weary spirit becomes part of God and is at rest, or, as many believe, becomes annihilated.

If Jesus Christ were not known to us in His words, and life and death, and resurrection and ascension, how should we know better than these Hindus about the future life? This, then, is the remedy. We are to go and tell them that the great God has spoken to us by His Son. We may tell of the many mansions in the Father's house. We can tell them that blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, for (instead of weary changes from animal to animal) they rest [illegible]; they *sleep in Jesus*, and shall rise again at His second coming, to be joined to sinless and painless and glorified bodies, and to be with Christ for ever.

See how the Gospel clears away the darkness from the mind and the sorrow from the heart, and ever pray that the nations of the earth may soon learn the love of God in Christ.

And, as you pray, work and give what you can, for the time is short, and a weary world is needing the tidings which can bring them love, and life, and hope.

F. W. AINLEY.

## A STRANGE CUSTOM.

DURING the last illness of the late Maharajah of Travancore, a most touching ceremony was performed, which bears some resemblance to the Jewish institution of the scape-goat. A man was found willing, for a consideration (10,000 rupees), to bear the responsibilities of the Maharajah's sins. He was brought into the royal presence, and after the Brahmins had performed certain ceremonies over him, the sick man tenderly embraced him. Then he was led out of the country of Travancore into the Tinnevelly district, with a charge never to return. Oh that the poor dying king could but have laid his sins on the real Sin-bearer—our precious Lord and Saviour!—*India's Women.*

## FROM THE BADDEGAMA SCHOOLS.

WE have heard more than once of the children in the Mission Schools in Baddegama District, Ceylon; and perhaps our young readers will remember how many little scholars there have carried the name of Jesus into their heathen homes. Last December the Missionary wrote, "I do not remember any time when there was a larger number of inquirers among the children in our schools."

If we ask—"Do these children hold fast by the truth when they have left the Mission School and their Christian teachers?"—I think Mr. Allcock gives us a very encouraging answer. He says, "Two young women who were educated in Baddegama Girls' School have died this year, and both left a good testimony behind them. One was married, and lived in a heathen village. Her heathen neighbours say *that she was the light of the village, and that the place is all dark now.* Two young people in the district were led by her to the knowledge of their Saviour. She died rejoicing in hope.

"An encouraging case for teachers occurred this year at Lihoala, a jungle-village, six miles from Baddegama. A boy had attended our school for four years, when a Buddhist priest enticed him to the temple by glowing accounts of the blessedness of being a Buddhist priest.

"Says he, 'The people will praise and worship you. Adorned with the sacred yellow robes you will receive divine honour. You will fare sumptuously every day; you will live in the temple, and have an easy life; you will have none of the miseries of *ordinary mortals*; no wife to feed, and no *children to bring up,' &c.*

"The boy was ensnared by such fair speeches, and his parents were glad, not only because they were Buddhists, but because their boy was provided with rice and curry; and they also got about twelve bags of paddy a year from the temple. He stayed there about three years, but his mind was not at rest; the world, the flesh, and the devil were drawing him one way, the Holy Spirit another; and this year it resulted in a spiritual triumph. Satan and his allies became enraged. One cruel man threatened to stab him if he did not say that Buddha and the priests were the most high refuge and strength of sinners. Others tried flattery and bribes; and for awhile we were afraid lest he should be moved by these trials. He has now cast off the yellow robe of the Buddhist priest, and we trust he has put on the pure and holy robes of Christ's righteousness. He has been baptized and confirmed, and is now a communicant. His father and mother were both present at his baptism, and are inclined to follow his example."

## THE UNBAPTIZED MISSIONARY.

THE little church of Satgurua converts now consists of about thirty members. One man who had been especially bitter against our few Native Christians, was attacked by sickness, and confined to his bed for several months. When he felt that he could not recover, he called for an elderly woman, who among the people of the village goes by the name of Bhaktin (a saint), and said to her, "Now tell me all you have learnt from the Missionary's daughter about Jesus Christ and His religion." The good old woman, who had not then been baptize-

him all she knew, and stayed with him nurse him. Some ten days afterwards he ame unconscious, and the people came carry the body away to the Ganges, accord- to Hindu fashion; but before this could done the man revived. When he had lied he said, "Oh, when my soul is about leave my body, then it sees a dark, adful place, and gets frightened, and nes back! Oh, how can I die?"

After a while he called to him the Satgurua man and said, "Now I know what I shall Go, there is my lota" (brass drinking- ssel), "cleanse that with your own hands, you are as good as a Christian;* cleanse lota well, so that the old touch may go off, and then go and draw water with that lota from the Christian well with your own hands, and bring me the water; I will drink it from your hands." The woman did as he wished; and he drank the water from her hands, and thus broke his caste, and broke with Hinduism. He then asked her to go and call his father, mother, brother, and his wife and children. He first turned to his wife, and said, "When I am dead, go and join the Christians, and have my children brought up as Christians. My son, my son, you by no means let him be brought up as a Hindu!" He spoke to his parents and brother in the same way. Soon afterwards he died; but his words have made a deep impression on many and from amongst those several converts have been lately baptized.

E. DROESE.

Bhagalpur (North India).

* Meaning she had as good as broken caste, so her touch on his lota would be unclean in eyes of a Hindu.

## "THY KINGDOM COME."

'M only a little herald,
But the kingdom needs my voice;
To herald in the King of kings
Is all my happy choice.

I can teach a text to brother,
And speak kind words of peace,
And help to bring His kingdom in,
Which ever shall increase.

I cannot be a herald bold
To distant lands to-day,
But if I learn my lessons well
I hope I may, some day.

I'm only a little worker,
But the kingdom needs my hand;
To use these busy fingers
For Jesus would be grand.

And day by day He'll give me work,
My happy childhood through ;
Some task of patience and of love,
Which only I can do.

I'm only a little soldier,
But the kingdom needs my sword,
I'll draw it from its scabbard—
God's own most holy Word.

First using it in my own heart,
To cut away each sin :
My mother bids me not forget
His kingdom is *within*.

I'll daily pray "Thy kingdom come!"
Seeking each day to bring
Some rebel thought to own Him Lord,
Some friend to own Him King.

CLARA THWAITES.

## A DIFFICULT MISSION FIELD.

THE District of Angampitiya, outside Cotta, Colombo, is thus described by a Native Catechist :—"Within a square mile, round about the place where I live, there are no less than thirty devil-dancers, devil-priests, and the men who perform incantations before images of clay to avert the evil influences of the planets. The consequence is that the people put their whole trust in these ceremonies whenever they are troubled or ill. In the temple, in the preaching-halls, on the highway, and in their homes, the Kurugala priest warns his people not to go near the Catechist, nor to listen to the Christian teaching, nor to send their children to any of our schools. And he enforces his warning by threatening to excommunicate any who do not give heed to him."

## AN ENEMY MADE CAPTIVE.

GELGAWA, SANTALISTAN.—Our latest converts are the village chief, his wife, and boy. This man had been our greatest enemy, and being chief, priest, and medicine-man, all in one, he was able to give us a great deal of trouble. He prevented any one working as servant with our Christians ; and several times threatened to drive them all out of the village, taking away their lands and property. This, of course, he had no power to do openly, but he might have done so by craft, as the Santals know to their cost.

But the Master was watching this wanderer. Sore affliction fell on his family, and in his distress he called aloud to his *gods*; but, as he told me afterwards, "they would not hear." He was then filled with fear, and powerfully possessed with the notion that the God of Heaven, whose servants he had persecuted, was punishing him for his sin. He begged earnestly to be instr

tized, and declared to all his acquaintances that he meant to become a Christian. He persevered, and in due time I baptized him. He had been a drunkard, but for the last five months he has not, I believe, tasted a single drop, as he promised me at his baptism. He was no sooner a Christian than he determined to leave his village, and live together with his fellow-believers in a Christian hamlet which he proposed to found, and he has already begun to build for this purpose.

T. TUNBRIDGE.

## NOTICE TO SUNDAY SCHOLARS.

A FRIEND in Wales has kindly made the offer of

PRIZES

to Sunday Scholars who would like to earn money for their Missionary-boxes by writing an

ALPHABET OF MISSIONARY TEXTS.

First Prize, 2*s.* 6*d.*
Second Prize, 2*s.* — For the best papers sent by competitors over 14 years of age.

Third Prize, 1*s.* 6*d.*
Fourth Prize, 1*s.* — For the best papers sent by competitors over 12 years of age.

No papers from competitors for our Missionary Bible Class Prizes will be received. Rules 3, 4, and 5 of our Missionary Bible Class (see p. 36) must be observed.

Papers must be sent in before April 10th, addressed—

R. M.,
Editor, C. M. JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR,
Church Missionary House,
Salisbury Square, E.C.

**arded in our June number.**

A LADY once wrote to children: "If you really love Jesus, you are quite sure to love His Words But one reason why some of you do not love it half as much as you wish you did, is because you do not know enough of it, and you only read, you do not search, which is what God expressly tells you to do. This is what I want boys and girls to do, to *search* your Bibles; if you really hunt, you will find a great many beautiful texts for your Missionary alphabets. When you have found several beginning with the same letter, you must choose the one you like best, and you may write part of a verse, but be careful not to spoil the sense in choosing your first word. For the initial *x*, you will have to take *ex.* I hope to receive a great many alphabets from the Sunday Scholars, and still more earnestly do I hope that, in searching your Bible for these texts, you will all learn to *know* that you may *love* it better."

A FRIEND IN WALES.

## JUVENILE CONTRIBUTIONS.

| | £ | *s.* | *d.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| Reading—Juvenile Association . . | 68 | 0 | 10 |
| *Westminster ditto . . | 30 | 3 | 9 |

* The Westminster Juvenile Association was formed in January last year; the Parish Churches of St. Margaret's and St. John's joining with the three districts of Christ Church, St. Andrew's, and St. Matthew's, to interest the younger members of their congregations in the work of the C.M.S., by circulating Missionary reading, and arranging working parties, quarterly meetings, &c. 114 Missionary-boxes are now in the hands of young people connected with this Association, more than a hundred of whom are Sunday Scholars.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Kilburn—Juvenile Association | £16 | 15 | 8 |
| *Birmingham—St. Cuthbert's Sunday School Missionary Association | 8 | 18 | 9 |

## OUR MISSIONARY BIBLE CLASS.

*Rule* 1.—*Papers must be sent in before the end of the month in which the subject is given.*

*Rule* 2.—*Only contributors sixteen years old and under can compete for prizes.*

*Rule* 3.—*The name, age, and address of the writer must be given* at the beginning *of each paper.*

*Rule* 4.—*Only one side of the paper must be written on.*

*Rule* 5.—*When more than one sheet of paper is used the separate sheets must be tacked together.*

### THE KING'S MESSENGERS.

1. What is the meaning of the word *apostles?*
2. In what one word does an apostle describe himself as a king's messenger?
3. Where was this apostle described by his opponents as the pretended messenger of a king?
4. Can you explain the meaning of the word "therefore" (Matt. xxviii. 19)?
5. From the words of a prophet, and of an apostle, can you find an answer to the question (Luke xxiv. 26)?
6. Find two passages in the Revelation which show that the sufferings of Jesus will be remembered even on the throne of His glory.
7. When did the promise of royal gifts, made Ps. lxviii. 18, receive its first fulfilment?
8. Find in this Psalm a reference to the "king's messengers."
9. Show from the words of the Lord Je only way of admission into His kingdo a passage of eight words, and one o words, in which He described two teristics of His kingdom.
10. Can you find passages which describe characteristics of the true subjects of kingdom?
11. In what words did Jesus Himself sum laws to be obeyed by His subjects?
12. Show that Christ's kingdom is rig everlasting; that it shall be universal.
13. How often can you find the expressio Gospel of the kingdom"? In what wo St. Paul tell the Colossians this good
14. What thought is in your mind when yo "Thy kingdom come"?

* We are asked to insert the following letter:—"SIR,—At the beginning of last year we reorganized our system of Sunday School collection, and appointed a secretary. I am glad to say we have more than doubled our subscriptions since then, and hope at the end of next year we shall be able to report further progress.—T. W. T., Secretary, St. Cuthbert's Sunday School Missionary Association."

### SCRIPTURE ANSWERS FOR JANUARY.

(1) Gen. iii. 15. (2) John xi. 50—52. I led the people to resistance against the auth the Romans would punish the whole Jewish it was better that he should be put out of t than the whole country exposed to such d (3) Lev. xvi. 16, 30, 33, 34; xxiii. 26—32. day of atonement, which was appointed f sins of *the whole nation*. (4) Lev. xvi. Heb. ix. 7. (5) Isa. liii. 5—8, 12; Heb. ix. 1 (6) At-one-ment, reconciliation, Lev. xvi. 2 xxiii. 28—32. (7) Lev. xxv. 9, 10. The of Jubilee every fiftieth year. (8) Isa. lxi the acceptable year of the Lord; lxiii. 4, th of my redeemed; Ezek. xlvi. 17, the y liberty. (9) Liberty to the bondsmen, posse restored, home, rest, Lev. xxv.; trumpet throughout all the land, v. 9. (10) Lu 18—21. The reunion of the children of G one family was pictured by the reunion of Jewish family at the season of Jubilee. As Jews—exiled, "scattered abroad"—were br back to their homes, so Christians in every l already one family—will be gathered togeth heaven (C. L.). (11) Rom. x. 14, 15. (12) ii. 13. Those afar off are *brought nigh* b blood of Christ; Jews and Gentiles are reco in one body by the cross, John xi. 52; no Jews only, but all the children of God sca abroad should be *gathered together* by His de

WE much regret that, in consequence of u seen hindrances in the preparation of the S of Song, we are unable, as anticipated, to p it to our readers with this number.

*London: Church Missionary House*, Salisbury Square; Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday, 54, Fleet Stree

81.] [Price One Halfpenny.

# CHURCH JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR MISSIONARY SOCIETY

ICONIUM.

*Acts xiii. and xiv.*, and 2 Tim. iii. 11.

## ıE GOSPEL IN ASIA MINOR.

fflictions . . . at Antioch, at Iconium, at Lystra."—
Acts xiii, xiv.; II Tim. iii. 11.

YPRUS, about which we heard last month,* was only the starting-point of Paul and Barnabas, on their first Missionary journey. From the many vessels that lay in the harbour at Paphos, they chose one which crossed to the coast of what we now call Asia Minor.† We do not know in what way the Spirit of God led them to this country, nor how much they could foretell of the many perils which lay before them. At least thus much they did know, when they left the port of Perga, to journey inland to the high table-land where Antioch and Iconium and Derbe and Lystra were situated—that they must travel among rugged, toilsome mountains, up steep pathways, which were often overflooded by rushing torrents, and where robbers lay in wait for the lonely traveller. Perhaps the thought of these dangers frightened Mark, the young nephew of Barnabas, who had come with them so far; for it was at Perga his courage failed him, and he deserted.‡

And if Mark could not face these dangers, it was well that he stopped short, for how could he have met the heavier troubles that befell the Missionaries in the cities? If you read carefully the story of this journey you will see that, as they went on, the prospect grew darker and darker for Paul and Barnabas. Just as they had gone first to the Jews, their own fellow-countrymer Cyprus,* so now at Antioch † and Iconi they brought first to the synagogues (w you know are the churches where the meet to worship God) the glorious word the Messiah, whom they had waited fo long, had come at last. § And the beare such a message, the sent ones of Jesus, had sought out these Jews to tell them He loved them, and would forgive ther their sins, how were they treated? they were hunted out of Antioch by the which women made against them; then had to flee from Iconium from the dang being stoned.‖

Do you remember what the Lord Jesus told His disciples to do when they persecuted in one city? They were no stay there, nor to return home, but to g another;** and so onward Paul and Ba bas went to Lystra, where there lived a simple and ignorant heathen people.†† seem to have received the preacher and listened to them; but we know hov most of them must have understood th about the Lord Jesus who came dow heaven to save them, for when Paul the crippled man, these Lystrians thought the messengers *themselves* gods come down from the sky, and to worship them.‡‡ At least we mi this sad mistake showed how m thought of the strangers, they were ful and cruel like the people of

* Acts xiii. 5.

† We must not confuse this Antic with the Antioch you have alread (p. 14) in Syria. Antioch in Syri Acts xiii. 1; xiv. 26. Antioch i xiii. 14—50; xiv. 19, 21.

‡ Acts. xiii. 14; xiv. 1. § Ac

‖ Acts xiii. 50; xiv. 5, 6. ** I

†† Acts xiv. 6, 7. ‡‡

* *See page 26.* † Acts xiii. 13.

‡ Acts xiii. 13.

towns; but this lasted only a little time. The very ones who at first wanted to *worship*, were soon stirred up by the old enemies from Antioch and Iconium, and actually tried to *kill* Paul by stoning him, and then dragged what they thought was the dead body of the stranger outside the city walls.*

Christ once said, "The servant is not greater than his Lord;" † and does not this conduct of the Lystrians remind you of what the Jews did to the Lord Himself? One day they cried, "Blessed be He that cometh in the name of the Lord;" ‡ the same week they were persuaded by the Pharisees and shouted, "Crucify Him, crucify Him." § But perhaps you will think this is a very sad tale of Missionary trials; and if Missionaries are to expect such troubles how can they ever have the courage to go forward?

But we have only heard one part of the story, we have seen *what men did with them*, but when Paul and Barnabas came home to Antioch in Syria after their journey was over, they did not rehearse what men had done, but "*what God had done with them.*" ‖ And long afterwards, when he was an old man, and looked back on his persecutions at Antioch, at Iconium, at Lystra, he added, "but out of them all *the Lord delivered me.*" **

Let us look at this side of the picture.

At Lystra the fickle people stoned him—but God raised him up. Cruel hearts left him for dead—but disciples gathered round him.††

At Iconium unbelieving Jews and Gentiles plotted against his life—but a great multitude of Jews and Gentiles believed his word.‡‡

At Antioch in Pisidia the Jews would not listen—but when the Gentiles heard they were glad, and he left there joyful believers filled with the Holy Ghost.*

Everywhere men cursed and ill-treated them — but the Lord granted signs and wonders to be done by their hand; He gave them power to heal sick bodies, and bring words of peace and pardon to sad hearts.† At the very start a friend forsook Paul, but before the journey was over the Lord gave him another companion—the young man Timothy, of Lystra—who never failed, but was true to him to the end.‡

* Acts xiv. 19.
‡ Matt. xxi. 9.
‖ Acts xiv. 27.
†† Acts xiv. 19, 20.
† John xv. 20.
§ Luke xxiii. 21.
** II Tim. iii. 11.
‡‡ Acts xiv. 1—5.

* Acts xiii. 45, 48, 51.
† Acts xiii. 38, 39; xiv. 3, 8—10.
‡ See Acts xvi. 1, 2; I Tim. i. 2; Phil. i. 2; II Tim. iv. 20, 21, &c.

## RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD.

### CHINA AND ITS CREEDS.

BUDDHISM (*concluded*).

I CANNOT dwell much with you on all the strange things which Buddha taught his followers about the nature of man, and the constitution of the universe. If we plunged much into that sea of speculation it is possible we might all get a little out of our depth. Enough that he held that "we have no abiding city," either here or anywhere else; that, after death, the soul passes into

different bodies, except in the case of a rarely virtuous man, when it attains "repose," which appears to mean annihilation; that the only true road to happiness was to shake the soul free of all earthly desires and sensations; that universal love and kindness are a part of this "path to peace." You will not be surprised to hear that many of Buddha's followers retired into separate establishments, there to break loose from the world and themselves. There are Buddhist monks and nuns as well as Roman Catholic ones. But Buddha taught that any one might be his disciple, and that a believing householder was not to be despised.

He also broke through the superstition of caste. "Not by birth does one become low caste; not by birth does one become a Brahmin," he taught.

Some very beautiful sayings are to be found in the Buddhist scriptures. The religion has become a very popular one; but the modern Buddhists do not worship some one as a god, they worship Buddha.

It is the old, old story, of the instinct of man being too strong for all the wisdom of the philosophers.

Many of the Chinese Buddhists, also, worship in Taouist temples; and many believe in devil-worship, and the power of the stars. Therefore (say some who have written on the subject), it is almost impossible to represent the real number of true Buddhists, by figures; such figures would include men who were adherents to two or three religions.

Still Buddhism has spread over a large part of the earth's surface, and influences many different races. It has been adopted by "the wild hordes on the cold table-lands of Nepal, Tartary, and Thibet;" and also by the cultivated Hindus and Chinese. It thrives alike amongst the snows of the north and under the palm groves of the south.

As might be expected, the doctrines Buddha have developed differently amo these different peoples. They may roughly divided, however, into *northern* a *southern* Buddhism.

Northern Buddhism has resulted Lamaism; a system which, "with its shave priests, its images, holy water, and gorgeou dresses; its processions and creeds; it abbots, monks, and nuns; its worship of th double virgin, and of the saints and angels its fasts, confession, and purgatory," bears strong *outward* resemblance to Romanism.

Yet the earlier Buddhists laid stress on n ceremony, and, like the Sadducees of old believed in neither angel nor spirit.

Such are some of the strange outgrowth of the same seed cast into different soil Vast has been the growth and spread o Buddhism; but we believe the day will com when the growth of the grain of mustar seed shall be vaster still—a day when t Church of Christ (the true Israel) sh blossom and bud, and fill the face of t world with fruit.

E. SUTTON

## WESTWARD AND NORTHW IN NORTH-WEST AMERI

### THE LAND OF THE SASKATCH

*ESTWARD* first we w come, and make ac with a land water great river which, w a bishop say, has too difficult to pronounce—th wan. The Indians call it the wan, or the Fast-flowing River,

English people thought this made quite too many syllables, so they cut off its head.

Not long ago, a good clergyman was made Bishop of the Saskatchewan region, and a vast region he has found it; certainly, there are not many bishoprics which cover so much land, nor many lands where a Missionary bishop has so much trouble in getting to the different parts of his diocese. In the summer, indeed, canoe-journeying along the Fast-flowing River, or riding on horseback over the plain, may be pleasant enough; but the hard frozen water in winter puts a stop to all canoeing, and the traveller who should venture on horseback across ice and snow would be rash indeed. Layer upon layer of fur-wrapping, in sledges which are drawn by the hardy native dogs, with night-camps round fires which must be kept burning if life is to be preserved—these are the traveller's winter comforts in the land of the Saskatchewan.

But do not fear that this land is the scene only of dreariness and cold, for it has many charms. The summer time, when all manner of fruits and flowers spring forth, and the glorious autumn, when the trees put on such brilliant orange and crimson and golden clothing as are never worn by our English trees, are beautiful enough to make up for the long, cold winter; and at these seasons the traveller understands why the land of the Saskatchewan has been called "the Fertile Belt."

You will have seen, when you were finding on your maps the two-branched Saskatchewan river, that below the country it waters there lies the northern boundary of the United States. South of this line stretches to the very walls of the Rocky Mountains a great sandy desert, a tract of dearth and cheerlessness and glare. Again, north of the land of the Fast-flowing River is a vast, dark forest; and between the gloom above and the glaring white sand below, the hand of God has laid out, like a beautiful, watered garden, this vale of the Saskatchewan.

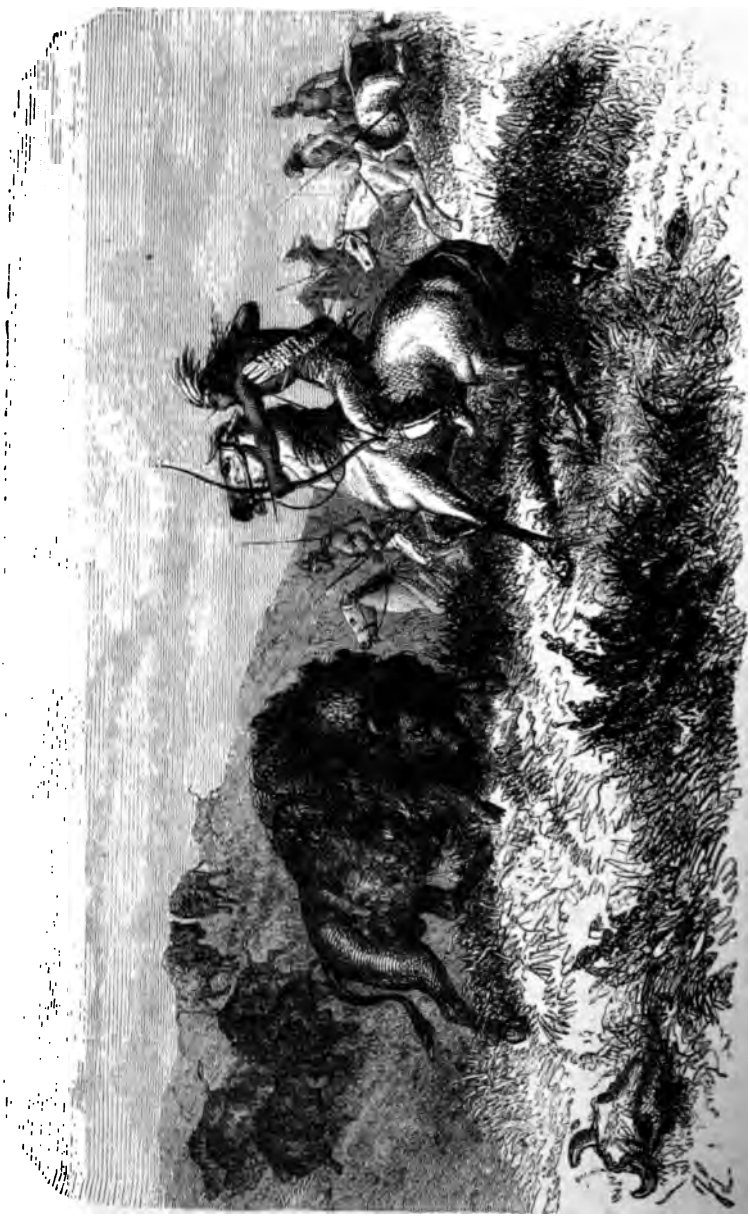
No cultivated garden, however, is the "Fertile Belt;" through its length and breadth run the war-paths of the Red Indian, and, except round a few forts, scattered long miles apart, where white strangers have come to trade with the natives, there is no ground planted or enclosed. For the Indian understands nothing about claiming land for himself; space is what he asks—space to roam, to hunt, to fight, unchecked and unquestioned, over the earth which he says belongs to no *one* man, but which was given to *all* red men by the Great Spirit.

What is the history of these people? Whence did they come? How did they live through the centuries before the Moka-manus or Bigknives, as they call the white man, reached them?* Their history is written in no books; yet many a tale of former glory and bloody warfare, and wondrous legends of strange deeds done "before the stars fell," are told by the Indians as they sit huddled in their smoky wigwams, or grouped under the open sky round their camp-fires.

The fiercest people of the Saskatchewan are the Blackfeet, who live in perpetual warfare with the Crees, and all other tribes; and thus they tell the history of their race.

Once upon a time, when their great forefather crossed the mountains of the Setting Sun, and settled on the banks of the South Saskatchewan, a chief had three sons. Two of them, Kenna, the Blood, and Peaginou, the Wealth, were mighty hunters; the buffalo fell before their arrows; they brought rich

* It was about 1774 that the first Englishman visited the vale of the Saskatchewan west of Fort Cumberland.



BUFFALO HUNTING IN N. W. AMERICA.

store of moose and elk meat to their father's lodge. But the youngest son, who was nameless, always came back empty-handed from the chase. One day the father said to him, "My son, you cannot kill the moose, your arrows shun the buffalo, the elk is too swift for your footsteps, and your brothers mock you because you bring no meat into the lodge; but see, I will make you a great hunter." The old chief took from the fire a piece of burnt wood, and, wetting it, rubbed the feet of his son with the blackened charcoal. He named him Sat-sia-qua, the Blackfeet, and evermore Sat-sia-qua prospered in the chase. The descendants from the three brothers, with two other races whom they have admitted into their clan, form the much-dreaded tribe of the Blackfeet.

Travellers tell us that all these Indian tales point westward to that splendid giant wall, the range of the Rocky Mountains, and that the starving and perishing people still turn their weary eyes to the "Land of the Setting Sun," beyond these hills, where they place their hope of future happiness; where the Great Spirit will give them hunting-fields untrodden by the Moka-manus; where their enemies will be their slaves, and ease and plenty shall be theirs again, and for ever.

Meanwhile, ever closer to these same Rocky Mountains are they driven as they follow the wild animals which are their food. Once, it is thought, the buffalo roamed across America from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, and they have been seen, in former days, as far east as the Red River; and while the flesh of the buffalo was only needed as food for the hunter and his tribe, "the wild cow" continued to abound in the land. But it became useful for trading. Pemmican, which is buffalo meat chopped or pounded into a kind of meat-cake, can be carried by travellers on long journeys; and when the Indians found it could be exchanged by the traders for guns and cloth and spirits, then they began to hunt down the buffalo by the hundred and the thousand, multitudes more than could be carried away were slaughtered, in great enclosures where they were lured, till now they have almost ceased to exist. From a station in the far west a Missionary wrote last year, "the buffalo hunt this winter has entirely failed."

And year by year the Indians, too, are fading away from the land. Their own unceasing strifes; the diseases brought from other lands—small pox, fever, measles—which lay such hold on them, as is unknown among civilized peoples; their thirst for intoxicating drink, which, in former days, was all too gladly supplied by the traders; the loss of their hunting-fields; these, and many other causes, have led to their destruction.

"So it always must be," some people tell us. "Savage races must disappear in lands where a superior people take possession." And, sad to say, it generally does happen. But Christian men, who try to be like their loving Lord, will not say it *must* be so; and we know it is not true. Not often have Christ-like men gone forth to seek and save the lost in savage lands, but when they *have* gone, not despising the savage, but loving him; not carrying guns and poisons, but useful arts and fruitful seeds; not doing and teaching evil acts, but living holy lives, and teaching the truth of God; then neither the black man nor the red man has perished before them. You children know how true this is as you think of Metlahkatla and Sierra Leone, where there dwell a people who have been redeemed from destruction by the power of love. We want this blessing for the tribes of the Saskatchewan, and we want you to pity and to love them, and to pray for them, that the right means may be found by which

they may be saved from want and from death; and that a better hope may be given them than their tired eyes are straining after in the Land of the Setting Sun—even a home in the Golden City, where they will need no light of the sun, for their Redeemer Himself shall be the light thereof.

## A NATIVE CHRISTIAN VILLAGE.

(*By kind permission of* ROBERT CUST, Esq.)

PERHAPS a short description of an Indian Christian village may be new and not uninteresting to some of our readers. The village to which we now allude is situated in the old part of Allahabad, not far from the church, in which building a goodly congregation of Native Christians assemble every Sunday, at nine and four o'clock, the services being performed by the Missionary and the Native Pastor in Hindustani.

We had been urgently requested by the Native Pastor to pay a visit to his village and inspect his school. So, one cool morning, at six o'clock, we walked thither. On entering the village, we saw the pastor sitting at the door of the school-house, teaching a class of tall, neatly dressed girls. He came forward to meet us, and the girls hastened back into the schoolroom, so as to appear in order in their class. We entered the room, and proceeded to inspect the classes, and, at the request of the pastor, to examine the elder girls.

We had but lately arrived from England, and the low mud building, bare walls, and, especially, the dusky faces, half shrouded in white muslin scarfs, the gay dresses (pink being the favourite colour), presented a striking contrast to our English, lofty, map-covered walls, and rows of pale or rosy-cheeked, pinafored children; but the bright eyes, intelligent looks, eager answers, and merry smiles were just the same as in an English school. It was surprising to hear how well they read and pronounced English, translating the sentence into Hindustani with great fluency. We found, from their answers, that they quite understood what they read, but they could not converse easily in English, nor understand it well when spoken by us. Their knowledge of Bible history was very good, and their writing (in English character) very fair. They are taught by an intelligent-looking woman, who spoke English well, and a monitor, an elder girl from the first class, who, for a wonder, had not married, a case very rare to find after the age of fourteen or fifteen. Sometimes they will come to school after they are married.

Passing from the girls' room, we entered the boys' school. Here we found several classes, and elder boys acting as monitors, under the head master, a very young, but clever-looking man, who spoke English very correctly. All the classes are kept well up to their work by the daily visits of the pastor. The boys read English fluently, but with a decided Hindu accent. They answered questions in Bible history, arithmetic, and on the subjects they had just read, correctly, and appeared interested in their lessons. On entering and leaving the schools, we wished

them "Good morning," which was responded to very heartily, with many grins; it was, evidently, a well-mastered sentence. From this house we went to another, a short distance off, used for an infants' school. Here we found seventy-five small children, not abundantly clad, but very neat and clean, arranged on tiers of benches reaching almost to the roof of the building. They all looked very bright and merry, seeming to enjoy the lessons given them by a grave, elderly man, whose appearance certainly belied his mode of instruction. Singing was the special accomplishment of these little ones—not a very musical performance, but that deficiency was made up by energy and a most hearty appreciation of their own efforts. They sang the well-known hymns, "There is a happy land," and "Oh, that will be joyful," first in English, then in Hindu; also "God save the Queen," with great zeal; they then went through all the approved infant-school exercises—folding hands, raising them, clapping, &c.—singing an illustrated song at the same time capitally; but their pet was kept till last. They were told to represent a rising storm; and certainly we never saw, or rather, heard, a better illustration; it was worth the visit to the school to witness this alone. To begin, they rubbed their hands together, making at the same time a hissing noise, like the distant rising wind; this grew louder and louder, all keeping in excellent unison, till a loud clap of thunder was heard, caused by the beating and stamping of the many little naked feet on the hollow wooden platform on which their benches were raised; this thunder increased, died away, and again increased, as the teacher silently raised or lowered his arm; then the rain began to pour. This was cleverly imitated by the drumming and rapid playing of their fingers on the boards supporting their seat. The children remained seated so still, with earnest faces, intent on their representation, with their arms being kept straight down on each side, just reaching the boards, so that we might have well supposed them unemployed. We greatly delighted them by looking up at the roof, and exclaiming, "Pani, pani" (Rain, rain)! Leaving these merry, nicely taught little ones, we proceeded to make a tour of the village, accompanied by the pastor.

Women were standing about in groups, all neatly dressed, and most with babies in their arms. Some, we found, employed nurses to take care of their children and help in the household. All the men of this village are employed in the Government press, and earn good wages, differing according to their abilities for the work. For compositors, really intelligent men are required, and they are paid highly. We spoke to several of the women, and delighted them much by inquiries about the number of their children, the employment and wages of their husbands, &c.; many a merry laugh was called forth.

The round of the village being made, we took leave of the pastor, and left, feeling much pleased with all we had seen, and with our interest greatly aroused for the progress and well-being of the Christian Missionaries.

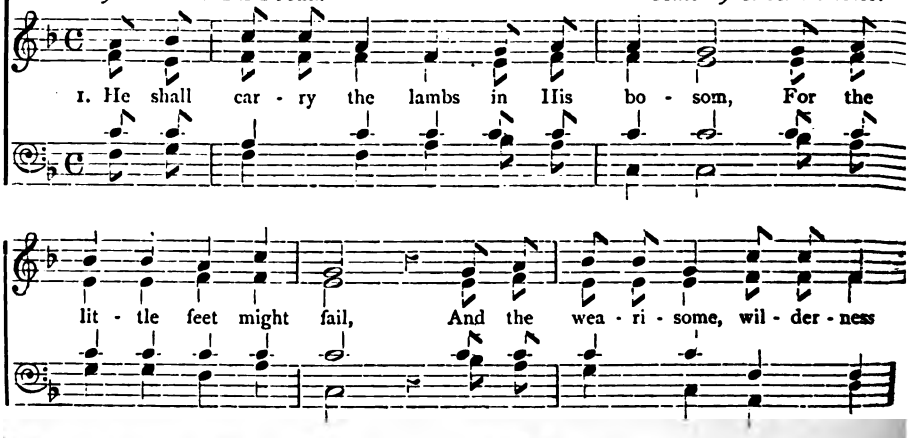
E. C.

## A LOGICAL REMARK.

A FEW weeks ago, Mr. Carss (of the Robert Money School, Bombay) overheard a talk between two of our boys, neither of them Christians. One of them wanted the other to do or say something his companion thought was wrong. He answered, "If we do not act honestly and morally, what is the use of reading the Bib'e?" JANI ALLI.

# Jesus' Lambs.

*Words by* EVA TRAVERS POOLE. *Music by* C. H. PURDAY.


1. He shall car - ry the lambs in His bo - som, For the
lit - tle feet might fail, And the wea - ri - some, wil - der - ness
jour - ney Is long for the weak and frail.

2 He shall carry the lambs in His bosom,
Nestled in His loving heart,
That they cannot suffer a sorrow there
In which Jesus bears no part.

3 He shall carry the lambs in His bosom,
For He knows their need of rest,
So He tenderly lays them down to sleep
In the shelter of His breast.

4 He shall carry the lambs in His bosom,
O'er the stormy sea of life,
And His shielding presence around their souls
Shall hush all its surging strife.

5 He shall carry the lambs in His bosom,
Till they reach their Father's throne,
Where they join the circle of star-crowned souls,
His blood-bought and His own.

# A BIRTHDAY PRESENT.

THE birthday of the Church Missionary Society comes this month. It will be eighty-two on April 12th. What can we do to keep the birthday of our dear old friend? The kindest way to make a present is to think carefully over the wants or wishes of your friends, so that you may give them what will be a real pleasure or comfort to them. Now the Church Missionary Society has lately lost a very dear friend, and it wants to have a ship named after him, to go up and down the coast of East Africa, for Mission work. This would be very useful to the Society, and the best memorial it could raise to its dear friend Mr. Henry Wright. But to build this ship they must have several thousand pounds.

Will the children who read the Green Book try each to get a little towards this ship, as a birthday

it to the Society? It is too late now this before the birthday; but we like resents just as much even when they a little behind time.

of course, the sooner the better; let to do what we can before the *first of*

A kind friend who has suggested this, at us the following account of a ship tarted and maintained by children's :—

AR CHILDREN.—Many years ago a noble ary, John Williams, found himself in much e difficulty as our Missionaries on the East f Africa. He wanted to visit the heathen in lands of the Pacific, but was unable to do want of a vessel. So with his own hands one, and named it *The Messenger of Peace.* the ship was worn out, then a brig called *uden* was bought and sent him; but soon or John Williams had first sailed in her, murdered by the savages of Erromanga. was proposed to buy a ship for Mission nd name it the *John Williams.* £7000 ted for this, but the Society could only 4000 from its funds, so an appeal was the scholars of its Sunday-schools to help

"Well, the scholars did help, in *two weeks* two schools had sent £10 each. The little ones went round with their collecting-cards (and, I believe, 20,000 were collecting at once), they told their friends of their need; and before very long £3000 was raised by their endeavours; but they did not stop here. No, on they went, still collecting, still saving their pence, till in time the *whole sum* was gathered, and they bought the ship—the children's ship, as it was now often called. Then they said, 'We have bought the ship, we must keep her afloat.' So they got £2000 a year more, and when, six years after, the *John Williams* returned, sadly out of repair from her long, useful voyages, but laden with valuable presents from converted heathen for the Missionary Society, the little ones again worked with such right good will that nearly £3000 was obtained, and the good ship refitted and stored with Bibles and tracts for the heathen, food and clothing for the Missionaries.

"My dear little friends, can you have such a noble example set you by these children, and then say, 'We can't build the *Henry Wright.*' Try to emulate them. For your honour, for that of your 'Green Book,' for the benefit of the Church Missionary Society, for the honour and love of God, try. Put a brave, bold, persevering heart in the cause, and we shall get the ship for our

Missionaries. Think how glad we all shall then be to hear of her journeyings, of the heathen and foreign ports she visits, of the men she carries, and of the good she has done.

"Yours very truly,

"W. S. B."

There are special collecting-cards printed for the *Henry Wright* Steamer, which will be sent to you if your parents or Sunday-school teachers apply to the Church Missionary House, Salisbury Square, E.C.

## JUVENILE CONTRIBUTIONS.

| | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Penge—Holy Trinity Juvenile Association. . . . . | 8 | 18 | 1 |
| Lower Walmer—Juvenile Association, Christmas Tree . . . | 3 | 10 | 0 |
| Brighton—Christ Church Juvenile Association, Parcel for South India. | | | |

## OUR MISSIONARY BIBLE CLASS.

*Rule* 1.—*Papers must be sent in before the end of the month in which the subject is given.*

*Rule* 2.—*Only contributors sixteen years old and under can compete for prizes.*

*Rule* 3.—*The name, age, and address of the writer must be given* at the beginning *of each paper.*

*Rule* 4.—*Only one side of the paper must be written on.*

*Rule* 5.—*When more than one sheet of paper is used the separate sheets must be tacked together.*

### THE MAN OF ETHIOPIA.

Acts viii. 26—40.

1. Where is Ethiopia? Can you find any Old Testament prophecies about men of Ethiopia yearning for the true God?
2. What other Gentiles can you rem came to Jerusalem to worship?
3. Quote an Old Testament praye worshippers.
4. Mention four instances from the ment of godly men in high place courts.
5. Which Jewish feast would mos have drawn the eunuch's atten chapter he was reading?
6. In what other places in the New can you find quotations from this
7. Quote an argument for Missionary by St. Paul, which is illustrated tion of the eunuch (v. 31)?
8. When was it declared in heaven the subject of all the prophets' tes
9. What two evidences did the eunu he believed the message of Philip
10. What other case can you remem Gospel being brought to quite a n in obedience to the guiding of Spirit? What believers were a Church as a direct result of this o
11. What do you know of the charact of Philip before this incident?
12. What is the latest reference in t Philip? What is the meaning there given to him?

### SCRIPTURE ANSWERS FOR FEBRUARY.

(1) Ezek. xxxiv. 5. (2) II Chron Isa. xiii. 14; Nahum iii. 18; Matt Rom. iii. 23; Isa. liii. 6; Ps. lvi cxix. 176; Ezek. xxxiv. 11, 12, 16. 10. (6) Luke xv. 3—7; John x. lxxvii. 20; Jer. xxiii. 3, 4. (8) Jo Heb. xiii. 20; I Pet. ii. 25; v. 4. 15. (11) Ezek. xviii. 23; xxxiii. 37, 41; Zeph. iii. 15—17. (12) J x. 16. (13) They know—listen Shepherd, John x. 3, 4, 27. ance, comfort, strength, rest, and life. Ps. xxiii.; Isa. xl. 11; Ro 25—29; Luke xii. 32; I Pet. 16, 28, 29.

*London: Church Missionary House, Salisbury Square; Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday, 54, F*

881.] [Price One Halfpenny.

# CHURCH JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR MISSIONARY SOCIETY

THE *MAN OF MACEDONIA.*

ACTS xvi. 9.

## THE MAN OF MACEDONIA.

"Come over and help us."—Acts xvi 9.

THE troubles that came to the Apostle Paul in Asia Minor* did not make him afraid of taking the very same journey a little while afterwards. He had stayed for a time at Antioch in Syria, teaching and preaching about Jesus, but there were many other Christians there to tell the Gospel story,† and as he remembered the little groups of believers that were left alone among the unbelieving Jews and the heathen in those cities of Antioch in Pisidia and Iconium and Lystra and Derbe, he longed to go to them again and help them to stand firm against their persecutions. And so we read (Acts xv. 36, 40, 41; xvi. 1, 2) how St. Paul started on his second great Missionary journey. When he had visited these disciples he travelled onward through other parts of Asia Minor, the provinces called Galatia and Phrygia,‡ and he meant to have visited the western province which was called Asia.§ No doubt there were good reasons why he should think of carrying the Gospel to "Asia," but God's time was not yet come for the great cities of Smyrna and Ephesus and others to hear the Word, and Paul was not allowed to preach in them now. How was he prevented? We do not know; the Bible only tells us, Paul and his companions, Silas and Timothy, "were forbidden of the Holy Ghost." We are not told what sign was given them. Then they turned back to another province of Asi called Bithynia, but here again "t suffered them not."*

I think St. Paul must have wonde God did mean that he should c Gospel. He seems, at all events, been quite sure that he was not to t and so he travelled forwards till he the city of Troas, on the seashore, o verge of the continent of Asia.† and his friends waited for God to gu and He sent a strange messenger to His will. In the night St. Paul dream or vision the figure of a man before him, who seemed to be trouble. From his appearance P that he came from that country of M which lay west of Troas across and as the Apostle looked on h rose from the lips of "this man of nia" a bitter cry of distress, as if h not only for himself but for all his "Come over into Macedonia and h

What did the vision mean? H these three strangers in Troas help of Macedonia? St. Paul understoo Once before a voice—the voice of Jesus—had spoken to him in a visi him to go forth, to turn the heathe power of Satan under God,‡ and he the land of Macedonia and the re yond, even the whole continent o was held in Satan's power. Millio were living, toiling, sorrowing, dy any hope, because they were with God. Either they worshipped fal else they did not believe there w at all, or any life beyond the gra the while Jesus had come down because He loved *them* as well

* Acts xiii., xiv. † Acts xv. 35.
‡ Acts xvi. 6. § Acts xv. 40; xvi. 1—3.

* Acts xvi. 7.
‡ Acts xxvi. 16—18.

tians in Antioch; He had shed His blood on the cross to save them, He had forgiveness and an inheritance in heaven for them as much as for others. Did they not want help—these heathen lands of Europe, who were perishing for lack of knowledge, and do you not see that just the help they did want was the preaching of the Gospel—some one to go and tell them about the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom He has sent? We do not wonder that immediately after that vision the Missionaries endeavoured to go into Macedonia.* Man's cry for help was God's call to them to preach, and in two days they had landed on the shores of heathen Europe.

About three hundred years before the Missionary party came to Troas, a mighty man of Macedonia, Alexander the Great, had landed with his army at this same place, and from Troas he had gone forth to conquer the whole of Asia Minor and many a region beyond. What a different sight that splendid host with their hero leader, from the humble party that set out now from Troas. They did not look like a conquering army, did they? Yet they were soldiers also, and they were going to fight a harder battle, and they were going to win a better victory than Alexander. The battle was harder because the enemy was stronger,† and the victory was better because it was more lasting.‡

So quietly does the Bible tell us of the going forth of these first Missionaries to conquer Europe for Christ, that we do not even read the names of all the travellers. St. Luke, the faithful, humble writer of the Acts of the Apostles, joined St. Paul at Troas, but we only know he did so because he writes, "*we* endeavoured to go into Macedonia," and "*we* spake unto the women"* at Philippi. There was no self or vain-glory to spoil the work of the first Missionary party that landed in Europe.

From Neapolis they came to Philippi, a Roman colony where there were only a few Jews, so that St. Paul was not "in perils by his own countrymen,"† as he had been in Asia Minor, and at first they were left in peace to tell their glad news. On the Sabbath days they joined the Jewish women who met for worship by the river side, and the first convert we hear about was the Jewess Lydia, a stranger from a city in Asia, who made a home for the preachers in her own house.‡ This was a quiet, peaceful beginning, but troubles were near at hand.

(*To be continued.*)

* Acts xvi. 10. † Eph. vi. 12.
‡ II Cor. x. 4; Heb. xii. 28.

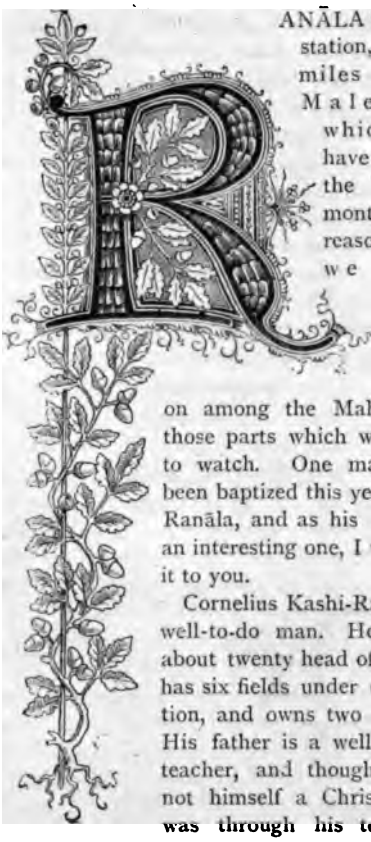
* Acts xvi. 10, 13. † II Cor. xi. 26.
‡ Acts xvi. 14, 15.

## "E KNOWETH ALL."

ONLY a drop in a bucket,
But every drop will tell;
The bucket would soon be empty
Without the drops in the well.

Only a poor little penny,
It was all I had to give;
But as pennies make the shillings,
It may help some work to live.

## A HINDU PREACHER OF THE GOSPEL.



RANĀLA is a new station, eighty miles from Malegam, which we have opened the last six months. One reason why we went there is that a work is going on among the Mahars in those parts which we want to watch. One man has been baptized this year near Ranāla, and as his story is an interesting one, I will tell it to you.

Cornelius Kashi-Ram is a well-to-do man. He owns about twenty head of cattle, has six fields under cultivation, and owns two houses. His father is a well-known teacher, and though he is not himself a Christian, it was through his teaching that his son was led to seek Christ. Thirty years ago, Dasharat, the father, heard the Gospel at Nasik, while he was attending a fair there. He has visited the chief places of pilgrimage in India, and his fame is so great that strangers come to him for advice from great distances. Three times he has attended the Singhast, a celebrated Hindu festival held once in twelve years at Nasik, and each time h with Christian preachers, and recei and portions of the Scripture fi After reading parts of the Old Te home, Dasharat came to the conc he ought to offer sacrifices to God i be saved. He gave up worship rejected the caste system, and for t he offered sacrifices of sheep or go pigeons, in the presence of ma This was the ceremony. The pers to be present at the sacrifice Dasharat offered a prayer, and t sacrifice was lighted. Each man joined hands, and cast into th butter, camphor, &c. Then the were slain, while Dasharat prayec sacrifice might be accepted, and hi the people's sins might be forgiven. closed this strange ceremony.

All this plan of sacrifice came conviction of sin, and a real wish forgiveness by the only means teacher knew of. For he had not about the one all-sufficient sacr offered for man's sins.

It happened that four days afte sacrifice was offered, Kashi-Ram's died. Father and grandfather thought that God was angry with having tried to worship Him in for in Hindoo stories low-caste men said to have been punished for intrude on the Brahman's offic ceased their sacrifices, therefore.

Nine years ago, one of our catech across Dasharat, heard about his d taught him the way of God more showing him how "the blood of Je cleanseth from all sin." The old m a Bible, read and studied it, and h and persuaded his son to be a Kashi-Ram was baptized in Dec

the presence of a large number of people. This is the first baptism in this place, but we believe that more will follow. There are now about twenty inquirers, all of them Dasharat's disciples, and he tries to persuade all who come to him to follow the example of his son and become Christians, though he has not himself been baptized. We trust that before long the old man, who feels so strongly the truth of Christianity, will enter the fold of the visible Church.

F. G. MACARTNEY.

Malegam, Western India.

## WESTWARD AND NORTHWARD IN NORTH-WEST AMERICA.

(*Continued from page* 44.)

"When the autumn
Changed her long green leaves to yellow,
And the soft and juicy kernels
Grew like wampum hard and yellow,
Then the ripen'd ears he gather'd,
And made known unto the people
This new gift of the Great Spirit."

ABOUT seven years ago, a Missionary, Mr. Mackay, from North-West America, came over to England to beg the Church Missionary Society to take pity on the Indians of the Saskatchewan. The Bishop wrote, too, that if they were to be saved from destruction, something must be done at once for them. For more and more white men were finding out "the Fertile Belt," railways were being talked of that would cut through their hunting-grounds, their forests would be cleared, already the buffalo was failing them, and before long they must perish of starvation.

Very soon a young Missionary, Mr. Hines, who understood about farming land, said he would go and be their friend. This was his plan—to find a spot where he could persuade some Indians to come and settle, and learn of him to cultivate the ground with crops that would provide them with food. Of course this was only one part of his wish; he meant to teach them about God and the way of salvation.

In September, 1875, Mr. Hines reached a lake called the White Fish Lake, about sixty miles north of one of the trading stations of the Saskatchewan, called Fort Carlton; there was good water and plenty of wood for building, and it was a convenient place for reaching the Indian tribes. The station he formed is now called Assissippi.

You can fancy that it is generally a troublesome business to settle in a strange place, especially in a foreign land, among a people who speak in an unknown tongue, but what a business it was for Mr. Hines to make himself a home in that desolate region we hardly *can* imagine. The winters generally set in by October, and you remember our telling you how severe they are, but in the year when Mr. Hines reached White Fish Lake, heavy snow fell early in September. Of course he found no dwelling-place of any kind. What would you think of spending a winter's day in such a plight as this that he describes? "The only shelter we had was three carts to make our three walls, and an oil-cloth stretched across for our ceiling. But the wind and snow came under the carts so furiously, that I thought it colder there than outside, so I often took a run to warm myself."

But if the Missionary's dwelling was cold,

he received at all events a warm welcome. At his first meeting with the Indian chief * he said, "Almost every year ministers pass through my country; I always behave kindly to them, and beg them to stay with me and my people; but they say no, they were not sent to me but to other Indians. So I gave up all hope of ever having a minister to teach us to do right. I felt very sad, for I love my children, and I want them to know more about the God who made them than I their father." This chief and his wife from the first gave up heathen rites and came to the Christian service.

Mr. Hines set earnestly to work to learn the Cree language, and for a long time past he has been able to speak and to teach in it; and he has now built such a good solid house, that the Indians say they suppose he never intends to go away from them as long as he lives.

The farming was not very successful at first, but lately the crops have been more abundant, which is a great comfort for the poor Indians, because, though they still go hunting every summer, each year they bring home less food. Last year they suffered great hardships, owing to the scarcity of fur-bearing animals.

A little while ago the Bishop went to White Fish Lake, and in the short visit he paid, he saw some signs that the Indians were learning to give up their wild, savage ways. "The hut we lodged in was clean and comfortable. Outside I noticed a quantity of firewood piled up with a neatness that would have done credit to a civilized people. They had carts, cattle, and other property, and for the most part were neatly clothed. I noticed some of the women wearing gowns of good Scotch tartan!"

And the more precious seed that God's sower is sowing in the hearts of the Indians? That, too, is bearing fruit. Each year some men and women are baptized, more than 200 come to the church service, and even the heathen around have given up some of their evil customs, and observe the Sunday as a day of rest.

Do not let us forget that lonely corner of the great Mission fields, where seed is sown for the souls as well as the bodies of the perishing Indians. Satan, the enemy of souls, does not forget the work that is doing there in the name of Jesus; he will try to spoil the harvest, we may be sure, sowing tares among the good seed, or snatching it away from careless hearts. "Often, when I am alone, I try to think about what you have been telling me," said the chief one day to Mr. Hines, "but all at once my thoughts are led on to something that is not good; then I feel something telling me not to think of what you say, but to follow in the way of my forefathers; then, again, something tells me I ought to obey God's word rather than man's, and at times there is such a struggle going on in my mind, that I feel very sad."

* Who is known by the queer name of Star-blanket.

## SHEPHERDS THAT FEED THEMSELVES.

EZEK. XXXIV. 2.

SMALL-POX has raged here, and has caused many deaths in town and in country. It is heart-rending to see the conduct of the heathen in their trouble. They go for help to any one who professes to have influence over the small-pox, which the Ondos worship as a god. Their fears encourage many deceivers, who pretend to be the people's deliverers, and extort a great deal of money from them for sacrifices to appease the god.

One of these impostors is an old slave of the king. He came on a sudden from one of the villages, and went up to the council meeting, declaring that the small-pox had appeared to him in human form, and had chosen him as his messenger to come and tell the Ondos what sacrifices he will require of them that he may leave the country. The council gave him a horse, a cow, several sheep and goats, and fowls, and a large quantity of cowries; and then he had the meanness to come to the Mission yard and ridicule the chiefs for being so foolish as to believe him.

Though the judgment of God was so heavy upon the land, the people did not learn to change their wicked customs. Two head chiefs were among those who died during the year. Five persons were killed at the funeral of one of these chiefs. The other was more wealthy, and when he died fifteen persons were killed, and their corpses thrown into his grave, while two others were buried alive. I am thankful to say the governors of Lagos are trying to put an end to these horrible deeds.

C. PHILLIPS.

Ondo, West Africa.

## A CHAPTER FROM MRS. TRACY'S LIFE.

"GOOD morning, Mrs. Jones. I have just called in to ask you if your daughter Ella may take a Church Missionary collecting card. I am trying to get new interest aroused, as you know, but I wished to get your permission before I speak to Ella herself."

"I do not approve of children begging, Mrs. Tracy. When they are old enough, we try to teach them to look on a certain proportion of their money as God's, to be spent for Him; so I cannot let her have a collecting card."

"If that is your view of a collecting card, I do not wonder at your disapproving of them; but there is another way to look on them. Our little people have each a card or box; but we try to teach them that not only a *portion* of their money is God's, but that everything they *have* and *are* is His. The spirit of right giving is self-denial, and as soon as the children are old enough to understand, we give them a penny or two each week, asking God to teach them how to spend it. By this plan they soon find that if they spend their money they cannot have it, and it teaches them early to be careful. For in-

stance, there is an old organ-grinder, our children's great favourite, and one or other always gives him a halfpenny. It was Edie's turn this week, but she knew she had spent her last penny on herself yesterday, quite forgetting to-day's need, so instead of enjoying the music as usual, she ran away into the corner of the nursery, crying quietly to herself, and sobbing, 'I wish I had not bought that doll yesterday; a halfpenny one would have done just as well.' My little Emmy, hardly two years old, seeing her distress, ran up to her and said, 'Emmy got hapin; you give hapin to orgie.' 'That won't be *my* halfpenny.' I happened to go into the room at the time, and finding out what was the matter, told Edie that though she had no penny, she might take Emmy's hand (she is too tiny to go alone) and see her give her halfpenny. The poor man was delighted with the baby's gift, and Ella has, I hope, learnt a lesson."

"That is a capital plan," said Mrs. Jones. "I have always given my children sixpence or a shilling as they want it, and when finished they come for more, but your plan is much better."

"Well," replied Mrs. Tracy, "I have a plan to help them to fill their cards. Now and then I propose, 'Who will go without pudding to-day, to have twopence for their Missionary card?' It is not obligatory; only those who wish go without. Sometimes we have a day without sugar or butter; sometimes a working party: the elder ones sew, the younger unpick or tear up paper for our waste paper sack. All must *work*, and are paid accordingly. This teaches them self-denial; they must either go without a thing to give it away, or earn it, and you know the result last quarter."

"Well, if I thought I could manage it that way," said Mrs. Jones, "I would let Ella have a card at once, but I fear I should not succeed. I have been teaching them to give that which costs them nothing, and it will not be easy to unlearn them."

"It will not, but the sooner you begin the better; delay will only add to the difficulty."

"I thought I was teaching them to be generous, and now I fear I have been teaching them selfishness."

"We can ask God to overrule the mistake, and help you to teach your children now (and they are quite young) that it has been a mistake. Do not shrink from saying so to them, and that from this time you are going on a different plan."

"Will you speak to Ella yourself, and explain to her? I am sure you will do it better than I shall, Mrs. Tracy."

"With pleasure, *after you have done so*; and I have no doubt she will soon enjoy giving from the right motive much more than merely giving your money. Good-bye; I have detained you much longer than I intended. I shall hope to call again next week."

"I am so glad to have seen you. You are always welcome. Good-bye."

And the friends separated, but they had many a pleasant meeting afterwards. The young people learnt that the true pleasure of giving consists in denying self—giving that which *costs something*—and respected the parents more highly, who acknowledged they had made a mistake.

Try this plan, dear reader, and you will find the proverb true, "He that gathereth *by labour shall increase*."

JANE TUCKER.

uffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven.—MATT. xix. 14.

LET the little children come
To a Saviour's breast;
Little souls feel weariness,
Little hearts need rest.

Jesus wants a tiny hand
In the harvest-field;
To the touch of fingers small
Giant hearts may yield.

Jesus wants a baby voice
Praises sweet to sing;
Earth's discordant choruses
Shaming—silencing.

Jesus bids those little feet
Carry comfort rare
To some troubled, weary soul,
Full of dark despair.

Little ones have work to do,
Little souls to win,
Standing at the golden gate
Asking *children* in.

Perhaps amid the crowding throng,
No one else might see,
That some little faces ask'd,
"Is there room for *me?*"

Heaven is full of little ones,
God's great nursery,
Where the fairest flowers of earth
Bloom eternally.

EVA TRAVERS POOLE.

## HE LITTLI BUILDI

LITTLE builder are we,
Builders for eter
Children of the Mission bands,
Working both our hearts and hands;
Building temples for our King,
By the offerings we bring.
Living temples He doth raise
Fill'd with life and light and praise;
One by one the stones we lay,
Building slowly day by day.
Building by our love are we
In the lands beyond the sea,
Building by each thought and prayer
For the souls that suffer there.
Building in the Hindu land,
Where the idols are as sand;
Building in vast China too,
Living temples rise to view.
Building in Japan as well;
Ah! what stories we could tell!
Building on dark Afric's shore
That there may be slaves no more.
Building in the Turk's doom'd land
For Armenia's scatter'd band;
On Mount Lebanon's fair heights,
By our many gather'd mites.
Where the Nile's sweet waters pour,
Building all the wide world o'er.
Building in Pacific isles
'Mid ruins wrought by Satan's wiles.
Building with our Saviour King
While our lips His praises sing;
And one day our eyes shall see,
In a glad eternity,
"Living stones" we help'd to bring
For the palace of our King.

MARIA A. W

## THE PRICE OF A GOSPEL.

N our preaching tour we sold to the natives 7 Bibles, 50 New Testaments, 646 Gospels or single books of Scripture. In one village a man said he would like to have a Gospel, but he had no money. The Catechist saw a pumpkin hanging in the house, and asked the man if he was willing to give that as the price of the book. He answered, "Oh, that is dedicated to a devil; but, if you are not afraid to take it, you may have it." The pumpkin was accordingly taken, and the book given. We hope he will read it, and that it may lead him to the Saviour, who came to destroy the works of the devil.

Jaffna, Ceylon. J. D. SIMMONS.

## TO ALL OUR READERS.

As we find that several of our young readers were disappointed that the prizes offered by "A Friend in Wales," for a Missionary Alphabet, was limited to Sunday Scholars, we have much pleasure in proposing a subject in which *all* our readers *under 16 years* of age, except the members of our Missionary Bible Class, may compete for prizes of money for their Missionary-boxes.

SUBJECT.—SOME WORKERS FOR GOD.

| | |
|---|---|
| Anna. | Lydia. |
| Bezaleel. | Matthias. |
| Caleb. | Nathaniel. |
| Deborah. | Obed-edom. |
| Epaphroditus. | Priscilla. |
| Fortunatus. | Quartus. |
| Gaius. | Rehum. |
| Hananiah. | Stephen. |
| Ismachiah. | Tabitha. |
| Josiah. | Urbane. |
| Kohathites. | Zerubbabel. |

Where are these workers for God mentioned? Describe in one sentence the work of each.

FOUR PRIZES.

| | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|
| First Prize . . . | 2 | 6 |
| Second Prize . . | 2 | 0 |
| Third Prize . . . | 1 | 6 |
| Fourth Prize . . | 1 | 0 |

Rules 2, 3, 4, 5 of our Missionary Bible Class must be observed. See page 60.

Papers must be sent in before June 10th. Address—

H. F.,
Editor, C. M. Juvenile Instructor,
Church Missionary House,
Salisbury Square, E.C.

Prizes will be awarded in our August number.

## JUVENILE CONTRIBUTIONS.

| | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Arthur and Clara . . . . | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Brixton — St. Matthew's Juvenile Association . . . . . | 31 | 1 | 9 |
| Burfitt, Harriet E., Kingstone, for Wright Memorial Fund . . | 0 | 3 | 0 |
| Caiger, Miss M. E., Golborne Road, Coll. for Wright Memorial Fund (Birthday Gift) . . . . | 0 | 16 | 11 |
| Edinburgh Juvenile Auxiliary . . | 70 | 0 | 0 |
| Do., for Niger Steamer Fund . . | 10 | 0 | 0 |
| Ealing—St. Matthew's Juvenile Association. . . . . | 19 | 4 | 7 |
| Lancaster—St. Thomas's Sunday School Children, by Miss Chippindall (Birthday Gift) . . . | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Nunn, Miss A., Thirsted, Missionary Box (Birthday Gift) . . . | 2 | 10 | 0 |
| Walsall Wood—Sunday School . | 4 | 3 | 0¾ |
| Do., Clayhanger Mission School . | 0 | 16 | 3½ |
| Do., M. Blower, Missionary Box . | 0 | 6 | 9½ |
| Warrington—Small Juvenile Association, by Miss Robinson . . | 2 | 15 | 0 |

Contributions collected by children for the

Henry Wright Memorial Fund will be acknowledged in the Green Book if the collector forwards a separate account to the Editor.

## A NEW "MISSIONARY MAP."

A LADY tells us of an excellent plan she devised for explaining the need of Missions at a meeting held lately in her country parish.

"We made a large chart in coloured papers of the 'Plea for Missions,' which the Church Missionary Society publishes, to be be worked in wools, allowing three quarters of an inch square for each stitch, and we ruled wide white lines to divide the squares. The Plea was large, and very effective, and was explained by our chairman to the audience."

This lady will be glad to communicate, through the Editor, with any one who would care to purchase such a chart for Missionary Meetings, for the benefit of the Church Missionary Society.

## OUR MISSIONARY BIBLE CLASS.

*Rule* 1.—*Papers must be sent in before the end of the month in which the subject is given.*

*Rule* 2.—*Only contributors sixteen years old and under can compete for prizes.*

*Rule* 3.—*The name, age, and address of the writer must be given* at the beginning *of each paper.*

*Rule* 4.—*Only one side of the paper must be written on.*

*Rule* 5.—*When more than one sheet of paper is used the separate sheets must be tacked together.*

### HE DELIVERETH AND RESCUETH.

Dan. vi. 27.

1. In what Psalm is the power of God to deliver compared with the power of earthly rulers?
2. We are told of a king who set his heart to deliver a subject, but failed. Who was it? How did he learn the greatness power?
3. Mention another instance of a kin not able to deliver a subject whc wished to save.
4. Where can you find the expressions able to deliver," and "The Lord kn to deliver"?
5. What instances can you recall of an used as God's ministers for the deli His people?
6. How many special instances of deliv you remember in the life of St. Pau
7. In what one verse does St. Paul deliverance past, present, and to con a passage of two verses in which his hope of future deliverance on his of God's deliverance in the past.
8. Mention some songs of deliverance t in the Bible, and state the occasion being sung.
9. When was a song of deliverance su the promised deliverance had come
10. Show that the deliverance of ma motive that brought the Lord Jesus Find passages which tell from what to deliver us.
11. What is the deliverance promised b those who are persecuted for His na
12. What was the deliverance Paul des he finished his course?

### SCRIPTURE ANSWERS FOR M

(1) The sent ones—messengers, Luk (2) II Cor. v. 20; Eph. vi. 20. (3) 6, 7. (4) The word refers to v. 18. E power belonged to Jesus, He had author them into all the world, and He had r supply all their need for the work. (5 5; Heb. ix. 11, 12, 26—28. (6) Rev. xiii. 8. (7) Acts ii. 1—4. (8) Ps. (9) John iii. 5; xviii. 36; Luke xvii. Matt. v. 3—12; Luke xviii. 17; Rom II Thess. i. 4, 5. (11) Matt. xxviii. things whatsoever I have commanded Ps. xlv. 6, 7, 13; Dan. ii. 44; Ps. Dan. vii. 14; I Tim. i. 17; Ps. ii. 8; Matt. xi. 27; xxviii. 18; I Cor. xv. 24, Matt. iv. 23; ix. 35; xxiv. 14; M. Col. i. 12—14. (14) In saying "Th come," we ask God that the number o subjects may be increased; that in our He may reign without a rival; and th may soon come when all in heaven and serve Him.—(C. L.)

*London: Church Missionary House, Salisbury Square; Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday, 54, Fleet Street, and all*

1881.] [Price One Halfpenny.

# CHURCH JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR MISSIONARY SOCIETY

ST. PAUL AT PHILIPPI.

*Acts xvi. 16—31.*

# ST. PAUL AT PHILIPPI.

"What must I do to be saved?"—Acts xvi. 16—31.

WHAT a sudden change in the circumstances of Paul and Silas we read of here![*] One day at the quiet meeting-place in the open air by the river-side, and enjoying the kindly services of a gentle Christian woman; and next, a damp, loathsome dungeon, and the brutal treatment of a heathen jailer. How had it come about? There was a poor girl, possessed, like many sufferers who were brought to the Lord Jesus, by an evil spirit. She needed to be delivered from the cruel power of Satan, and, in the name of the Lord, Paul set her free. It was just one way in which he answered the voice in the vision, "Come over and *help us*;" and such a deed as that seems a strange reason, does it not, for beating a man and putting him in prison?

But this poor girl was a slave, and the heathen in the city had paid large sums of money to her masters for the sake of hearing the mad, wild words she uttered when under the power of the evil spirit, because they thought they were listening to the voice of a god. These masters had no pity for her sufferings; they were only filled with fury against the men who had dared to interfere with their property. But they could not go to the magistrate and say, "We want these men punished, because they have healed our slave-girl," so they tried, as the enemies of God's people in olden times had often done, to make out that they were very i and dangerous rebels.[*]

We may be sure that Paul and had not let "many days"† p trying to help these heathen in preaching the Gospel to them, the cry of the slave-girl, "Th servants of the most high God, w the way of salvation," prove tha known in the city as the bearers o from heaven. And now their ac tended that they had been stirr people by their teaching to brea and that it was not safe to let the

So the whole city was rou the two strangers. The magis manded that they should b scourged and put in prison, keeper of the prison was more to obey orders. He dragged th and bleeding from the cruel down into the lower dungeon their feet in the stocks. Did it to Paul and Silas that God guided them to the country o and yet let them be so shame by the very people whom th over to help? How helpless seemed in that dungeon! Y really helpless, for not all th magistrates, their accusers, th the jailer could keep them Lord willed to set them were not alone, for Jesus h with them always. And were ill-treated and reje bered what shame their M and how He was reject whom He came to save. and joy that no other could share, and it seem

[*] *Acts xvi. 16—18.*

[*] Ezra iv. 15; Esther iii

iness of their heart, Paul and Silas raises unto God." Paul had already e lesson he wrote about long after- hil. iv. 11—13).

iler slept, while the other prisoners to the strange sound of singing in eon. There was no need to wake h these chained men. But suddenly stronger than the power of bolts is roused him from his sleep. An ke shook the very foundations of n; God caused the bonds to fall prisoners' limbs, and he knew that ol over them was gone. He could nt their escaping, yet if he let one go he might be punished with death, read of such a doom, he drew his put an end to his life. But just at ent he hears through the darkness of the prisoner Paul, "Do thyself for we are all here." Perhaps the of his cruelty to this prisoner, who to help him in his trouble—perhaps len remembrance of the death to had all but rushed—has stirred his ce. A great fear, a longing for a verpowers him. He has heard that n teach the way of salvation; will ch him also? He falls down at et and asks that most solemn ques- rs, what must I do to be saved?" ave learnt the answer to this ques- r children; most of you can say it . Have you ever thought what it Have you ever taken it into your There are millions in heathen ho are asking that question—who ing for a refuge, like the jailer of They seek an answer in the f their religion; they ask it of sts, of their medicine-men, of their nd there is none to tell them. How ver thank God enough that He has sent the answer to us? And how can any one be so selfish as to keep it back from the troubled hearts in heathen lands? We are sure that St. Paul thought all his sufferings at Philippi were only a light affliction compared with the joy of the moment when he brought peace to that anxious soul with the glorious message, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

## "OUR FATHER."

LUKE xi. 2.

"OUR Father!" What a tender speech
For childish lips to frame!
Unbidden thought might never reach
That sweet, familiar name.

'Our Father!" May I, morn and eve,
Come with my little prayer,
When hope uplifts, or sorrows grieve
And leave *all* to Thy care.

"*Our* Father!" not my own alone;
The world is wide—ah, wide!
And round the world His arms are thrown:
That's why my Saviour died.

Forsaken babes, in haunts most drear,
May find in Him their rest,
May sigh, "Our Father," in His ear,
And sob upon His breast.

From stormy Labrador they cry,
"Our Father," 'mid the snows,
And 'neath the glowing Indian sky
Their soft petition flows.

So all-embracing is His love,
He wants us *all* to come,
And each, like Noah's weary dove,
Is welcomed, welcomed home.

CLARA THWAITES.

# RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD.

## MOHAMMEDANISM.

I AM sure you all remember the pathetic story of Hagar and Ishmael alone in the great desert—how, when their water was spent, the mother prayed, in her despair, "Let me not see the death of the child," and how God did exceeding abundantly above all that she asked or thought.

Not only did the angel guide her to the well of water, but he also assured her that God would make of her son "a great nation;" thus beautifully fulfilling the beautiful promise, "In the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert."

If you study the Psalms you will find reference to a people called the "Hagarites," and occasionally "Hagarenes," and you will often see the "Ishmaelites" mentioned. These are descendants of Hagar and her son Ishmael. Where did these people live? There is not much doubt that they inhabited that great peninsula which is washed on the east by the Persian Gulf, where the pearl-fishers seek those lustrous white jewels amid the flow of many waters. Would that the pearl of greater price, the knowledge of God, might be theirs also! You remember that beautiful hymn of Mrs. Sig where these lines occur,—

"The pearls of Ormuz are p
Armour where death de

But we must leave the pea and hasten on.

This great peninsula is bounde south by the Indian Ocean, on th the Red Sea, and on the north b seas of sand and the great river E in a word, it is Arabia of which y You know that it is sometimes divided into "Rocky Arabia" and the Blest." This last district is w rejoices in streams, and is rich in and coffee gardens; while the deser as you know, has but little water A long time ago the dwellers in worshipped the true and invisible G idolatry crept in. Those dwellers living chiefly in the open air, would study the sky much and often. Wh that their brilliant stars and moo in such clear skies, walking in path so far above them, should have ap objects of worship? For man eve worship something he can *see*. P became customary to sacrifice to th bodies, and presently stones fro places became objects of worshi the whole country was sunk in th idolatry. We shall come to the s great idol-breaker in due time.

ELIZABETH S

## BOY LIFE IN CHINA.

HANGCHOW, CHINA.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—I think you will be interested to hear something about the life of boys in China. Well, to begin at the beginning, when a little boy makes his appearance into the . he is welcomed very warmly. When a month old a grand ceremony is gone gh; the child is washed, and its head d, all except two little tufts of hair on side of the head behind the ear, which ed tight and stick out at right angles the head. He is dressed up very lly, and a feast is given. Up to about r seven years old boys are allowed to uch as they like. They do not seem ave many toys, and the few that I seen, in shops and on stalls in the s, are of a very flimsy sort, and soon to pieces.

SCHOOL LIFE.

hen they reach the age of seven or eight they are taken to school, and learn ng, writing, and manners. They do not , as a rule, to be taught arithmetic; but aster is very particular about his pupils' ers. In every school there is put up ide the entrance a tablet in honour of ucius, and all the pupils have to bow low e it, holding up their books with both s towards it, both on entering and g the school; they also bow in the way to the master. The books which learn at school are full of the sayings of he man Confucius, who was born 551 nd lived about the time when the Jews returning from their captivity in Ba- . Confucius himself did not write any , but his disciples wrote down his wise sayings, and the boys at school learn them off by heart.

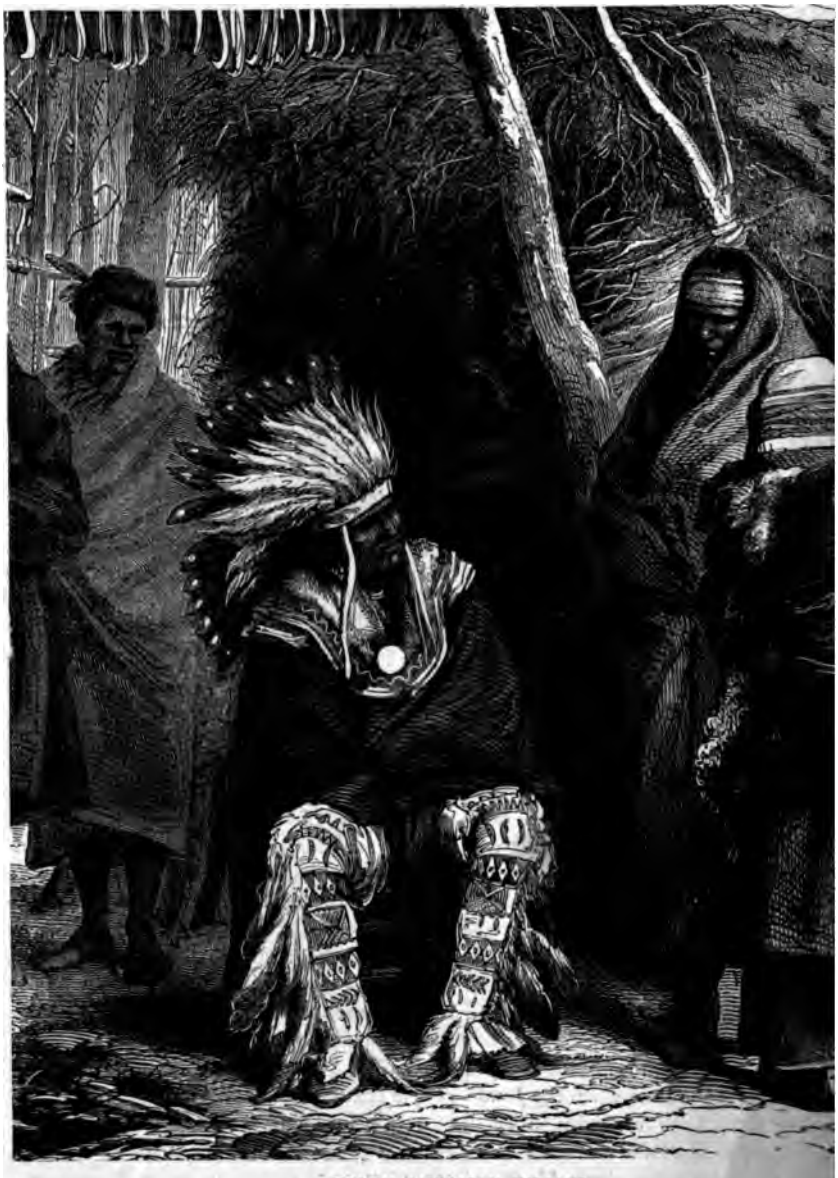
It is astonishing what memories these Chinese boys have, and what a number of pages they will repeat straight off, as fast as their tongues can go, and hardly stopping to take breath. They learn their lessons aloud, and consequently as you walk along the street you can tell when you are drawing near a school by the noise, which becomes simply a din if you enter; and you can only wonder how the children ever learn anything, and what the master has done to his ears to make them strong enough to bear all that noise.

(*To be continued in our next.*)

## WESTWARD AND NORTHWARD IN NORTH-WEST AMERICA.

(*Continued from page* 55.)

BEFORE we leave the Saskatchewan and start on our journey northward in North-West America, I must tell you of something that has been done to make up to the poor Indians for the loss of their hunting-fields. A few years ago it came into the hearts of the rulers who govern the Saskatchewan for our Queen to reserve or set apart certain parts of the country for the Indians, where they might build houses and plant fields, and make settled homes for their families. These lands are called "reserves." But how were the people scattered far and wide over thousands of miles to be told about these reserves? Even if postmen could be found who would carry letters or papers to every Indian hut,



NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

it would not have been any good, as the people would not be able to read or understand what was written. So messengers were sent to invite the chiefs to the few trading forts that are found in the region of the Saskatchewan to meet the Governor, because he had something very important to say to them. And at the appointed time, all who could leave the buffalo-hunt came, and a strangely mixed assembly there must have been—some in half-English dress, some in their native dress, like the family in our picture. The Governor explained what he would do for them in a speech much longer than you would care to hear, but the Indians dearly love listening to speeches (and uttering them, too), and we may be sure they did not tire of his words. "I am here," he said, "because the Queen and her councillors have the good of the Indians at heart, because you are the Queen's children, and we must think of you for to-day and for to-morrow. The Great Spirit made this earth. He planted the trees, and made the rivers flow for the good of all His people, white and red. The country is very wide, and there is room for all. I have come 700 miles to see you. As I came, I saw the places where the buffalo has been, but where he will never be again, and I thought, 'What will become of the Indian?' And I said to myself, 'We must teach them to prepare for the future, for else a few suns will pass and they will melt away like the snow before the sun in spring-time. You see for yourselves that your numbers are less every year. Now the whole burden of my message from the Queen is that we want to help you in the days that are to come."

And then Governor Morris went on to tell what help the Indians should have. Each family should have a square mile of land, and if they settled on the land, farming implements should be given them—hoes, spades, axes, sickles. Every three families should have a plough and a harrow; oxen, cows, and carpenters' tools should be supplied, and each chief should receive a horse, harness, and waggon. Then, for the first sowing of their fields, grain and potato seed would be granted, and, for the children's good, a school should be opened on every reserve where twenty-five children could be got together as scholars.

It is very pleasant to hear of the red men being cared for by the Governor, and we trust that they will really settle on these "reserves," so that they may not be swept away when white men begin to people the fertile belt of the Saskatchewan. But it will all be of no good unless very loving and very patient teachers can be found to show them how to use this offer rightly. You might as well set a wild little street Arab to do a sum in long division as expect these proud, restless Indian hunters to settle down all at once to steady, peaceful sowing, and planting and building, and to patient waiting for the harvest.

And so, now that the means of living are put into their hands, they need more than ever that Christian men should go and guide and teach them. It is a grand work to train those little children that are brought together in the schools in the fear of the Lord, and we hope that many others will be found like Mr. Hines, at White Fish Lake, who teaches the people to change their hunting-spears for ploughshares, while he strives to conquer their proud hearts by the power of Jesu's love.

## THE GOSPEL IN A CHINESE PRISON.

IN the Fuh-chow Mission persecution and success have gone hand in hand. In one station there was great trouble among the little body of Christians, because two of their number had been beaten and put in prison. For four months the Christians prayed that their friends might be set free. Then they began to lose heart, and they came into the city to see the Missionary. "What is to be done?" they said. "We *have* prayed, but our friends are not set free, and we see no hope for them."

"Go on praying," was the Missionary's answer; and they went home, determined that they would persevere in prayer.

After another four months they came back to Fuh-chow. "We have been heard and answered," they said, as soon as they saw the Missionary. "Indeed," he replied; "the Christians are set free then?" "No; they are still in prison, yet God has answered our prayer." And they told how these two Christian men had read the Bible to their fellow-prisoners, till the warder himself asked to listen to the book, and by God's grace he was converted. The two Christians were raised to offices of trust in the gaol, and so had many more opportunities of speaking to the prisoners; and three of these prisoners had gone back to their homes, full of faith and joy, and were already spreading the good news *in their villages.*

## IN LOVING MEMORY ( ANNIE,

Daughter of the Rev. Arthur and M Hangchow, China. Born at Shangh died at Hangchow, February 16th, 18

FEBRUARY 18th. and American Hangchow asse cemetery belor Chinese Christia with the Church Missiona Hangchow, to join in the grave of little Bertha Annie. sixteen years Missionaries Hangchow, but never before called upon to join in such a s are many graves, little an Hangchow, but only one Eng be found. Little Bertha lie stranger, resting in a strang morning of the resurrection. little girl! Her little patte longer heard; her merry cheers the hearts of her f in that far-distant city; he made even the strange sound pretty, are silent her and English, both of wh well for her age, are no language of heaven, and for the songs that littl There is no doctor in many miles of it, so w ill she had no kind d her and try and mak mamma watched by fortnight, and then t the poor, weary, tire Happy little one!— thrice happy in H children, all love, with all our heart

go where little Bertha has gone, and live with Jesus in the "happy land" for ever.

A. E.

## THE STORY OF TWO VISITS.

ABOUT seven years ago we told our little friends who *then* read the Green Book (I suppose most of those readers have grown too old to look at it *now*) that there had just been opened "a new Mission station"* in an old city. In the Old Testament this city is called Ramoth Gilead; its houses are built on the steep slopes of Mount Gilead, that range of hills beyond Jordan where the merchants came from who bought the lad Joseph from his cruel brothers and carried him away with them on their journey down into Egypt.

The modern name of Ramoth Gilead is Es Salt. It is a wild, lonely place, overrun by the Bedouin Arabs who wander about the country, and the Missionary who went there in 1874, with a Catechist to help him, had a cheerless, chilly winter in a tumble-down house, and with no very abundant supply of food. But even the first winter he had the best kind of cheer, for a good number of little Mohammedan children came to school every day, and on Sundays the schoolroom was filled with grown-up people, who wanted to hear the good news.

And seven years of work in the name of Christ has borne some good fruit in Es Salt. A little while ago a clergyman from England, the Rev. E. H. Bickersteth, spent a very happy Sunday there. Many people came to the services, and joined heartily in the worship of God; and not only on Sunday, but the next morning at half-past six, he heard the church bell ringing, and found that every day, before they went out to their work in the fields, the Christians met in the house of prayer to ask for God's blessing.

Mr. Bickersteth visited the schools, and I wish you could hear what he told of the boys' bright, happy faces, and their good answers to the Scripture questions he gave them. The school bears a good name in the town, for the Turkish Governor of Es Salt told Mr. Bickersteth he heard the boys learn so well at the Christian school that he means to take his son away from the Mohammedan school and send him there. When the school children heard that their kind visitor must leave the town, they came out to bid him good-bye, and for a long distance they accompanied him; and to cheer him on his way they sang the songs and hymns that they learnt in school. The sound of young voices and the loving ways of these little ones made one of the happy memories of Es Salt.

After leaving Es Salt, Mr. Bickersteth soon came to another town which you have often read about—Hebron, a city of Judah, where the Levites lived, and where, more than three thousand years ago, a little Hebrew lad lived, and learnt from his father to fear God and to hate sin. But there is no one now to teach the boys of Hebron that the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, and they are sadly rough and wild. They pursued the visitors through their town with scowls and with curses, and seemed to hate the very sight of a stranger. Do not you wish there may be "a new Mission station" at the old city of Hebron, as well as at Es Salt, and that a school may be opened for those rude, untaught boys?

* See CHURCH MISSIONARY JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, 1874, p. 61.

## "OTHER SHEEP."

[These lines were written by a young Christian, after listening to a Missionary address recently given on the text, John x. 16. The writer has since been taken home to rest in the fold of the Good Shepherd.]

"And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear My voice; and there shall be one flock and one Shepherd."—JOHN x. 16.

I WANDER'D far off on the mountains so cold,
Away from my Shepherd, away from His fold;
But His heart yearning o'er me with tenderest love,
To seek and to save me * He came from above.

He sought me, He found me, and brought to His fold;
The half of his tenderness cannot be told;
He feeds me, and guides me, and, lest I should stray,
Has promised to keep me by night and by day.†

His sheep hear His voice, and they follow Him too,‡
And ask Him what things He would have them to do.

He answers (Oh! let us attend and obey!),
"I have yet 'other sheep' who in darkness still stray;

"They are dear to My heart, for them also I died,
But still they are wandering far from My side.
They know not of Me, or they gladly would come
And find Me their Shepherd, My safe fold their home.

"O sheep of My pastures,* and *do ye not care*
To bring in these wanderers, your blessings to share?
I have laid down My life, because 'I *must* bring,'
Will ye not go and *tell* of your Shepherd and King?

"Oh, wherefore spend money for what is not bread,
When thousands are starving, whom ye might have fed?
Oh, wherefore spend labour for that which is nought,
When 'other sheep' wander, whom ye might have brought?"†

* * * * * *

Lord! we, too, have "stray'd from Thy ways like lost sheep,"‡
But help us henceforth Thy commandments to keep;
Give us "largeness of heart,"§ give us love, Blessed Lord,
To seek Thy lost sheep, both at home and abroad.

Give wisdom, give patience, give all that we need
To Thy guiding voice may we ever take heed;
Then, crown Thou our labours as Thou seest best,
Till *with Thee* for ever Thy "one flock" shall rest.

A. J. M.

* Luke xix. 10. † Isa. xxvii. 3. ‡ John x. 27.

* Ps. lxxix. 13. † Isa. lv. 2.
‡ Ps. cxix. 176. § I Kings iv. 29.

## MISSIONARY ALPHABET.

IN our March number an offer of prizes was made by "A Friend in Wales" for the four best Missionary Alphabets that should be sent in to the Editor from Sunday Scholars; the prizes were to be money for the Sunday Scholars' Missionary-boxes. It is very pleasant to see how many of our young readers have accepted this offer. Alphabets have been sent by 165 children belonging to seventy Sunday Schools. Though only four can receive the prize, we hope that *all* will have gained something by this kind offer—a better knowledge of God's Word, and a more earnest longing that the name of Jesus may be exalted among the heathen.

| | PRIZES. | *s.* | *d.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1st. | Gertrude Betson — Walton Sunday School, Lutterworth . . . | 2 | 6 |
| 2nd. | Jessie Stainer—Shrewsbury . . | 2 | 0 |
| 3rd. | Rupert Stearn — St. Sepulchre's, Cambridge . . . . . | 1 | 6 |
| 4th. | Fanny Gittins—Shrewsbury . . | 1 | 0 |

We are requested to insert the paper which won the first prize; and think it best to do so without making any alteration, though some of the quotations are not exact, and more suitable Missionary texts might have been found for one or two of the letters. Not one of the papers supplied a complete *Missionary* Alphabet.

**A** Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession.—Ps. ii. 8.

**B** Behold, I say unto you, Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest.—John iv. 35.

**C** Come over and help us.—Acts xvi. 9.

**D** Declare his glory among the heathen, his wonders among all people.—Ps. xcvi. 3.

**E** Ethiopia shall stretch out her hands unto God.—Ps. lxviii. 31.

**F** Freely ye have received, freely give.—Matt. x. 8.

**G** Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature.—Mark xvi. 15.

**H** He shall have dominion from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth.—Ps. lxxii. 8.

**I** Idols He shall utterly abolish.—Isa. ii. 18.

**J** Jesus sent forth these twelve, and commanded them, saying, Go to the lost sheep of the house of Israel.—Matt. x. 5, 6.

**K** Kings shall fall down before Him: all nations shall serve Him.—Ps. lxxii. 11.

**L** Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth.—Isa. xlv. 22.

**M** My name shall be great among the heathen.—Mal. i. 11.

**N** Nations that knew not Thee shall run unto Thee.—Isa. lv. 5.

**O** Of His kingdom there shall be no end.—Luke i. 33.

**P** Pray ye the Lord of the harvest, that He will send forth labourers into His harvest.—Matt. ix. 38.

**Q** Queens shall be thy nursing mothers.—Isa. xlix. 22.

**R** Rejoice, ye Gentiles, with His people.—Rom. xv. 10.

**S** Say among the heathen that the Lord reigneth.—Ps. xcvi. 10.

**T** The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few.—Matt. ix. 37.

**U** Unto Thee shall all flesh come.—Ps. lxv. 2.

**V** Verily their sound went into all the earth, and their words into the ends of the world.—Rom. x. 18.

**W** What hath God wrought?—Num. xxiii. 23.

**X** eXcept the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it.—Ps. cxxvii. 1.

**Y** Yea, all kings shall fall down before Him: all nations shall serve Him.—Ps. lxxii. 11.

**Z** Zealously affected always in a good thing.—Gal. iv. 18.

GERTRUDE BETSON.

## JUVENILE CONTRIBUTIONS.

| | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Ambleside—Juvenile Association | 3 | 19 | 5 |
| Balham—Juvenile Association | 86 | 11 | 11 |
| Brixton—St. Matthew's Juvenile Association | 7 | 1 | 11 |
| Carlton Hill—Juvenile Association | 18 | 5 | 9 |
| Edmonton—College House Boarding School | 15 | 0 | 0 |
| Hampton Wick—St. John's School Children's Service | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Young Women's Bible Class | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| Kilburn—Holy Trinity Juvenile Association | 13 | 7 | 0 |
| Melton Mowbray—Juvenile Association | 11 | 15 | 0 |
| Ryde—St. James's Juvenile Association | 1 | 12 | 11 |
| Tebay Infant Sunday School Missionary Box | 0 | 7 | 6 |
| Tonbridge — St. Stephen's Juvenile Association | 14 | 2 | 0 |
| FOR THE HENRY WRIGHT STEAMER. | | | |
| Barker, Lily | 0 | 0 | 6 |
| Flint, Mary Jane | 0 | 0 | 10 |
| Temple, Annie | 0 | 1 | 6 |
| Thorpe St. Andrew's, Norwich—Boys' Sunday School (chiefly raised by collecting cards) | 7 | 0 | 0 |

## OUR MISSIONARY BIBLE CLASS.

*Rule* 1.—*Papers must be sent in before the end of the month in which the subject is given.*

*Rule* 2.—*Only contributors sixteen years old and under can compete for prizes.*

*Rule* 3.—*The name, age, and address of the writer must be given* at the beginning *of each paper.*

*Rule* 4.—*Only one side of the paper must be written on.*

*Rule* 5.—*When more than one sheet of paper is used the separate sheets must be tacked together.*

### THE HARVEST OF WHEAT AND TARES.

**Matthew xiii.**

1. When was the difference between the wheat and tares first noticed?
2. When did Satan first sow tares in God's field? What fruit did that sowing yield?
3. Do you remember another time when Satan tried to sow tares and failed?
4. Which Apostle wrote that Satan and his workers copied the true teachers that they might deceive more easily?
5. St. Paul wrote a letter to warn some Christians of tares that were being sown among them. Who were these Christians? What were the tares or falsehoods sown?
6. What instances can you quote from the Acts of the Apostles of tares that sprang up among the wheat?
7. By which prophet did God tell the Jews that the seed of His sowing is all good?
8. Quote from a prophet an assurance that not one grain of the good seed will be lost.
9. Quote some passages which speak of a harvest of judgment.
10. What passages can you find which tell of a harvest of joy?
11. What Jewish feast shadowed forth this great harvest?
12. For which Christians did St. Paul pray that at that great day they might be found fruitful?

### SCRIPTURE ANSWERS FOR APRIL.

(1) A country south of Egypt, now occupied by Nubia and Abyssinia. Ps. lxviii. 31; Isa. xlv. 14; Zeph. iii. 10. (2) John xii. 20. (3) I Kings viii. 41—43. (4) Joseph, Gen. xli. 41—44; Dan. ii. 48, 49. Mordecai, Esther x. 3; Neh. i. 11. (5) The passover, Exod. xii. 3—7. (6) Matt. viii. 17; Mark xv. 28; Luke xxii. 37; John xii. 38; Rom. x. 16; I Pet. ii. 22—25. (7) Rom. x. 14, 15. (8) Rev. xix. 10. (9) Acts viii. 36, 39; (*a*) he was baptized; (*b*) he went on his way rejoicing. (10) Acts xvi. 6—10, 14, 15, 29—33. (11) Acts vi. 3, 5, 6; viii. 4—13. (12) Acts xxi. 8. Evangelist—one who brings good news—a messenger of the Gospel.

*London: Church Missionary House, Salisbury Square; Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday, 54, Fleet Street.*

881.] [Price One Halfpenny.

# CHURCH
# JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR
# MISSIONARY SOCIETY

(Site of Ancient Philippi.)

**THE CHURCH AT PHILIPPI.**

Acts xvi. 39—40.

## THE CHURCH AT PHILIPPI.

Acts xvi. 32–40.

THE real captive in that dark prison-house at Philippi was not the Missionary Paul, bruised, fettered, and unjustly accused—it was the heathen jailer, who fell trembling before him, crying out, "What must I do to be saved?" that needed to be set at liberty; and is it not strange to think that Paul and Silas, who were in his power to treat so cruelly, were the only men in all that city who could set this poor captive free? When St. Paul heard this cry for help, I wonder if he thought of that night, a little while before, when he had heard that other cry, "Come over into Macedonia and help us!" It seemed as if only trouble had come of his answering this call, and coming over, yet now through this very trouble he had been able to bring help to one man in Macedonia; for if the Missionaries had not been dragged into the dungeon, the jailer might never have heard the glad words, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." We may be sure he was not satisfied without knowing more of this wonderful message, and we can guess how eagerly he listened as they spoke to him more of the "Word of the Lord;"* and it was just the same with this ignorant man as with the prudent Governor, Sergius Paulus; when he let the Word into his heart it gave him light and understanding.†

And the light shone very bright and clear in the converted jailer's life. His faith in the Lord Jesus shone in his confession: "he was baptized, he and all his, straightway."* And do you not think it must have been seen in his face and in his words, for we read, "*he rejoiced*, believing with all his house."† And his faith was shown, too, by his change of conduct. The heathen jailer had gone even beyond what the magistrates ordered in his harshness to the prisoners;‡ their bruises, their wounds, the weight of their chains were nothing to him; but the Christian man "took them the same night and washed their stripes, and brought them to his own house, and set meat before them."§ He could not set them free, but he pitied them, and did all that he could to comfort them, because his heart was full of love now, and the love showed itself in his deeds.‖

You remember how easily Paul and Silas might have got away from the prison when the earth shook and their bonds were broken, but they would not use an opportunity like that, and so bring trouble on their jailer; they just waited for God to deliver them, and He opened a far better way. The magistrates, who said the strangers had been offering against the Roman customs, had themselves been guilty of breaking a law. In the heat of their anger they had not taken the trouble to find out that Paul and Silas were both Roman citizens,** and, by a Roman law, any one who ordered a Roman citizen to be scourged was in danger of death. So now they came and begged the Missionaries to leave Philippi, that it might not be found how badly they had been treated; and quietly went away from the place where had suffered so much, to carry the help

* Acts xvi. 32. † Acts xiii. 12; Ps. cxix. 130.

* Acts xvi. 33. † Acts xvi. [illegible]
‡ Comp. ver. 23, 24. § Acts xvi. [illegible]
‖ John xiii. 34, 35. ** Acts xvi. [illegible]

Gospel message to other cities in Macedonia; but they did not depart till they had bidden farewell to the brethren,* whom they had left behind to spread the name of Jesus in Philippi.

We are not told what other believers met, with the Jewess Lydia and the Gentile jailer, in that first meeting of the Church in Europe, but we do know that they were a body of loving, faithful followers of the Lord Jesus Christ;† and if you will read for yourselves, dear children, the letter which St. Paul wrote long afterwards to these Christians of Philippi, you will see how he never forgot to love them, and pray for them,‡ and how glad he was to know—that they remembered and loved him still.§

## RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD.

### MOHAMMEDANISM.

(*Continued from page* 64.)

YOU know that the followers of Mohammed are not idolaters. I daresay you have read that phrase which expresses their belief almost in a single sentence—"There is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is His prophet." Who and what was this Mohammed? He was born some five hundred and odd years after our Saviour, near the ancient town of Mecca. His mother was then a widow, and not a wealthy one. He was sent to be nursed (as was then the custom) in the hill country, where the air was more pure and wholesome. While he was yet a little child, his mother died, and he was committed to the care of his grandfather, who lived in Mecca. There he met with many pilgrims, who came from distant parts to visit the "Kaaba," where was the sacred black stone; also the sacred well, "Zem-Zem," believed to be the very fountain of which Hagar drank. It must have been an exciting moment when the first caravan of the year arrived—the merchants from distant regions, and the camels laden with spices and other costly wares. Young Mohammed became eager to travel, and was allowed to go with his guardian on one of his mercantile journeys. Strange, wild legends of spiritual beings, and of ancient races of men long since passed away, haunted many of the hills and vales through which they travelled. In Syria, he must needs have come in contact with the Christian religion. But centuries had elapsed since He trod the hills and vales of Syria, who taught that they who would worship the Father acceptably must worship Him "in spirit and in truth." "Conquering, and to conquer," the faith of Christ had spread from coast to coast; on the shores of the "dark Continent," in the distant isles of Britain, had been heard the "glad tidings of great joy." On the ruins of the old Roman world had risen, slowly and surely, a Church, into which much of its ancient strength and discipline had passed, much, also, of its ambition and its hardness. The Church had invaded the world; the world, in its turn, had invaded the Church.

ELIZABETH SUTTON.

* Acts xvi. 40. † Phil. i. 3—5. 29, 30.
‡ Phil. iv. 1; i. 4—11, 24.
§ Phil. i. 26; ii. 24; iv. 10—18.

## "LIGHT WITHIN."

WHEN I visited our new station, San-k'e (Hill Mouth), last February, a woman was attracted by the crowd who were gathered round the Missionaries outside the Christian's house where the service was held. She was struck by what she heard, and went to see this Christian after the Missionaries had left, and it was not long before she made up her mind that she herself would become a Christian. As soon as her father-in-law found out what was going on, he ordered her not to go near the Christians again; but having once heard the good news she could not be content, but thirsted to learn more, and, in spite of his threats, to the service she would go. Her father-in-law was in a rage, he seized her, and having tied her by the neck to a post in the house, he beat her severely with rods from a mulberry-tree: having opened the door and invited the neighbours to come and see what he was going to do.

But the beating had no effect, for still the woman was found at the Christian service. The old man not only beat her again, but smashed her furniture, and got possession of her money, declaring she should not have a penny unless she would worship the idols.

When we visited San-k'e in June, we heard the story of this woman's persecutions, and she herself came to us and begged for baptism. We solemnly warned her of the risk she was running; we examined her most carefully, and found that she w instructed in the truth that we had tion in granting her request. S earnestly that her three little chil be baptized with her. She had m mind, if necessary, to suffer the things for Christ's sake, and I sha forget the joyous, happy look on tha face as she stood forth before he neighbours, not very far from the h her father-in-law lived, and publicl her faith in the Saviour, and her cleave to Him, and continue H soldier and servant until life's e received the name of Li-min, "Ligh Her three little ones were baptiz Le-foh, Le-lin (Received Grace, Happiness, Received the Spirit).

We heard afterwards that when h in-law heard she had become a Chr once more beat her cruelly; and, s he has, both to her face and behind tried to injure her in every way. done all he can to set her husband friends against her. A father-in great power in China. Once he o son to beat the wife, and becaus refused, the father beat his son f dience! Li-min's husband is still a but his wife prays constantly for hi trust he will soon be brought in.

Will you make mention of this p woman, and of many others here suffering for Christ's sake, in your

Hangchow. A.

# WORK AND WORKERS AMONG THE SANTALS.

## OUR CHILDREN.

OUR school-children have given us much joy during the past year. Three boys who entered as heathens have been baptized; and the parents of one of these boys have been won by their son, and are now asking to be taught about the Saviour. And thus the school has been not only a blessing to the boy himself, but also to his father and mother. We have always had this blessing in our Santal Mission School. All our Santal Mission Agents were heathen schoolboys. There are seven boys in the school now, of whom I have hope that they will become Christians. About three months ago they told one of the teachers that this is their wish. And they say to me, "We believe, and we want to do what is right, but our parents tell us to wait." Alas! waiting is a dangerous thing, but the very fact of their wishing to follow the Lord Jesus Christ is to us a sign of life in their souls.

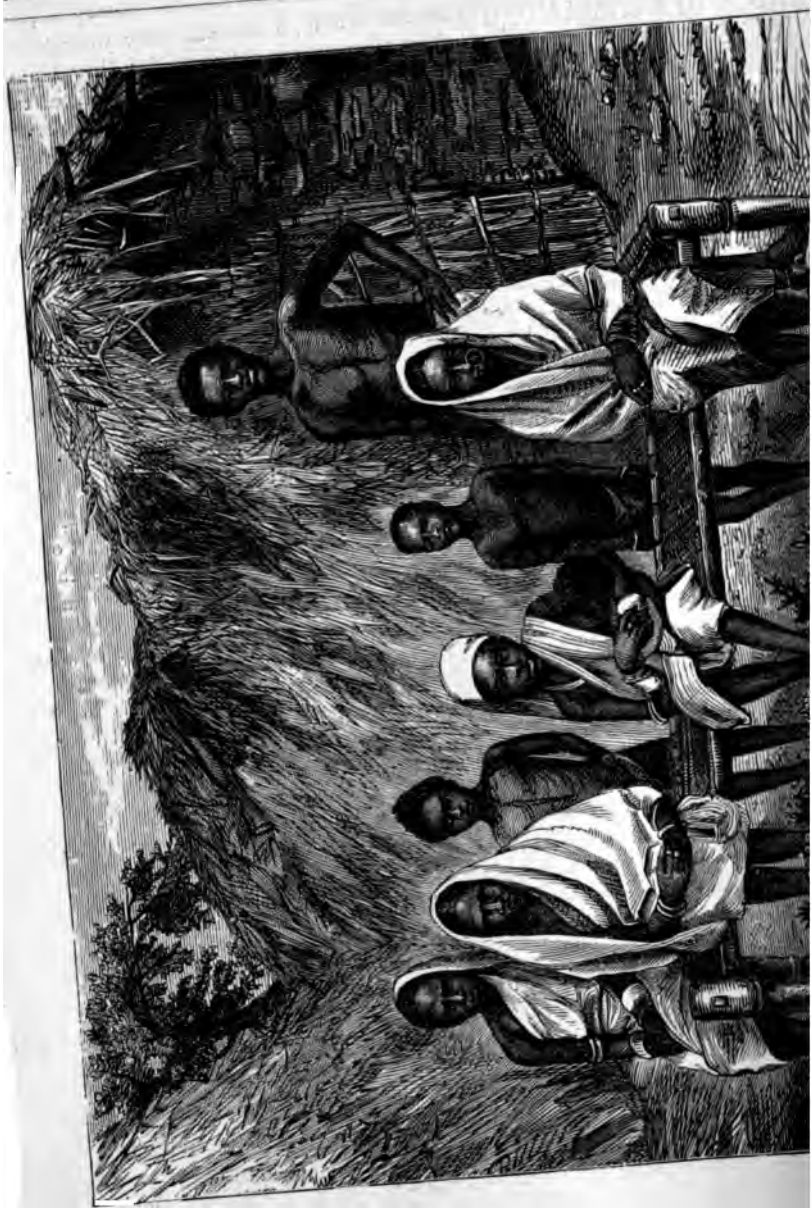
## OUR PATIENTS.

We have opened a dispensary for the sick people, and in the past five months 2000 patients have been attended to. We find this a grand opportunity for telling the Gospel story, for not only those who are sick are brought to listen, but also the friends who come with them to us.

As yet we have had no direct conversions. A little while ago I was asked to see a sick man in a village where I had been preaching; he had been given up by the native medicine-men, but we prescribed for him, and by God's blessing the man recovered. In his sickness he had said, "If I get better, I will become a Christian." But when he recovered, he put us off, saying, "Wait till I become strong, I am still very weak." A short time afterwards he said, "Now I am ready to learn." He commenced to listen to instruction, but his wife threatened to leave him, his father and mother told him they would turn him out of the house, and, though he held on for a while, at last he gave way, and asked to be allowed to wait. We hope still for this poor man, but the struggle will be harder now he has once drawn back. In his village there are no Christians, but three other men who are inclined to listen to us.

## OUR CONVERTS.

But we have some brave hearts among us. In the village of Kargo a man was baptized with his children; his wife was frightened by her parents into leaving him at first, but she afterwards returned to him, and was baptized. Persecution soon began in earnest. Part of his land was taken away. At midnight the heathen gathered round their house, and tried to frighten them with dreadful noises. They were in great fear, but they knelt down and prayed, and were comforted. Then they were tried in another way; the man's oxen sickened and died, and so he was not able to plough his own land, and he had to become a servant to his heathen mother-in-law. This trouble gave the heathen excuse for jeering at him. "Though you serve God," they mocked, "yet He does not take care of you. The *bongas* are angry, and they are punishing you, and you see that your God is not strong enough to help you." But they could not shake his trust. "It is true," he answered, "that great troubles are come upon me, but God has kept us, and He sees us still." They are not allowed to touch any vessels containing food or water belonging to their heathen relations, but through all the heavy troubles and the petty spite, they still are very happy, and are firm in their faith.



### Our Helpers.

r all our Christians do try to make
own to those whom they meet, and
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man leads the Sunday service
ek, and acts as the catechist of the
t for any pay, but simply for love of

eathen here will not eat of their
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good. They bring the first-fruits
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as well as money, was brought.
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repaired. This was done entirely
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ore one has to do with these
he more one loves them; and
he man whose lot is cast among

F. T. Cole.

## SABBATH-KEEPERS FROM FORT SIMPSON.

SOME six years ago a party of Indian labourers set out from Fort Simpson to look for work at a station a good way off, at Fort Wrangell, in the great territory of Alaska. They were employed by the American Government to cut down wood, and so they were bound to stay at Fort Wrangell for some months. Eleven of these Indians were Christian men. At Fort Simpson they had their minister, their school-house, and their Sunday services, but when they came to Fort Wrangell they found no church or service, and no one to help them in the right way. It was a time of danger for these Christians, for how easily they might be tempted to mix with the heathen and learn their ways when they had nothing to remind them of the true God. But they did not think because they had no teacher and no church, therefore they could have no prayer and no Sabbath-keeping. They met together on the Sunday, as they had been accustomed to do at Fort Simpson, and prayed and sang together, and reminded each other of the truths they had learnt at home.

This was the very humble beginning of a great Mission work that has been done at Fort Wrangell. An American gentleman who heard of their meeting found a room for them, and gave hymn-books for their services; and it so happened that soon afterwards a Missionary for the first time paid a visit to Fort Wrangell, and tried to persuade the white men and the Indians there to build a church and school. These Christian Indians came forward and subscribed money and blankets to help in the building, and also promised to help with their hands in the work.

When the time came for them to return home, one of the party, named Clah, stayed behind, for by this time some of the heathen Indians of Fort Wrangell had begun to wish that they might know about the religion of these men, and Clah had opened a day-school, and begun to hold services on Sunday for any who would come to hear. Two or three hundred often met on Sunday, and though many mocked at the preacher, and the sorcerers tried to silence him, still he persevered, and each week the congregation grew larger. White men, who had not been in a church for many years, would sometimes come to ridicule the red men's prayers, but often their hearts were softened at seeing these despised Indians singing and praying together, and explaining words out of the Holy Book which they themselves had once learnt, and forgotten long ago.

And among the Indians the Spirit of God worked through the young man's teaching; many gave up the witchcraft, and the devil-dancing, and the sinful practices of their heathen religion for the sake of Christ.

There was not much comfort in the arrangements of either church or school, yet the grown-up men and women seemed to have a passion for learning. The school met just in any houses where the pupils could be taken in; often they did not know where they might meet the next day; sometimes they used a public hall, and the next week would have to turn into a log house. Books, too, were hard to find. What do you think of this for a school supply for about thirty scholars: "Four small Bibles, four hymn-books, three primers, thirteen first readers, and one wall chart"? Yet they would not be kept back. "Those people," said a sailor, "are crazy to learn. Going up the beach last night, I heard an Indian girl spelling out words of one and two syllables. Looking round, I found that as she could not get a book, she was learning from an old newspaper."

Fort Wrangell is now a Mission station with pastor and teachers, church and school-houses, and many white as well as red men there, we trust, love the Word of God, and remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy; but we should not forget to honour that little band of humble Indians who carried their religion in their hearts, and confessed the name of Jesus in their lives, when they had no earthly teacher helping them to keep true to their Lord.

## ONE IN CHRIST JESUS.

ON March 7th, sixteen of our girls were baptized; some of this number were old enough to answer for themselves, but most of them were little orphans who received infant baptism. Even these, however, had learnt a good deal of the catechism, and were able to answer simple questions from the Bible. All had been with us long enough to love the name of Jesus. The youngest of them was six years old, and all had been carefully taught. It was a solemn service, and our hearts were full as we saw them kneel at the font in our little church in the presence of the Native Christians. They were from many different tribes, and doubt-

been taught to bow down before
nt gods and goddesses.

a little Binjaree girl, of a wild,
d of gipsy tribe, that wander over
rriers. I never heard of another
s tribe being in any school. This
has been with us since August,
was sent in to us by the district
as an orphan. Her mother had
ezwara Hospital, far away from
tribe. She was then about six
and is a most bright, intelligent,
ow. Another of the sixteen was of
igger caste, another of the Gollah
n caste, three were of what is called
caste, two of the Bearer caste, and
Malas. S. PADFIELD.

ng School, Masulipatam, S. India.

## Y LIFE IN CHINA.

(*Concluded.*)

HEN the boys repeat their lessons they stand with their backs to their master, and, swinging their bodies from side to side, gabble off the words as fast as they can, stops except for breath. They pected to understand what they y have been many years at school. their books to and from school, in blue check or other coloured fs, tucked under their arms; for, l the Chinese schools are day- is only Missionaries who have hools. We have two day-schools, boys in each; for though one for girls, we cannot as yet get the ie to it, so I have only one girl

I daresay you wonder whether the Chinese school-boys play any games. They do not know anything about such nice games as cricket, foot-ball, marbles, &c. I am sorry to say the only way in which they amuse themselves is to gamble with cash, Chinese coin made of copper.

### HOLIDAY LIFE.

But at the new year they have a grand time of flying kites. During the year there are a good many feast days, on which boys get holidays; but they have no long holiday-time excepting a month at the new year. The Chinese new year does not fall at the same time as ours, for they reckon their months by the moon; but New Year's Day to them is a much more honoured time than with us. They will dress up as finely as they can, and the shops are shut for two or three days, and all classes of people send presents to their friends, and go out visiting and amusing themselves.

The streets at that time look quite gay with groups of people, dressed, not as at other times in dark cotton clothes, but in silks and satins of crimson, green, blue, purple, and various hues, often with beautifully embroidered sleeves, and jackets often lined with fur. The children look particularly smart, being adorned with gay caps and hats, ornamented with gilt figures or Chinese characters, especially the Chinese character which means "happiness." These fine clothes usually sleep peacefully all the rest of the year in the pawnbrokers' boxes, and come out for an airing only at the new year.

After New Year's Day, too, the kites make their appearance. These are not like English kites; and I fancy a Chinese boy would rather despise an English boy's kite. The Chinese articles are very elaborate, and are generally in the shape of some animal—a gigantic

butterfly, a centipede, a bird, a dragon, &c.; and it is a fine sight to watch such a kite rise, rise steadily in the still, clear atmosphere till it becomes almost a speck. Sometimes they fly these kites at night, and send lighted lanterns up after them, which startle the unwary into imagining there are new stars appearing in the sky!

### Examinations.

When a boy is fourteen or fifteen he is either apprenticed to some trade, or, if he wishes to become a mandarin, he goes in for an examination. Examinations are held every year in all the towns of China, and the young men who pass them may go in for the provincial examination, which takes place once in every three years in the chief city of each of the eighteen provinces. Those who pass the provincial examinations are allowed to have a degree, and a certain number of the successful candidates are chosen to go up to the capital—Pekin—for the final examination, after passing which they may hope to get some Government appointment; the others become schoolmasters or tutors.

Hangchow is the capital of the Chekiang Province, and once in three years this city is crowded with young men in the autumn—sometimes 10,000, sometimes more; yet such is the love of order and good behaviour among the Chinese that there is seldom any grand disturbance. The Chinese youth is almost always civil to a foreigner, and we meet with no rudeness in the streets, except the usual one of street children calling out "foreign devil" after us.

But you know, dear children, that however civilly these Chinese may behave they have evil hearts as well as we, which need the renewing of the Holy Ghost. Will you pray that they may receive this great blessing?

MARY ELWIN.

## WINTER AND SUMMER NORTH-WEST AME

THE Rev. T. Albany, America, te thing of the hardships t only in win in summer- Indians an ers.

"In the very severe people suffered very much from I am thankful to say none at actually died of starvation, th perished who were beyond our Rupert's River district I found very different; the people th terribly, and many were the tales I heard, but I was glad to their greatest need they never they were under a loving Father

"You will easily imagine how watched for the coming of sprin came a complete supply for the One cause of anxiety was thus but another immediately followe

"The fall of snow had be heavy, and when it melted ou flowed its banks to the depth o its icy covering was thus bro swept down upon us with Masses of ice made their way tions, and nothing could resist five houses were completely Our Mission-house had its ve broken up, and I believe this s of the building from being des Mission flag-staff was cut dow been a small twig; not a sti was left about our gardens, al

lown, and large trees were served in the ame way.

"All this took place in a dark, stormy ight. We had taken refuge on a staging of rees and underbrush, about 200 yards further ack than our house stood from the river; nd there we spent a most anxious night. A rise of three feet more water would have ome over our platform, yet in the midst of ll this we were perfectly safe, and we knew hat a loving Father watched over us.

"The look of the whole place next morning would baffle description; everything seemed embedded in ice, and, indeed, it formed one solid pack everywhere. This took place on May 4th, and in the beginning of July it had not yet disappeared. Early in June we were gladdened by the return of our dear people. To all the winter had been a trying one, but we were all mercifully kept, and now could join together in thanking Him who had preserved us from death."

## SOME OF THE TRIALS OF SCHOOLBOYS IN CEYLON.

THERE are five young people in the Siganwala District who wish to become Christians. One of these boys, who had showed a great interest in the Gospel message, was very ill with fever; and while he was almost in an unconscious state, his parents performed some devil ceremonies, and tied a charmed string round his neck; but as soon as he was well enough he broke it and threw it away. Another pupil wrote the following letter to the master of the school:—

"Gracious Master,—I know now that the Buddhist religion is false, and the Christian religion is true. I want to be baptized, but my parents and my friends are not willing. I beg that you and the Catechist will explain to them the right way, and obtain their consent." R. T. DOWBIGGIN.

## "UNTO ME."

SWEET and low the gentle whisper
Comes in all its power to thee,
When thine heart has freely given,—
"Ye have done it unto ME!"

Sick and sad a heart with sorrow
Comes for sympathy to thee,
Words of comfort thou hast spoken,—
"Ye have done it unto ME!"

Weary sinners, heavy laden,
Wonder if they may be free,
Thou hast pointed them to Jesus,—
"Ye have done it unto ME!"

Messages of mercy carried
To the heathen o'er the sea,
Gold and silver freely given,—
"Ye have done it unto ME!"

Every sacrifice for Jesus
Yielded gladly, willingly,
Wins from Him a smile of pleasure,—
"Ye have done it unto ME!"

EVA TRAVERS POOLE.

## JUVENILE CONTRIBUTIONS.

| | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Battersea—St. John's Juvenile Association | 9 | 2 | 4 |
| Burton-on-Trent—Holy Trinity Juvenile Association | 4 | 16 | 9 |
| St. John's, Fitzroy Square—Juvenile Association | 9 | 15 | 10 |
| Satchett, F. H., Birthday Present | 0 | 1 | 6 |
| Walton-on-Thames Sunday School Children, by Miss Makins | 0 | 3 | 6 |
| HENRY WRIGHT MEMORIAL FUND. | | | |
| Bushell, R. G. | 0 | 11 | 7 |
| Crook, Kate, Birthday Gift | 0 | 17 | 0 |
| Holland, Master Willie, Durham, Birthday Present | 0 | 1 | 6 |
| Edinburgh Juvenile Association | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| Storrs, Master Godwyn, Sandown, Birthday Gift | 2 | 2 | 6 |
| Twelve Great-Grandchildren of the Church Missionary Society * | 1 | 4 | 0 |
| Wooster, Annie, Birthday Gift | 0 | 4 | 6 |

## OUR MISSIONARY BIBLE CLASS.

*Rule* 1.—*Papers must be sent in before the end of the month in which the subject is given.*

*Rule* 2.—*Only contributors sixteen years old and under can compete for prizes.*

*Rule* 3.—*The name, age, and address of the writer must be given* at the beginning *of each paper.*

*Rule* 4.—*Only one side of the paper must be written on.*

*Rule* 5.—*When more than one sheet of paper is used the separate sheets must be tacked together.*

* The following note tells what is meant by the title given to these twelve young subscribers, whose ages are from 9 to 1 year old :—

"DEAR SIR,—The enclosed sum of £1 4*s.* is from the great-grandchildren of our Society. They all bear the name of one of its oldest Missionaries; their great-grandfather having been engaged in this work for nearly fifty years.

"A few years ago nine of these children's nearest relations were in the Mission-field, and even before the C.M.S. existed their forefathers were labouring in India as ambassadors for Christ to the heathen. Will the readers of the Green Book follow the example of my young relatives by offering their mites, and helping to make the good ship, the 'Henry Wright,' steam on its mission to Africa? "Yours,

"A. JOHNSON."

## SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS FOR J

1. Show from the Acts of the Apostles th overruled persecution for the spread Gospel.
2. What led to the "sharp contention" St. Paul and St. Barnabas?
3. Where was the first Missionary Meetin Who were the speakers?
4. Give a brief outline of the story they tell.
5. What cases of individual conversion corded in the Acts of the Apostles?
6. What led to the preaching of the Go Europe?
7. Mention any persons who tried to hin preaching of the Gospel.
8. Give the names of some who help Apostles, and show how they helped t
9. What measures did the Apostles ta securing the continuance of Christia when they were called away from place they had preached the Gospel?
10. St. Paul in one place spoke to Jews o another to Gentiles only—in anot Christian workers only—give the na the places, and a brief outline of each a
11. Mention the circumstances under wh address to Christian workers was give
12. On what occasions was St. Paul in da death?

## SCRIPTURE ANSWERS FOR M

HE DELIVERETH AND RESCUETH.

(1) Ps. xx., cxviii., cxlvi. (2) Darius, I 14, 20, 27. (3) Herod, Mark vi. 26, 2 Dan. iii. 17; II Peter ii. 9. (5) Gen. x Lot; II Kings vi. 15—18, Elisha; II xxxii. 20, 21, Hezekiah; Dan. vi. 21, 22, I Acts v. 17—20, the Apostles; Acts xii. Peter. (6) Acts ix. 25; xiv. 20; xvi. 2 xviii. 9, 10; xxi. 30—32; xxiii. 16—24; 44; xxviii. 3—6. (7) II Cor. i. 10; II T 17, 18. (8) Moses, Exod. xv. 1—18, see Deborah, Judges v., see iv. 23, 24. David, I xxii., see ver. 1. Simeon, Luke ii. 28—3 ver. 25—27. The Apostles, Acts iv. 23—3 Jehoshaphat, II Chron. xx. 20—25. (10) (*a*) xviii. 18; I Tim. i. 15; I John iv. 14; (*b*) sin, Matt. i. 21; its penalty, Gal. iii. 1 power, Col. i. 13; Titus ii. 13, 14; self, I v. 15; the world, Gal. i. 3, 4; fear of death, ii. 14, 15; wrath to come, Rom. v. 9; I Th 10. (11) From fear, Luke xii. 4—7; H Rev. iii. 10, 11; their reward is sure, Matt. (12) Phil. i. 13; II Tim. iv. 18.

*London:* Church Missionary House, Salisbury Square; Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday, 54, Fleet S

AUGUST, 1881.] [Price One Halfpenny.

# CHURCH JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR MISSIONARY SOCIETY

(THESSALONICA.)

## ST. PAUL AT THESSALONICA.

ACTS xvii. 1—15.

## ST. PAUL AT THESSALONICA.

THERE seems to have been a very important synagogue in Thessalonica; and into this synagogue Paul entered on the Sabbath day, in the hope of having an opportunity of preaching the Gospel. The opportunity came: and the Apostle was able to explain the Scriptures to a large crowd of Jews and others who had gathered together into the building. He pointed out in a very convincing way that the Old Testament spoke of a Christ who was to suffer and to rise again from the dead, and then he went on to show them that these prophecies were all of them fulfilled, and exactly fulfilled, in the history of Jesus of Nazareth. His preaching produced a very marked impression, not so much upon the Jews themselves (for only "some of them" believed) as upon the proselytes and upon the heathen, who, though they were not present in the synagogue, heard afterwards of what had been done; and a "great multitude" believed in Jesus Christ, and joined themselves to the company of the Apostle and his friends.

But now observe what followed. The success of the Christian Missionaries irritated the unbelieving Jews to such an extent that they determined to raise a tumult, and under cover of it to kill the Apostle, or at least to drive him out of their city, and to prevent him entering into it again. Well, they managed this. They assembled some worthless, idle, vagabond fellows, loungers about the market-place, who cared nothing for religion, but were ready for any mischief, especially if they were paid for doing it, and with them attacked the house in which t supposed Paul and his companions to lodging. It so happened that Paul was there. Perhaps he had had a hint given l to stay away. However, some of the Ch tians were in the house, and they were sei and dragged before the magistrates, w bitter complaints as to the mischief they w doing in the town. And what do you sup their enemies said? Why, that the C tians were "turning the world upside do and that they were setting up a king in op sition to the Roman Emperor. The seco part of the charge was manifestly false; a as to turning the world upside down, th were trying to persuade people to turn fr their sins, and to serve the living and tr God. That was all. But the charge w believed, and Paul and Silas were obliged give up their work and leave the city.

They go to Berea, fifty miles off, and be again, nothing daunted by their expulsi from Thessalonica. There they find great difference in the Jews of the city. T Berean Jews were "more noble" than Thessalonian Jews, says St. Luke. means that they were more truthful and hon and sincere, and less prejudiced, and th they were willing to read the Scriptures order to ascertain whether the things whi they heard were true or not; and the res was seen in the conversion of many to t faith of Christ. "*Many* of them believed.

Everything seemed going on happily, wh some of the Jews of Thessalonica appea upon the scene. They had heard of t preaching of the Apostles in Berea, and t success which had attended their labou and they take the trouble to travel fi miles in order to overthrow the work th was so well begun. Unfortunately th succeeded. By their false representatio they stirred up the populace of the to

n void. At any rate the truth nessed to, and we must leave it r to water the scattered seed.

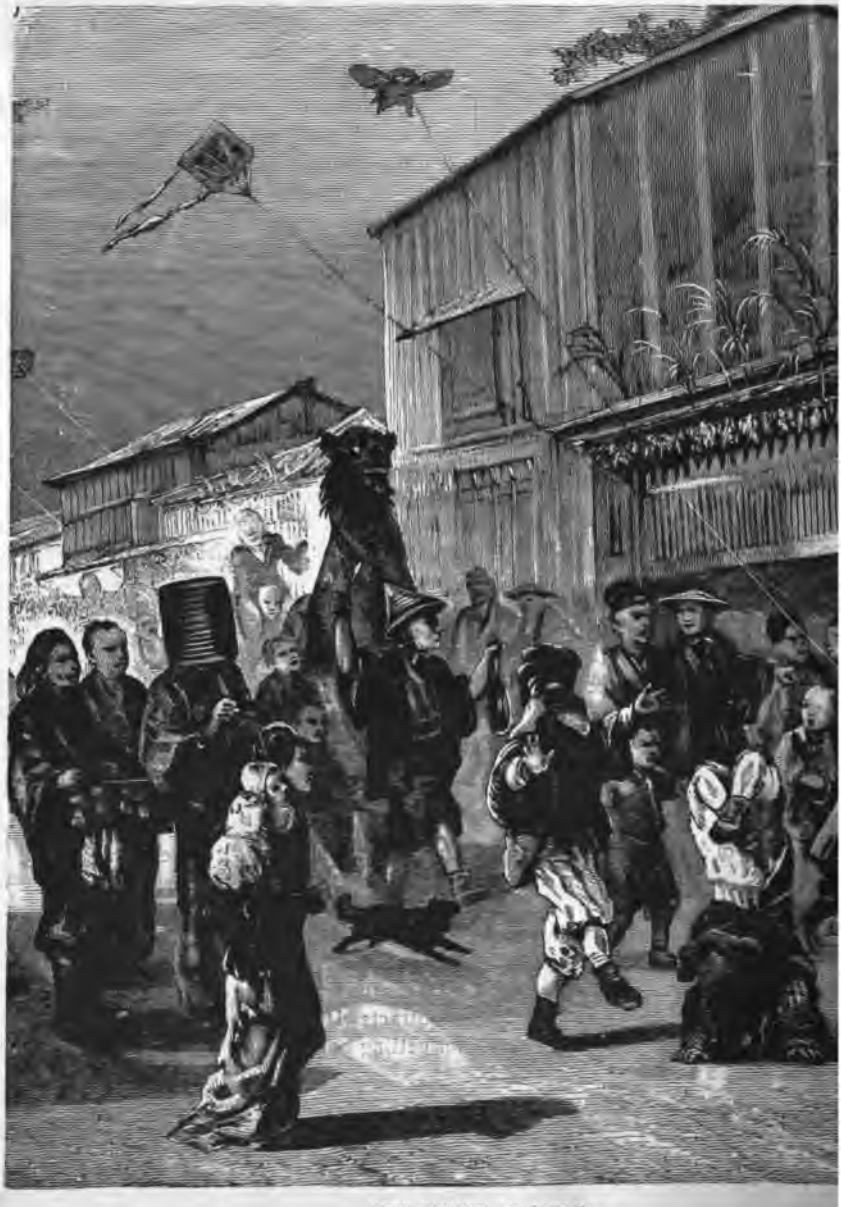
## LL-POX AS A GOD.

EAT excitement prevailed in this town (Ondo, Yoruba Country), on account of the prevalence of the small-pox, which caused great mortality in this in the surrounding country. rending to see the behaviour hen under the circumstances. umbling themselves to God by and prayer, they had recourse ho profess to have great in- the small-pox, which the Ondos a god. Their solicitude encou- impostors to come forward as r of the country, and to extort y from them for propitiatory One of these impostors was an the king. He came on a sudden , one of the Ondo villages, and he Council meeting and declared rful manner how the small-pox him in a human form, and d him to come and tell the sacrifices he will require from leave the country. After thorities a horse, a cow, and fowls, and a meanness the away the small-pox from the neighbourhood. But he paid dearly for his impositions, for only a few weeks after, he himself caught the contagion and became a victim of the disease.

There were not wanting mischievous persons who sought to arouse popular prejudice against us and our religion, by insinuating that the Ondos provoked the small-pox by tolerating the new religion that we introduce into the country. It is painful to see how such wild insinuations are credited by the heathen.

Though the judgment of God was so heavy upon the land, the people did not learn to change their wicked customs. There were many deaths among the wealthy, and immolations at funerals were many and frequent. Two head chiefs were among those who died during the year; at the funeral of one five persons were killed, and at that of the other, who was more wealthy, fifteen persons were killed and their corpses thrown into the grave, while two others were buried alive with the corpse. I am thankful that the governors of Lagos are trying to put an end to these atrocities.

It was not till December (1879) that the small-pox commenced to rage among the little flock of Christ here. Some of the inquirers and school-children were attacked by turns, and in all the families of the agents there were small-pox patients. But in no other Christian family did it prove fatal but in my own. The disease appeared in my family about the close of January, and by the 20th of February I had lost three of my four children. It was a heavy affliction for Mrs. Phillips and myself, but I am thankful to say at the Lord did not leave us alone in the of affliction. CHARLES PHILLIPS.



KITE-FLYING IN JAPAN.

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## SMALL-POX AS A GOD.

GREAT excitement prevailed in this town (Ondo, Yoruba Country), on account of the prevalence of the small-pox, which caused great mortality in this town and in the surrounding country. It is heartrending to see the behaviour of the heathen under the circumstances. Instead of humbling themselves to God by repentance and prayer, they had recourse to those who profess to have great influence over the small-pox, which the Ondos worship as a god. Their solicitude encouraged many impostors to come forward as the deliverer of the country, and to extort much money from them for propitiatory sacrifices. One of these impostors was an old slave of the king. He came on a sudden from Otropa, one of the Ondo villages, and he went to the Council meeting and declared in a wonderful manner how the small-pox appeared to him in a human form, and commissioned him to come and tell the Ondos what sacrifices he will require from them that he may leave the country. After receiving from the authorities a horse, a cow, several sheep, and goats, and fowls, and a large amount of cowries, he had the meanness to come to the Mission-yard and ridicule the credulity of the bewildered authorities. Another was a Lagos man, and a Songo worshipper. He received a considerable amount of money from the late Lisa, and after spending it in feasting himself and his co-religionists for seven days, he declared that he had sent away the small-pox from the neighbourhood. But he paid dearly for his impositions, for only a few weeks after, he himself caught the contagion and became a victim of the disease.

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## THE LAD WITH THE LOAVES.

"There is a lad here which hath five barley loaves and two small fishes; but what are they among so many?"—ST. JOHN vi. 9.

THIS verse seems written almost on purpose for the readers of the Green Book, all of whom, I hope, desire to work for God, and to do good to the poor, hungry, perishing heathen. See

(1) *Who was it that had the great honour of lending something to the Lord Jesus?* Not a man, or a woman; but *a lad.* "One child." Grown-up people might have carried heavy baskets full of food, but one lad could not carry much.

(2) *What had he to offer? Bread:* but only coarse *barley loaves;* and only *five* of these! *Fish;* but *small* fish; and only *two* of these!

"What are these among so many?" said Philip. And perhaps you, dear children, think, "I am only a little child. I have only a sixpence, or a penny. The world is so large, and the heathen are so many! What good can *I* do? What use is *my* money among so many?"

Remember now that this wonderful story of the feeding the five thousand is told four times over in the Bible. Nothing is written in vain in that blessed Book. Let us see whether we can learn a word from each of the four stories to help us in our Missionary work!

I. *St. John* vi. 2, 5, tells us that "a great multitude," "a great company," came to Jesus. What a much greater multitude comes before us in the heathen world! 1,000,000,000 *of people* who do not believe in the true God! If you sat still on a chair, and watched these millions walk by you by one in a long row, one passing by e[illegible] second, you would have to watch 31 *y*[illegible] *and* 259 *days* before the last person had [illegible] by! Is not London a large place? w[illegible] great multitude of people in it? Well! *y*[illegible] would want 100 Londons to get in all [illegible] Chinese people!

"A *great company*" indeed!

II. *St. Mark* vi. 34 tells us, that when Jesus saw this great multitude, "*He had compassion on them.*" The Lord Jesus and His apostles were tired with long work, and they had "gone apart into a desert place to rest awhile." Just then ("Oh! how *tiresome*," *we* should have said, I am afraid), a great crowd of people came to be talked to and to be fed. Was the Lord Jesus vexed? Did He say, "Go away to-day, and come when I have more time?" Nay, He "*had compassion on them.*" And so should we. Do we let us say, "Oh! here are the heathen come again! It is time for my subscription soon again! How often these Missionary sermons and meetings come round!" But rather pity *always* those who are *hungry*, "perishing for lack of knowledge," "having no hope, and without God in the world."

About 70,000 persons die every day in the world, and 50,000 of these die without Christ. Are you not *sorry* for them?

III. *St. Luke* ix. 11 tells us that the Lord Jesus "*received them.*" He did not only *pity* them, He *helped* them. And so should we. Some persons sigh deeply, and say, "What a sad thing it is that in Africa, India, China, and North-West America, they worship idols, and sometimes cruelly murder their parents or children!"

But when the sigh is over, they shut up their hearts and purses tight, and will not *receive* the heathen. How can *you* receive them? In your *prayers* find a place for

them; and in your thoughts, and plans, and love; and then the money will flow out fast.

IV. But now the thought comes back again, perhaps, "I *do* wish to receive the poor heathen, but I am so young, and have so little to give." Turn to *St. Matthew* xiv. 18, where you will see the plan which the Lord Jesus Himself told to Philip; "We have here but five loaves and two fishes. What are they among so many?" "He said, *Bring them hither to Me.*" Yes! give your copper, silver, or gold all to the Lord Jesus. Do not only put it into the plate, or into your Missionary-box, but *into His hands*, bending low at His feet in love and prayer. He will bless what you offer, so that all His people shall eat and be filled.

One word more. Suppose this lad had refused to lend his loaves and fishes, and had said, "Charity should begin at home; my father, and mother, and brothers, and sisters, and my uncle, and aunt, and cousins are all here on the hill-side, and what we have left is not enough for our *own party*. I can't spare any." Well, would the 5000 people have been starved? I think not. The Lord Jesus was God, and would have worked His loving work of feeding in His own way. But that boy would have done all he could to starve the people.

Suppose you do not help the heathen; will they all perish? I think not. God's purposes shall stand. He will "search His sheep and seek them out" (Ezek. xxxiv. 11). But you will have done all *you* can to send the poor heathen downwards to hell instead of upwards to glory.

A. E. MOULE.

## METLAKAHTLA IN ITS WORKING DRESS.

THE following interesting particulars of the progress of improvements at Metlakahtla are taken from Mr. Duncan's report for the past year:—

Our new houses now number just over one hundred, and sites for several more buildings are taken up.

From our village tax (three dollars per man) we have been enabled to improve and extend our roads, and also to commence building a large town-hall, 120 feet by 60 feet. This building is to be purely Indian as to architecture, and used for adult Sunday and night schools and for general assemblies. We have long felt the need for such a place.

During the past winter we have somewhat improved the organization of the ten companies into which our male population is divided. Each company includes a chief, two Native teachers, two constables, three councilmen, two musicians, and ten volunteer firemen with a captain.

The weaving business, though still only carried on as a school, is advancing very nicely. The young women are delighted with the industry, and the production of our looms (shawls, cloth, and blankets) has already created a thrill of joy among the Indians wherever the news has spread.

We have also a telephone in operation from the village to our saw-mill (about one and a half miles apart), and in addition to its usefulness it is a constant source of wonder and astonishment to all.

Our outlay in improvements during the past year amounted to over £300. Still our speed is slow, as our means will not allow us to go quicker; and each step we take does but seem to show us how much farther we

have to go before we attain the goal—a model Christian village.

You will rejoice, too, to learn that the tribe of Kithratla Indians are again becoming more amenable to Christian instruction. Some few seem decided for the Christian warfare, while the tribe as a whole seem struggling to free themselves from heathen customs. About seventy of this tribe, with their head chief, came to us before Christmas, and remained over two weeks. On New Year's Day we presented these with a large Bible in the presence of our assembled companies, and the chief on receiving it turned to the people and said, "I have got it. Thank you. I have received the Word of God. We came for this, and we have got it. It is well; it is well." W. DUNCAN.

## A SEA-SIDE LODGING IN JAPAN.

IN August we all went for change to a small sea-side village about twenty miles from here, and stayed a fortnight in the Buddhist priest's house adjoining the temple. It was a large, rambling old house, open all round and all through, with the exception of one little corner which we screened off for ourselves.

I had many talks with the priest and his two grown-up sons about Christianity and Buddhism, but none of them seemed to care much about their own religion; indeed, one of the sons declared that he thought all religion was deceit and nonsense, and when I asked why, if he thought so, he went through the services of the temple, a taught the people what he did not belie himself, he openly admitted he only did for a living. The only one who seemed have faith in anything was the youngest s a boy who was being trained to becom priest. As we were talking one day in temple, before the idol, he assured me t the idol contained a soul, and certainly h power; and when I offered to test this striking it, he earnestly begged me not to so, saying that I should be struck blin When I told this to his brother afterward he smiled, and said believers might be stru blind, he did not know about unbelievers.

It happened to be the season when half-yearly offerings were brought to the priest, and large numbers of people came in parties from the neighbouring villages. They brou their best clothes with them in a bundle; having slipped into these at the house-po they proceeded to the temple for servic after which they had dinner, all sitting in large ring in the temple, each with his or h little Japanese table placed in front; they next had a smoke, women as well as me and then they lay down to sleep, and havi rested and packed up their best clothes their bundles again, they turned homeward I had brought some Christian books a tracts with me from Niigata, and wished t give them to these people, but I did not l to do so unknown to the priest, so I thou it best to tell him what I wished to do, a ask whether he had any objection. "O no! certainly not; do as you please," was h answer. So after that I felt free to g books and to talk with any people who c to the temple to worship, and often I h good number of listeners on the temple

I also preached sometimes on t shore, and had discussion with t another temple in the village.

left, on going to have a look at this
le, and finding a number of wor-
ssembled, I was actually asked in
priest (who himself brought me a
of matting to sit on), and invited
o the people. This you may be
gladly; it was my first and last
aching in a Buddhist temple.
time soon come when the priests
converted into Christian pastors,
h Jesus Christ in the temples
into Christian churches!

P. F. FYSON.

## WAS HE RIGHT?

MAN who had received from me
a copy of the New Testament,
and who had expressed a desire
to become a Christian, was seen
by the Christian teacher of the
re his idol, apparently worshipping
acher waited till he rose from the
d then went to meet him, and
he had gone before his idol, not
but to read his New Testament
ing disturbed. It is for such as
ve want the prayers of all who are
n the extension of Christ's king-
they may have grace boldly to
ist.

puram. JAMES STONE.

## CONTRIBUTIONS.

| | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Heart . . . . | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| WRIGHT MEMORIAL FUND. | | | |
| t. Margaret's Juvenile | | | |
| , by Miss Toy: | | | |
| Ir., Pupils (*coll.*) . . | 7 | 2 | 5½ |
| Iiss (*coll.*) . . . | 5 | 13 | 3¼ |
| ottom, Miss, Pupils (*coll.*) | 6 | 9 | 0 |
| , Miss, Broadwey (*coll.*) | 0 | 11 | 0 |
| ) . | 0 | 14 | 6 |
| Galpin, Miss, Upwey and Broadwey (*coll.*) . . . . | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Groves, Miss, Great Toller (*coll.*) | 1 | 5 | 6 |
| Hill, Miss, Upwey . . . | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| Florence and Beatrice . . . | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| Reigate Juvenile Working Party, by Miss Clark (*coll.*) . . . . | 1 | 3 | 1 |

The Eastbourne Juvenile Association has collected (including proceeds of sale of work) over £100 in three quarters.

## SOME WORKERS FOR GOD.

(*See page* 59.)

Anna—*Luke* ii. 36—38. Served God in the temple day and night, and spoke of Jesus to all who looked for Him.

Bezaleel—*Exod.* xxxv. 30—36; xxxvi. 1, 2. Was filled with wisdom in all manner of workmanship for the tabernacle and its furniture.

Caleb—*Num.* xiii. 6, 30; xiv. 6—10. One of the faithful spies who stilled the people, and wholly followed the Lord.

Deborah *—*Judges* iv. 5. A judge and prophetess who encouraged Barak to fight against Sisera.

Epaphroditus—*Phil.* ii. 25—30; iv. 18. A devoted minister of the Church of Philippi, and a companion of St. Paul, to whom he carried help from the Philippians.

Fortunatus—*I Cor.* xvi. 17, 18. Ministered to St. Paul's wants and refreshed his spirits.

Gaius—*Rom.* xvi. 23; *III John* 5. Received into his house Paul and other Christians, and helped them on their journeys, and was kind to them.

Hananiah—*Neh.* vii. 2. Had charge of Jerusalem under Nehemiah, for he was a faithful man and feared God above many.

Ismachiah †—*II Chron.* xxxi. 13. An overseer of the offerings brought to the house of the Lord.

Josiah—*II Chron.* xxxiv., xxxv. The good king of Judah who destroyed the idols and repaired the house of God, and kept a great Passover, and made the people enter into a covenant with God.

Kohathites—*Num.* iii. 27—32; iv. 15. Carried the ark and other sacred furniture of the tabernacle, and ministered in the tabernacle of the congregation about the most holy things.

Lydia—*Acts* xvi. 14, 15. Whose heart the Lord opened that she attended to the words of St. Paul, and showed kindness to him and to Silas.

Matthias—*Acts* i. 23, 26. Chosen to be an apostle.

* See also Gen. xxiv. 59; xxxv. 8.
† See also Neh. iii. 30; Dan. i. 7; iii.

Nathaniel—*John* i. 45–49. A disciple of Jesus.
Obed-edom—*II Sam.* vi. 10, 11. Received the ark of God into his house, and was blessed in his deed.
Priscilla—*Acts* xviii. 2, 3, 26; *Rom.* xvi. 3, 4. With her husband, Aquila, a devoted fellow-helper of St. Paul.
Quartus—*Rom.* xvi. 23. A brother in Christ to St. Paul.
Rehum—*Neh.* iii. 17. A Levite who helped to repair the walls of Jerusalem.
Stephen—*Acts* vi. 8; vii. 58, 59. The first believer who laid down his life for Christ.
Tabitha—*Acts* ix. 36. Was full of good works and alms-deeds which she did.
Urbane—*Rom.* xvi. 9. One of St. Paul's helpers in Christ.
Zerubbabel—*Ezra* iii. 2; v. 2; *Hag.* i. 14; *Zech.* iv. 9. Was governor of the Jews on their return from Babylon, and rebuilt the altar and the house of God. ESTHER FILEWOOD.

"GOD is not unrighteous to forget your work and labour of love which ye have showed towards His Name."

Eighty-nine papers on "Some Workers for God" have been received.

The four prizes offered in our May number (see page 59) have been awarded to –

First Prize—Esther Filewood, aged 15, Wallingford.
Second ,, Edith Owen, ,, 14, Salisbury.
Third ,, Francis Bowley, ,, 13, Bristol.
Fourth ,, Malcolm George Stewart, aged 12, Edinburgh.

The answers of Lucy Betson, Dorothy Fiennes, Penrose Girdlestone, Florence Chettle, Jane Gates, Annie Monck Mason, Annie Pearce, and Florence Orr deserve honourable mention.

## OUR MISSIONARY BIBLE CLASS.

*Rule* 1.—*Papers must be sent in before the end of the month in which the subject is given.*

*Rule* 2.—*Only contributors sixteen years old and under can compete for prizes.*

*Rule* 3.—*The name, age, and address of the writer must be given* at the beginning *of each paper.*

*Rule* 4.—*Only one side of the paper must be written on.*

*Rule* 5.—*When more than one sheet of paper is used the separate sheets must be tacked together.*

### SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS FOR AUGUST.

1. Can you quote from the Psalms any promises made to prayer on behalf of the heathen?
2. Where does our Lord teach us to pray for the heathen?
3. What prayer did He Himself offer on their behalf?
4. What authority have we to pray for more Missionaries?
5. Do you remember any words of St. Paul which show that we ought to pray that countries now shut against the Gospel may be opened to it?
6. Do you know any instance in modern times of an answer to such prayer?
7. Missionaries often ask us to pray for them—can you show that in this they imitate St. Paul?
8. What kind of things did St. Paul want Christians to ask for him in order that he might be a good Missionary? 9. Do Missionaries now need prayer for the same purposes? Give proofs.
10. St. Paul asks for prayer that his work might not be hindered by others. Quote passages.
11. Can you show from his history that such prayer was answered?
12. Is similar prayer needed now? Give your reasons, supported by facts from the Mission-field.

### SCRIPTURE ANSWERS FOR JUNE.

THE HARVEST.

(1) Matt. xiii. 26. (2) Gen. iii.; Rom. v. 12. (3) Matt. iv. 1—11. (4) I Cor. xi. 13—15. (5) Gal. i. 6—8; iii. 1—3; iv. 9, 10; vi 12. (6) Acts v. 1—11; viii. 9—24; xiii. 6—12; xv. 1; xix. 13—15. (7) Jer. ii. 21. (8) Amos ix. 9. (9) Jer. li 33; Joel iii. 13; Hab. iii. 12; Mal. iv. 1; Matt. iii. 12; Rev. xiv. 19, 20. (10) Psalm cxxvi. 5, 6; Isa. ix. 3; John iv. 36; Gal. vi. 8. (11) Exod. xxiii. 16; Deut. xvi. 15; Zech. xiv. 16. (12) Phil. i. 9–11.

We promised in our January number (see page 12) to give prizes in books to the three best sets of papers sent in answer to the Scripture questions from January to June. Forty sets of papers have been received, and we have noticed, with much pleasure, that these have been sent more regularly from month to month than has ever before been the case.

The three prizes have been earned by—
Charlotte Low, aged 15, 1st Prize.
Frederick Kittermaster, ,, 12, 2nd Prize.
George Sands, ,, 13, 3rd Prize.

The papers of Charles Stewart, Margaret Millicent Simcox, Katherine Brown, Constance Thorpe, Lucy Brown, Anne and Emily Fox, Olive Wilson stand next in order.

*London:* Church Missionary House, Salisbury Square; Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday, 54, Fleet Str

SEPTEMBER, 1881.] [Price One Halfpenny.

# CHURCH JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR MISSIONARY SOCIETY

(ANCIENT ATHENS.)

ST. PAUL AT ATHENS.

ACTS XVII. 16—34.

## ST. PAUL AT ATHENS.

THE Apostle must have been peculiarly uncomfortable in Athens, for he could hardly take a step without meeting with an idol. It was said that there were more images for worship in Athens than there were inhabitants to worship them; and whether this be true or not, it is certain that the city "was wholly given to idolatry," and that St. Paul must have been inexpressibly grieved and shocked as he walked through the streets. The idols were very beautiful—many of them being masterpieces of sculpture—but the Apostle cared nothing for their beauty; he could only think of the affront offered to God, and of the injury done to man, by this adoration of figures of wood and stone.

At last his feelings of sorrow and indignation rose to such a pitch that he could keep silence no longer, and he began to speak on the subject, first with the Jews, and afterwards with the people who were lounging about and gossiping in the market-place. Soon this strange man—this Jew—got talked about; one spoke of him to another; and presently a crowd gathered round him, and asked him to be so good as to come up to a place called Areopagus, and there explain his views to them. They would be very glad, they said, to hear what he had to say.

Now these people were not really in earnest about religion; indeed, they did not care about truth at all. All that they asked was to get some novelty to discuss, so as to pass the time away. They were very clever, and very talkative, fond of argument and disputation; they liked to hear a good speech, just as some persons nowadays like to hear a good sermon, but they had no intention whatever of acting according to the Apostle's advice—and amongst them were some philosophers of the Epicurean and Stoics, who did not believe in the idols which the rest of their fellow-countrymen worshipped, but had peculiar ideas of their own about God and man, and human life and destiny. Consider, then, what a strange audience the Apostle has, and how unlike those which he is usually called upon to address! The people who surround him are not furious and fanatical Jews, or ignorant Asiatics, but clever and scoffing Athenians, some of them believing in idols, but most of them, I suspect, believing in nothing. There then, he stands, on Mars' Hill, with the grand temples around him, under the blue sky of Attica, speaking of Jesus and of the Resurrection.

I have no space to discuss the sermon, but I ask you to notice how very unlike it is to the sermons which St. Paul is in the habit of preaching in Jewish synagogues and elsewhere, and how he adapts himself more dexterously to his hearers, taking, under the guidance of the Spirit of God, the very line of argument most calculated to carry conviction to the heart of the congregation which he sees before him.

And this is just what our Missionaries have to do: they have to accommodate themselves to the minds of the people they address. Of course, the great central truth of the Gospel remains the same; it cannot be changed; and the Missionaries would not think of attempting to change it. The one and all they preach Jesus Christ, and Him crucified; for it is only this Gospel which is the "power of God."

are different ways of putting the same truth, and there are different arguments by which the truth may be enforced; and the Missionaries, in their preaching, suit themselves to circumstances, and generally with the same result as that which attended Paul's sermon at Athens—some scoff, some put off the consideration of the matter to a more convenient season, while others believe on the Lord Jesus Christ to the saving of their souls.

## CONQUERED AT LAST.

"I WILL hear you with pleasure," said an old man ten years ago to the Native pastor, who was pleading with him to listen to the story of the great love of God, who sent His Son to die for him. "I will hear you with pleasure, but do not expect me to become a Christian, for that I shall *never* do. The sun will sooner rise in the west and set in the east than I shall be persuaded to give up the religion of my fathers." Ten long years did the old man resist the truth, and showed not a sign of any change; but at last the truth triumphed over him, as it has triumphed over countless men of his stamp, and this year he knelt, together with his wife, meek and humble as a little child, to take upon him the vows of a follower of the Lord Jesus.

## A CHRISTIAN FAQIR.

THERE was a Christian faqir living at a distance of twelve miles from this place (Batala, Panjab). He had been mentioned several times in previous reports. It has pleased God to call him away from the troubles of this world. We thank God that he (Jamal Shah) was a faithful witness to his crucified Saviour up to the point of his death. When he was dying his relatives tried to induce him to become a Mohammedan, but we thank God that he was firm in his faith up to his death. A few minutes before his death he asked his son to read a chapter from the Holy Gospels for him, and pray to the Lord Jesus Christ. After hearing the Word and praying to Christ he looked cheerful, and said that he would be comfortable in Christ's lap. According to his dying request, he was buried in the compound of his house. I am sorry to say that his son is not so faithful; but still we thank God that Jamal Shah's mantle has fallen on his pupil, Bande Shah, who has been mentioned in previous reports too. It is this faqir whose house is built on the land given by Mr. Abdulla Athim to the Church Council; and because there has been made a well and travellers' resting-house there, several persons come to him, some of whom stay there at night. Hence Bande Shah gets a very good opportunity to preach the Gospel. He bears witness to Christ, not only by his conversation, but also by his life. Accordingly, whenever I went in that neighbourhood they all spoke of him as a good man.

SADIQ MASIH.

## KEEPING SCHOOL UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

WITH the help of funds supplied by friends in England, I opened a second day-school in April. This was carried on till October, with an attendance of about twenty girls, some carrying babies on their backs in the usual Japanese fashion. I did not myself go near the school for several days, for fear the sight of me might frighten the children away. The first time I showed myself, half of them did get up and run off. However, they did not all leave together, and I was able, after a little while, to go and give them a little religious instruction along with their other lessons, and I also induced them to come for an hour on Sunday mornings, and so the first difficulty was overcome.

But while I was away in October, I heard that the school had been closed. A notice had been pasted on the house to say that if it was let to the Christians it should be burned to a cinder, so the landlord refused to let us have the house any more. Placards of this kind are often put up in Japan against the houses of people whose neighbours have any grudge against them, but we rather suspected that in our case the landlord had pasted the notice himself, so as to have an excuse for getting rid of us.

P. K. FYSON.

**Niigata, Japan.**

## A TRIAL OF PATIENCE.

ONE morning a respectable-looking man called upon me, and said he wished to become a Christian. He then went on to say that he had no situation, and asked me to use my influence to get him a clerkship. The old story, thought I, not Christ, but the loaves and fishes. However, I spoke kindly to him, and said that I would be most happy to teach him Christianity, but that I could not do anything which might look like a bribe to become a Christian. After some conversation he went away, and I thought that he had gone for ever. To my great surprise he came on the day that I had appointed, and he continued to come regularly till he had acquired a fair knowledge of the truths of our most holy religion. As he was still out of employment, I told him that he need not come to me so regularly, but that I would baptize him as soon as he got a situation, and that in the meantime he should read his Bible and pray daily. I faithlessly and unjustly thought that the man had been regular in his visits from the hope that I would change my mind with regard to recommending him for employment, and that I would see his face no more. However, after a few weeks he appeared with a smiling face, and told me that he had got an appointment out of Bombay, and that he must leave that very day. He corresponds with me, and his letters are full of thanks for my instruction. With the exception of a cheap Bible, he never got anything from me, and his case has taught me that there may be a real desire for truth where we may see only selfish motives.

T. CARSS.

Bombay.

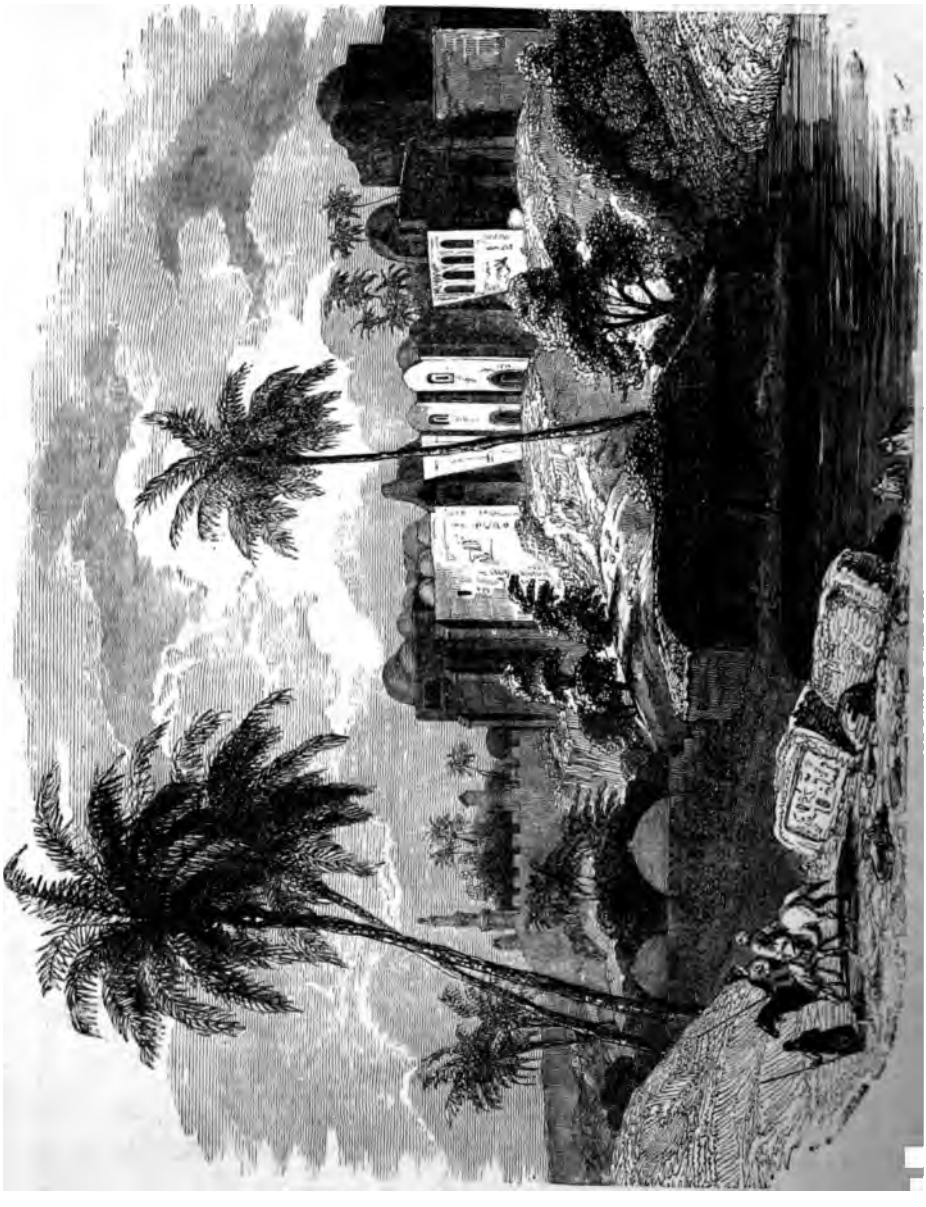
## THE MONKEY-GOD.

THE monkey-god seems to be mostly worshipped in these parts (Junir, Western India). There is not a village throughout the district where there is temple of Maharuti, and although the jority of the people do know and feel the rthlessness of this idol deity, yet they here to it, because they say it was set up their forefathers. I tell them, suppose ir forefathers have committed a mistake, we men are all liable to err, what then? re a Ramosee, whose trade is to rob and nder all the days of his life, to say when is caught by the police in the very act, t he did it because his forefathers used to the same, and left him this legacy; will magistrate let him go unpunished? And the magistrate did let him off on the plea at to plunder and to murder is his ancestral *urum* (sacred duty), would you not think at such a magistrate is unjust and did not ow his duty? How will then you plead swer before the Heavenly Judge, who is st as well as holy, and whose strict comand is, "Thou shalt not make unto thyself y graven image"? By this and similar her arguments and illustrations they quite e the absurdity of idol worship, and often man cries out, in the midst of my discourse, Then show us your gods, and we will give these idols." I tell them that God is a irit, and we can only see Him by the eye faith, and not by the eye of flesh. There two ways of knowing Him, by His works d His word. You have His mighty and rious works always before you, by which can know that they could not have been de by this stone Maharuti, just as when I this temple, I would not think it was a donkey of your village, but by a stonemason and a carpenter. In like manner, when you see the high starry heaven above, the sun and the moon, as also this beautiful world in which we live, you must consider the greatness and wisdom of that Great Being, and draw the idea of His Glorious Person from the works of His hand. Our Saviour, Jesus Christ, has said, "No man hath seen God at any time, save His only begotten Son," and if we believe in this incarnate Son of God, He will show us Him who is invisible. Then they say, "Show us Jesus Christ, and we will have Him instead of this Maharuti." This will show how the human heart clings to what is visible and tangible, and how careful one ought to be to present nothing before this poor ignorant people but the pure and spiritual worship of Him whom they must be taught to see by the eye of faith rather than by the eye of sense.

SORABJI KHARSEDJI.

## GAZA.

VERY few travellers in Palestine have the opportunity of visiting Gaza. It has only within the last very few years been open to Missionary work, owing to the fanatic hatred of the Moslems to Christianity. But since Mr. Schapira began work there with his devoted wife, under the C.M.S., the results and opening prospects have been most encouraging. Schools have been opened for Moslem boys and Moslem girls, also for Christian children—boys and girls—all well taught and well attended, and Arabic services conducted on Sunday in the school-



rooms. Mr. Schapira has also, at much personal expense and labour, established a Medical Mission-room, supplied with Scriptures and Christian books and papers, resorted by considerable numbers, and to this effort for their welfare—accompanied by the Missionary's genial manner and social tact—is owing that the fanatic feeling against Christians is much softened, the Missionary welcomed with smiles, and the way seems prepared for much further effort.

The C.M.S. are prepared to strengthen the Mission, but it is left for the private sympathies of Christian ladies—shall we not say, children—to assist Mrs. Schapira to begin a work among the Moslem women which she has greatly at heart, by means of a "mother's meeting for instruction in needlework, combined with Scripture reading, teaching, and prayer, similar to those conducted at Jaffa, Nazareth, &c."

Mrs. Schapira is well qualified for this work. She is a Missionary's daughter, and has from an early age dedicated herself to Missionary labours. She has suffered much from ophthalmia, one eye having perished, and the other being threatened; but nothing seems to shake her devotion to the work. She is now in England for medical advice, and hopes to return to Gaza in October, and writes thus on the subject,—"I am *very anxious* something should be done for my woman's class; it does not seem fair, to me, that only the men should have the great privilege of hearing of a forgiveness full and free, of the great love of our Saviour. But, in order to do this, we must have the means. I would willingly give the money myself if I had it."

Mrs. Schapira estimated the expense of the class at £12 a year, with the prospect of becoming in time partly self-supporting, as [illegible] em ladies *in Gaza* who would buy the made-up clothing and stockings so soon as the women have learned to work well. In all, or most, of these working classes, the women are paid a penny an hour for their time, a needful outlay to stir their apathy, and keep the class together.

I venture to ask for help at this juncture for the work, having full confidence that the Mission is faithfully and ably conducted, and already blessed with encouraging tokens of success.

E. M. TRISTRAM.

College, Durham.

## ORPHANS AT AMRITSAR.

THE older girls, who some time ago formed the first class, being all married, a set of younger pupils have taken their place, and are making fair progress. Eighteen little ones are in the infant class. To hear Bible stories, to learn hymns and songs by heart and sing them is their greatest delight, whilst in spelling, writing, and counting they make slow but steady progress. Signs are not wanting, that as all are growing in stature and are acquiring useful knowledge, many of the girls are also growing in the wisdom which alone makes all other knowledge really valuable, and it is hoped that some of them may become fit instruments to show their heathen country-women the way of salvation which they have found themselves.

ADELAIDE REUTHER.

## ROMISING PUPILS.

I HAVE to tell a most encouraging case of one of our boys. Early in the year a student of the Lower Fourth Class (in the Anglo-Vernacular School, Ellore, South India), named Durgayya, came to us and professed his belief in the Lord Jesus Christ. He is the nephew and adopted son of the apothecary of the town. He is about nineteen years of age, and is married to a young wife of seventeen. His widowed mother is also a member of the uncle's household.

At first his haste in desiring baptism suggested doubts, and it was thought best to wait some time, but it has only been to show more and more the sincerity of his profession. There can be no doubt that, in a worldly sense, he will be far from a gainer by the step, his friends being well-to-do people, and there seems no hope of his young wife following him. He appears to fully appreciate the consequences of becoming a Christian, and his answer, when they are pointed out to him, is that Christ is more precious to him than all else.

In the month of August it was thought that the time had come to admit him to the Mission-house and fix a day for his baptism; and we were on the point of this when his uncle was transferred to Nursapur, a town some forty miles away. This seemed quite providential, for if he comes out now, we shall be spared the uproar, and perhaps violence, that would attend his coming out here.

He left us with the firm intention of returning *for baptism as soon as possible. We have received several* letters from him, all showing that his mind has not at a since he left us. His intention ha unknown to his friends, as he ha refused to wear the mark on the that declares the worshipper of a H and this, with his love for reading at home, and his constantly seekin pany of Christian boys, has sorel them, especially his uncle, who has threatened him upon his refusal such conduct.

In a letter he wrote to Venkayya day, he tells of another young Hind who came out from the Missionary Nursapur, but through the interf the Native magistrate, who opposec sionaries, and declared him to be u and so unable to leave his parent forcibly carried off from the Mission the presence of a large crowd of pe

We had heard from the Missiona about this event, and were anxious how it would affect Durgayya. We if he was to be shaken this would do it; and so this last letter of his cisive, as it was written of his ow He says, moreover, that his uncle resorted to harsh measures with compel him to wear the heathen m forbids him visiting the Missionarie is truly in earnest, this will justif leaving his home, and joining us he we can send for him, which we hope a few days.

M. BR

## A BRAVE ORPHAN SCHOOL-GIRL.

EVERAL of the orphans have shown decided tokens of spiritual good received. In one case, where a girl was given leave to go to see a relative who was said to be very ill, when she found there was no serious illness, but that attempts were made to keep her and to marry her to a heathen, she stoutly refused to stay, and told the heathen neighbours, in the presence of the escort we sent with her, that she was in the way of salvation, and by God's help would remain in it. She returned to us, and only a few weeks since was married to a nice young Christian farmer. The girls' boarding school is still in the old bungalow, but we hope to build the new school in the early part of next year.

JAMES STONE.

Rhagavapuram.

## OTHER PEEP AT RACY'S EXPERIENCES.

ELL, Ella dear, good morning. I have just come to have a peep at you on my way home for dinner. This *is* a busy day."

glad to see you, oh, *so* glad. I I hardly know what to do with el so cross," said the young girl, arily on the sofa from which she rise.

ou would like to hear how I was ith the Census Thankofferings, ie in to tell you. Who do you he first sixpence from, Ella?"

re I cannot guess. Was it in e of the slips of paper we sent eek?"

ing, it was; an answer to one ith this poor tired little hand. ur hand to the Lord Jesus to use e, and He *has* used it."

"Oh, do tell me! I cannot guess."

"It was Elvin, the gardener. He wrapped it up so neatly, and sent it in to me this morning the first thing, so I had to begin my day with a song of thanksgiving, for it was an answer to prayer, Ella; we prayed over each paper as we did it up."

"I am so glad we did, for then we know God must have heard us, and if He heard *that* prayer, He hears *all* prayer. Does it not make us feel how near He is to us, though we cannot see Him? But the answers do not always seem to come so fast."

"'Patience must have her perfect work.' But we shall see hereafter much we should not understand now, even if God showed it to us. Now just take a look at my book, Ella, you will be pleased to see some names down you did not expect."

"'A silver penny,'" read Ella, "'two and sixpence;' what does that mean, Mrs. Tracy?"

"Why, Colonel and Mrs. Tolly said they would like to give something out of the way, as a census is an uncommon thing, so they

gave me a coin the size of a penny, only in silver."

"What funny people they are! They never care to do like other people."

"They are somewhat eccentric, certainly. But their nephew is hardly less so, as you will see if you read the next line."

"'Copper pennies turned to gold, ten shillings,'" read Ella.

"Yes, he said he always liked to give the best he had to God, and gold being the most precious metal, he gave that."

"I *am* so glad you have made such a nice collection; so many of the tradespeople have given. How much is it altogether?"

"I have not counted it up, dear, but if you like to do so, while I go home to get some dinner (we have Aunt Bessy with us, so that I might feel free to leave the children), I should be so much obliged; and please count out the money, as I do not want to carry it about all the afternoon."

Ella was left alone, and was quite happy, feeling less weary while doing a little for some one else.

Mrs. Tracy soon returned.

"I think there are £2 4*s*. 6*d*., but I have only added it with pencil, in case I was wrong."

"Thank you, dear; I hope to come in soon after four, when you can count up again, if you like, and take charge of the money. The tea is to be at half-past five." (The tea, with addresses afterwards, had been arranged instead of the usual mothers' meeting, so that the husbands might come too. It was free to all members of the meeting, outsiders having to pay.) "One hundred and eighty tickets have been given out, so we shall have a nice gathering, I think. Mr. Bowes gives the principal address, and I hope will interest all in Zenana work. I have not called on *the mothers for their pennies*, as they wished to give them this evening; and Jack Dedham told me he was going without his pipe and jug of beer that he might have 'somewhat to give.'"

"How nice," said Ella.

"Well, I told him I thought he would be better off if he oftener went without them. He does not always know when to stop, and is often, I fear, not the better for his self-indulgence."

"Do come in for a cup of tea with us, Olive and Daisy will be in then; they are ornamenting the school-room with some Missionary texts and pictures."

"Very well, I'll come, Ella; good-bye."

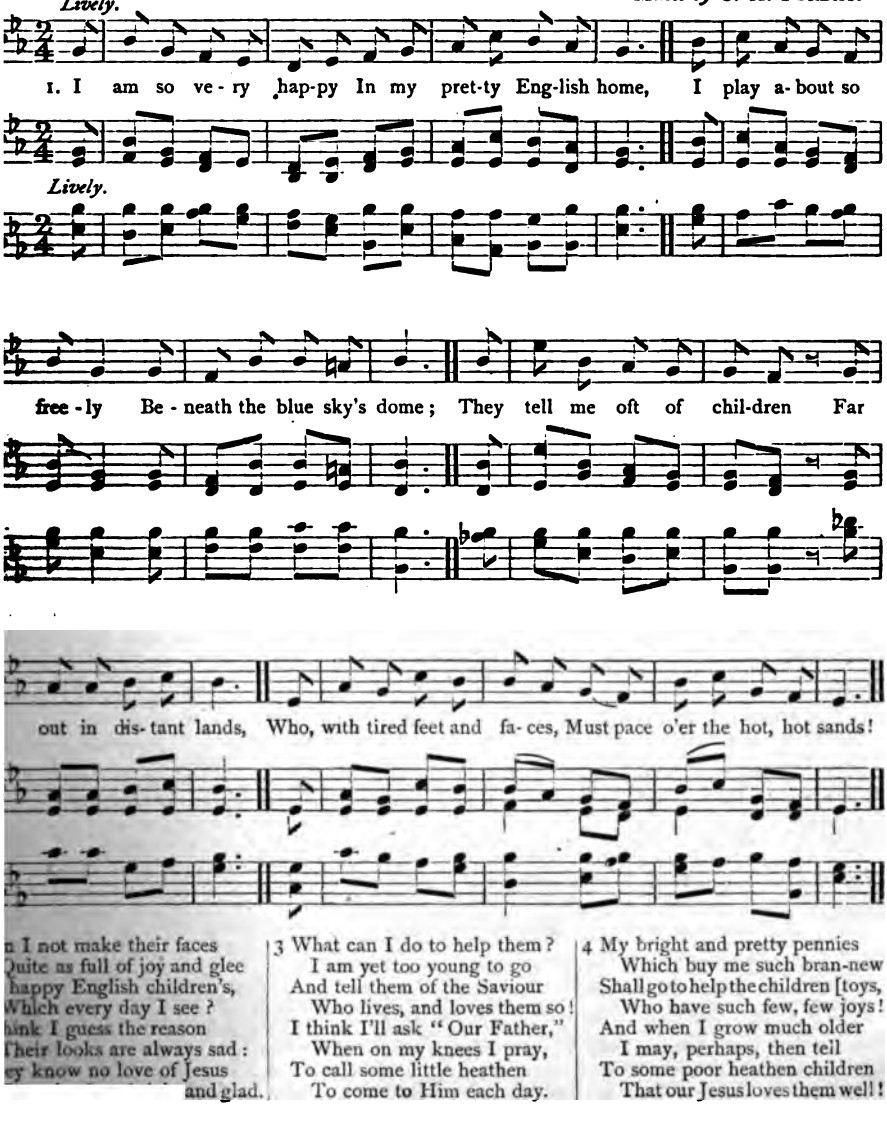
When Mrs. Tracy had finished her rounds, she called in at Ella's according to promise. About 7*s*. 5*d*. had been added to her collection. It must not be supposed *all* gave the asked-for penny. Too many refused, and some gave but grudgingly, forgetting "God loveth a cheerful giver." On the whole, however, it was a good collection.

The tea was a success, and the address interesting, bringing home to the hearts and minds of those present the sad destitution of the women of India.

A box had been handed down the tea-table to receive the contributions of those who had so many helps on the right road, for those others far away, many of whom have never heard of a Saviour's love.

We trust the Census Thankoffering of 1881 may long be remembered, and that the interest awakened may be fanned into a flame. We cannot be interested in what we know nothing about or do not understand. Let those who can afford it take in Missionary periodicals, and lend them to those who are willing to read, never forgetting to pray for the blessing of God to rest on the feeblest efforts, for "without Him (the Saviour has Himself told us) we can do *nothing*."

# The Child's Missionary Song.

*Words by* CECILIA HAVERGAL. *Music by* C. H. PURDAY.

Lively.
1. I am so ve - ry hap-py In my pret-ty Eng-lish home, I play a- bout so
Lively.
free - ly Be - neath the blue sky's dome; They tell me oft of chil-dren Far
out in dis- tant lands, Who, with tired feet and fa- ces, Must pace o'er the hot, hot sands!

n I not make their faces
Quite as full of joy and glee
happy English children's,
Which every day I see?
hink I guess the reason
Their looks are always sad:
ey know no love of Jesus
and glad.

3 What can I do to help them?
I am yet too young to go
And tell them of the Saviour
Who lives, and loves them so!
I think I'll ask "Our Father,"
When on my knees I pray,
To call some little heathen
To come to Him each day.

4 My bright and pretty pennies
Which buy me such bran-new
Shall go to help the children [toys,
Who have such few, few joys!
And when I grow much older
I may, perhaps, then tell
To some poor heathen children
That our Jesus loves them well!

## CONTRIBUTIONS.

| | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| HENRY WRIGHT MEMORIAL FUND. | | | |
| Hodgson, Rev. G. C., Corbridge(*coll.*): | | | |
| May 27 . . . . . | 1 | 16 | 6 |
| June 9 . . . . . | 0 | 2 | 6 |
| Sutton, Flora Maria . . . . . | 0 | 2 | 6 |

## OUR MISSIONARY BIBLE CLASS.

*Rule* 1.—*Papers must be sent in before the end of the month in which the subject is given.*

*Rule* 2.—*Only contributors sixteen years old and under can compete for prizes.*

*Rule* 3.—*The name, age, and address of the writer must be given* at the beginning *of each paper.*

*Rule* 4.—*Only one side of the paper must be written on.*

*Rule* 5.—*When more than one sheet of paper is used the separate sheets must be tacked together.*

### SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

1. To whom, and under what circumstances, was the first Missionary promise made?
2. The fact of this promise having been made to him is made the reason why God should reveal what He was going to do with regard to a wicked city. What was the city?
3. Under what circumstances was the promise renewed? What reason does God give for making the promise?
4. The promise is repeated to another, and the same reason given more fully. To whom? Why? How more fully given?
5. This promise is given to still another. To whom? Do you note any difference in the language?
6. Do you know any words used by our Lord which say how this special promise shall be fulfilled?
7. The promise as first given is quoted in the Acts of the Apostles. By whom? When?
8. It is quoted in one of the Epistles. Which? For what purpose?
9. We read in the Old Testament of some persons who, though not Jews, knew something of the true God. Mention one or more such persons.
10. One of these persons utters a Missionary prophecy. Who? In what language?
11. What is the name of the first Gentile received into the Christian Church? What do know about his previous history?
12. By whom was he taught about Jesus? H did God show to this Apostle that the Gen were to be blessed in Jesus?

### SCRIPTURE ANSWERS FOR JULY.

(1) Acts xi. 19—21. (2) Acts xv. 38. Acts xiv. 27. (4) See Acts xiii. and xiv. Sergius Paulus, Acts xiii. 12; Lydia, x. 14; jail xvi. 27—34; Dionysius the Areopagite, xvii. Damaris, and many others; Aquila and Prisc xviii. 2 (but some think that they were Christi before St. Paul went to stay with them at Corint Crispus, the chief ruler of the synagogue, xviii. Timothy, compare Acts xvi. 1 with I Tim. i. (6) The Holy Spirit hindered the Apostles fr preaching in Asia, and at Troas the man Macedonia appeared to St. Paul, see Acts xvi. 6, 7, 9, 10. (7) Elymas the sorcerer, Acts xiii. 8; the Jews at Antioch in Pisidia, xiii. 45; both Jews and Gentiles at Iconium, xiv. 5; the master of the "damsel possessed with a spirit of divination," xvi. 19—21; Jews at Thessalonica, xvii. 5—9; the makers of "silver shrines" at Ephesus, xix. 24—29. (8) Aquila and Priscilla, who taught Apollos "the way of God more perfectly," xviii. 26; Apollos by his preaching, xviii. 28; Lydia, who entertained them in her house both before and after their imprisonment, xvi. 15, 40; Gallio, by refusing to listen to the Jews who spoke against St. Paul, xviii. 14—16; Jason, who entertained them, xvii. 7. (9) They ordained "elders in every church," Acts xiv. 23; compare Titus i. 5 with I Tim. v. 17. (10) To "Jews only" at first in Antioch in Pisidia, Acts xiii. 14; to "Gentiles only" on Mars' Hill at Athens, xvii. 18, 19; to "Christian workers only" at Miletus. (11) St. Paul hurrying to Jerusalem to be in time for the day of Pentecost, Acts xx. 16, determined to "sail by," i. e., not to stop at Ephesus—perhaps because he feared to be detained by those who had caused the uproar there—but he had some special words to say to the elders, or, as they are called in v. 28, overseers (Bishops), so he sent for them to come to Miletus, a distance of about thirty miles, and there delivered to them a most earnest and touching address, in which he reminded them of his own conduct, vv. 18, 19; teaching, vv. 20, 21; present danger and feelings, vv. 22, 23, 24; their duties, v. 28; dangers, vv. 29, 30; how to meet them, v. 31. (12) At Damascus, Acts ix. 23; Antioch in Pisidia, xiii. 50; Iconium, xiv. 5, 6; Lystra, xiv. 19; Philippi, xvi.; Thessalonica and Berœa, xvii. 5—13; compare II Cor. xi. 23, "in deaths oft."

*London: Church Missionary House, Salisbury Square; Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday, 54, Fleet Street*

'OBER, 1881.] [Price One Halfpenny.

# CHURCH JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR MISSIONARY SOCIETY

(Modern Corinth.)

ST. PAUL AT CORINTH.

Acts xviii. 1—11.

## ST. PAUL AT CORINTH.

LITTLE seems to have been done for the Gospel at Athens; will the Apostle be more successful at Corinth? Let us see. Corinth was one of the chief cities of the ancient world, and perhaps the most wicked of them all. It was a great place for commerce. Its position in Greece drew to it traders from most parts of the world. And it was a great place for pleasure. Men who had money, and only cared for self-gratification, and self-indulgence, used to go to Corinth. The inhabitants were clever and shrewd, and ready in speech, but vain and ostentatious—fond of display; so that what with the bustle of business, and the whirl of gaiety, and the chatter and talk, and fashion and finery, we should have perhaps expected that there was little chance for St. Paul to obtain a hearing. We should, perhaps, have looked for less result of Christian preaching in gay and bustling Corinth, than in intellectual Athens.

However, if so, we should have been mistaken. In this unpromising city the Lord had "*much* people," and Paul was able to continue in it a long time—eighteen months—preaching and teaching the Word among them, without, as it appears, any very serious opposition or hindrance.

Let us trace out his course.

First, he has to choose his lodgings. He learns that there are two Jews in Corinth, a man and his wife—their names Aquila and Priscilla—and they are workers in haircloth. Now it so happens that Paul had been *brought up* to that business—for, as you probably know, every Jew, even of the better class, was taught a trade in his youth—so he naturally went to them and asked them to take him in. They were very glad to have him, for they were good Christian people, and they felt it would be a great privilege to have such a man as St. Paul associated with them. There, then, is the Apostle, in the house of his two Jewish friends, working hard for his daily bread.

What is his next step? Why, he goes out on the Sabbath, and preaches to the Jews. God had told him to speak to them first. For some time, then, he continues this preaching, and produces a great impression, as it appears; but after a while the Jews, becoming very angry at his success—for they are not able to answer his arguments—turn upon him with blasphemous language, and refuse to listen to him any longer. What is he to do? He leaves the Jews, and begins to carry his message to the Gentiles. No longer presenting himself in the synagogue, he preaches in a room belonging to a godly man of the name of Justus; and there, by God's blessing, began to attract a large congregation round him. Well, he did more than that. Large congregations are all very well, but if nobody's heart is touched by the Spirit of God, and no one is changed, there is not much use in preaching to a large congregation. But in this case God's blessing descended, and the word the Apostle spoke was with power, and sinners were converted, and a Church was formed, to the praise and glory of God.

I fancy that at one time the Apostle hesitated about remaining in Corinth. He seems to have thought that the opposition excited by his preaching was of so violent a character that, perhaps, he ought to retire before it, and go to preach elsewhere. But the Lord appeared to him in a vision, and

told him to stay where he was, assuring him that no real injury should befal him from his adversaries, and telling him that his ministry would be remarkably successful in the city. And so, of course, it was.

Now what do we learn from the whole subject? I mean what Missionary lesson do we learn? Surely this: that very frequently we are mistaken in our opinion about the fields of Missionary labour. Some that seem promising, yield little; others that seem unpromising, show an abundant harvest. *But if we make mistakes, God does not.*

## RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD.

### MOHAMMEDANISM.

(*Continued from page* 87.)

I DO not know if I told you that, when Mohammed was quite an infant, his foster-mother was much alarmed at his developing epileptic symptoms. This circumstance may, in some measure, account for the "trances" which he became subject to in later life. In these moments he believed that angels conversed with him, and gave him direct revelations of things invisible. These revelations he subsequently made into a book called the "Koran," which is as much reverenced amongst his followers as the Holy Scriptures are by Christians. One day, when he had retired to a cave, where he often went, and was lying there in deep depression, he believed that an angel came to him and uttered these words:—

"Oh, thou that art covered,
Arise and preach,
And magnify thy Lord,
And purify thy clothes,
And depart from uncleanness,
And show not thy favours in the hope of aggrandisement,
But wait patiently for thy Lord."

Does that remind you of anything written by an earlier poet? Perhaps it may have been an unconscious quotation. Mohammed was acquainted with some of the Hebrew Scriptures, and always spoke of them with reverence. And now he considered he had received his commission to preach. And what was the text of his first sermons to his countrymen? It was not so very unlike that older message from God to man, "Hear, O Israel! the Lord thy God is one Lord." He had long been distressed by the idolatry into which his people had fallen, and now preached so boldly and openly against it as to enrage his fellow-townsmen. He also preached the Christian doctrine of the Resurrection, which further excited their contempt and indignation, and they inquired, with the Athenians, "What will this babbler say?" Persecution was stirred up against them, and many of the "believers" fled to Abyssinia. Darkness had covered the land, and gross darkness the people. Mohammed saw and mourned this, but he knew not the "Light of the world," which alone could dissipate that gloom.

ELIZABETH SUTTON.

## ALESTINE SCHOOL-BOYS.

WE have a boys' school here (Salt). The number of scholars is from fifty-two to sixty.

The character of the scholars in general is very satisfactory, and the signs of Christianity which are manifest in some of them make me thankful and take courage. I might state many instances to prove this, but in order to be short I only give the following facts :—

Once one of our schoolboys, about seven years of age (whose parents are Protestants), on hearing his father speak an improper word, got vexed and said: "Papa, who is to correct the other, the father or the son?" "No; the father is to correct the son, my boy," was the father's answer. "But I see, father," said the boy, "that I must correct you this time for speaking a bad word, for I was told that Jesus said we must not speak any bad word."

Another of the same age said to his father, on a Sunday morning: "Papa, I want to go to the Greek church this morning, and not to our church." "Why?" inquired the father. "Because I want to tell Priest Mansur that Christ said, 'Come unto *Me* all ye that labour,' &c., and also to ask him why he te the people to come to the the crucifix." "But he you," said the father.

I want him to know this, and t me, for I myself want to go and not to the crucifix."

KHA

## THREE YOUNG M

THERE has been du a considerable an ness amongst the N but in most cases way to simple ren

One bright youth of the A died, as we think, through the parents, by taking him far away gum-fields, where, in a case c gestion ending in consumption be attended to.

The father (who is a brothe Chas. Baker, Maori minister mate") bitterly lamented his Had this youth lived, he wc have been chosen as an assist the Awanui school.

His uncle (the above-named ter) remained with him severa he died, and then he read the over him. Probably there wa death, and I think he partook Supper: more than once "Har spoke to me and signified hov that his brother's mind was that superstition clung to

friend and neighbour, by the death of a good, moral, and upright young chief of the head place of Victoria Valley, "Pamphylia."

This young chief had a dray and team of oxen, and used to work in carting and ploughing for Europeans and themselves. He was ill about four weeks, and no medicine reached his case. It is said that he was unwell when he, with several others, joined in carrying a very heavy dead pig, and he is said to have slipped, and probably one or more of his ribs were crushed or broken.

His case was that of one who was always very civil, and always joined outwardly in the Sunday services and at morning and evening prayers, but nothing beyond this could be elicited from him up to the time of his death. "Kereopa," the old itinerant preacher, was near him, and two others, middle-aged teachers; but I asked "Te Waka" of another village to visit the sick young chief (Reweti Paepae), and he complied with my wishes.

After his death and burial I could not help alluding to the extreme danger of being "first" in good circumstances, civility, moral goodness, and useful activity in improving his property, and yet lacking the clear credentials of repentance towards God and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ. It is a serious truth, and as true with Maoris as with Europeans, "That many that are first shall be last, and the last shall be first."

A pleasing contrast to this occurred in the case of a little boy about seven years of age, a schoolboy of Mr. C. Masters'.

When I saw the child and spoke a few words about the love of the Saviour to little children, I was agreeably surprised to observe how readily he replied to a few simple questions, and the quiet satisfaction a religious talk gave him!

I afterwards learnt from Drusilla (his mother) that her little son would come home from church and repeat portions of what he heard, and that he was never tired of being read to, or having prayers morning and evening, and that these were a delight to him.

After that the Lord Jesus had taken him to Himself, I spoke to Timoli Ripi, the chief and teacher, and he spoke of him as a remarkable young disciple, who delighted to be read to and talked with, and to have prayers so long as he was sensible. I am glad to say that there were Europeans as well as Maoris who were kind to him.

JOSEPH MATTHEWS.

Kaitaia, New Zealand.

## A GIFT TO THE LORD.

WE had here (Gaza, Palestine) three baptisms of infants, one of them being the child of very rich Moslems. I asked Mr. Hall, of Jaffa, to come over here and baptize my child and a Native child, as I prefer to have my own children baptized by a brother Missionary. Mr. Hall kindly came, and the day before the baptism a Moslem woman, the daughter of the Mayor of Gaza, came to me and asked me to baptize her little boy. I was greatly surprised, and questioning her she told us that all her children had died in infancy, and this is the only child still living. She heard from her sister (a girl of about fourteen who attends our school), who told her about Jesus healing the sick, and how He loved children, and she therefore brought her

child to Jesus, and to be baptized in His name, so that He will ask God not to take him away from her. I told her that we should have a claim on him as a Christian, and she said she did not care if only God would spare him and keep him alive. She changed his name from Mohamud to Wohaby, which means gift. Most of her relations were present during the baptism. May the Lord spare him to her, and this be the means of bringing all his family to the cross of Jesus!

A. W. SCHAPIRA.

## A SUNDAY TRIP.

*Sunday, April 3rd, 1881.*

"WILL it rain to-morrow?" was the question yesterday, as the rain came down in long spouts. All doubts were removed early this morning; night had driven the clouds away, and after breakfast I started with a friend for Tokitzu, a town about seven miles distant (from Nagasaki, Japan). Watanabesan, one of our native students, accompanied us, and, talking faster than we walked, we came to a crowded, dirty village by the way. Here we stopped in the middle of the street, and Watanabesan preached to about 130 people. All listened very attentively, one old man grunting approval at the end of every sentence. You never saw such dirty, poor, sick children, some with sore heads, some blind of one eye, some with both eyes sore, yet all seeming full of fun. We distributed books to the grown-up people, and picture-text cards to the children. They were very rude and pushing, which is unusual amongst the Japanese, and we had some trouble to get away. A little farther on we came across a group of boys, nice, bright, and intelligent-looking lads; we found that only one could read; however, we gave them each a card with the text, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

Three hours' walking brought us to Tokitzu, and we stood still at the corner of the principal street, under the shelter of a shop roof, for the sun was very hot. Here Watanabesan preached again for fifteen minutes, the people listening most attentively. We got them together by singing "Jesus loves me" ("Jesu ware wo aisu"); a strange sight and a strange sound in a Japanese town. After the preaching, we gave tracts all round, and I spoke a few words, and then we went on to a little temple, followed by a crowd of children. We sat down under two tall trees, upon a little bank about ten feet high, and ate our dinner, much to the amusement of the children below. We told them that if they waited until we finished, we would give them some cards. In the meanwhile, a number of people came up the temple steps to gaze at us; among them was a little boy whom I had noticed during the preaching as being most attentive, and never taking his eyes off us. It was a beautiful scene, a clear spring day, bright blue sky, and a delicious breeze; beneath us, on our right, was the sea, studded with tiny green islands. Four small steamers lay at anchor in the bay, having brought travellers for a religious festival. At our feet was the village, and on our left a rather dilapidated Shinto temple, where many worshippers kept coming and going, clapping their hands, or ringing a

JAPANESE SHINTO PRIESTS WORSHIPPING THE RISING SUN.

small brass bell which hung from the ceiling, to attract the attention of the god. The temple was also a playroom for children, but this did not seem to interfere at all with the worshippers.

We had finished our sandwiches and oranges, and about thirty little faces were looking up to us from below, waiting to hear some preaching. The older people kept at a respectful distance, as if to show they did not care about hearing, yet all the while anxious to know what the teacher had to say. To the question, "Where shall you go when you die?" the children answered, "To heaven;" for the Buddhists teach that good people will go to heaven, and the wicked to hell.

"But if you are naughty, where will you go?"

"To hell."

"Are you sometimes naughty?"

"Yes."

"Then you cannot go to heaven when you die?"

"Oh, yes, we shall go to heaven."

And so they were told how they could not enter that pure place if they did anything wrong, because God cannot bear sin, but that Jesus had died so that they might be forgiven.

While we were speaking, two flags which had been raised at the entrance of the temple fell down; they were put up again, but again they fell; this happened several times. We thought of Dagon falling down before the ark, and wondered when the time would be when the heathen worship at Tokitzu would fall before Christianity. After a prayer for our Master's blessing on our words, we went down into the village, and there another congregation of over sixty gathered to hear us.

We then left the town and started homewards, halting once on the way by a bridge, where there were a number of people flying kites, and some sleeping in th After a ten minutes' lecture to them, off again, and arrived at home about 6

W

## WHAT A PENNY ONCE D

"I'M sure I can't see what penny can do!" said John Martin as he r stairs to fetch his Sund and best hat, in order company his father and mother to a n in the town hall. It was to be a meet the benefit of soldiers, and a gentlem to tell the people about the late w Afghanistan and Zululand.

I do not think John would have can much about it, only that he had he father say there were going to be wo pictures and a beautiful lantern; and John, like many of my young friends, have walked miles to see any kind of and especially those attractive ones "dissolving views." Before going, asked his mother if there would collection, and had received an affi answer.

Now, Mr. and Mrs. Martin had wha people called "strange notions." The not at all rich; and kept a small baker in one of the lesser streets of S——. never gave their boys anything to put plate or Missionary-box, but let the what they would out of the rather p allowance that the baker gave them month. When the two boys were extr they could give nothing; when they c

exercise a little self-denial, there was generally a threepenny-bit or so to spare for any good cause.

To-night John had looked rather discomforted over his mother's reply, and made answer, "I've only a penny left, mother, and that isn't worth while giving!"

"Why not, my son?" asked his father, looking up from his buttered-toast and newspaper at his nine-year-old son.

"Well, father, you see, a penny isn't much. You can't do anything with it when you've got it."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Martin drily; "in my young days we thought differently. A penny to us was more than a shilling is to you. But, my son, a penny can do a great deal. Don't you remember a little verse in your last Sunday's school-lesson—

'Only a poor little penny,
It was all I had to give;
But as pennies make the shillings,
It may help some work to live.'

Eh, John?"

"Oh yes, father, I remember; but I did not think about *my* penny in that way. Other people's pennies seem so different to one's own, you know. Still, I can't see what good it can do."

"Well, go and get ready now, and don't wake Willy, if he's asleep," said his mother.

But the thought did not pass from John's mind, and as he went to his drawer, and took out the brown penny, he held it for a second in his hand, looking at it, and repeating over again the sentence that begins our story, "I'm sure I can't see what good a penny can do!"

The lecture was very entertaining, and the views almost took away John's breath. He looked upon the likeness of Cetewayo with awe-struck wonder, on the scenes of battle and the incidents of camp life with a deep absorption, that made the words of the lecturer sound far off and indistinct, until his ear suddenly caught the words, "And now I must tell you what a penny once did!"

John's attention became riveted at once. Strange, it seemed, that the lecturer should have touched upon the very subject that had so recently been a puzzle to him.

"Yes, I must tell you what a penny once did," said the lecturer again, glancing at the back seats, filled with a class from which he knew he could only expect a trifle, but that trifle lovingly and heartily given.

"During this terrible Zulu war many regiments were very suddenly ordered out to the Cape, when reinforcements were called for. Among the men of one particular regiment starting from Chatham was a young fellow, hearty and cheerful-looking, to whom the Scripture-reader, after shaking hands in token of farewell, gave a little brown Gospel, *value one penny*. The man thanked him, and hastily thrust the tiny volume into his pocket. He probably thought no more of it throughout his long sea-voyage; but he did not throw it away, as it had the reader's name and address written on the fly-leaf.

"They landed at Durban, the port of Natal, and were at once ordered up-country, and our friend found himself, in time, one of the small garrison, under Colonel Pearson, who were shut up in Ekowe. Here, for ten weeks, surrounded by a savage foe, in dread of starvation and death, they bravely held out, as you have all read. In the meantime, what had become of the brown Gospel?

"When marching to the front, soldiers leave all unnecessary baggage behind them, and carry only what is called a "field kit," which consists of a change of clothes and boots. So our soldier's heavy Bible got left behind. But the little Gospel was no weight, and,

though unread, he carried it still in his breast pocket.

"During those long weeks he bethought himself of it, and began to read it. By-and-by he began to see a new beauty in it. It was the Gospel of Mark, which records more of the minute occurrences of Christ's life than any other. The little Gospel brought new light to the soldier's heart, and it was eagerly borrowed by one and another of his comrades, read aloud by camp-fires, and reverently treasured by all.

"When Lord Chelmsford's relief column was signalled by the heliograph, and joy filled every heart in that little fort, in the speedy prospect of deliverance, the little Gospel was not forgotten, but, thumb-marked and worn, it was carried out of Ekowe, and to this day, I believe, is that soldier's constant companion. He writes to the reader who gave it to him: 'The little Gospel has been my friend and companion through all the campaign. I will never part with it, because through it I have learned the love of Jesus, and am happy in Him.'

"Now," said the lecturer, in conclusion, "somebody's penny bought that Gospel. Never think anything too small to give to God, if you give it with a loving heart and with prayer for a blessing on it."

John's eyes met his father's, and unconsciously he grasped the penny in his trousers pocket, feeling as if some magic touch had suddenly transformed it into a golden coin.

"Father, that was a nice story; and nicer because it was *true*, you know. It seemed as if the gentleman knew all about what I said at tea. You didn't tell him, did you, father?"

"No, my son," said Mr. Martin.

"And what do you think will become of my penny, father? I should so like to know! I didn't forget to pray, when I put it i plate, that Jesus would take it and use it

Mr. Martin smiled at his little eagerness.

"You remind me of the little boy who running so fast to a Missionary meeting s where, that from not thinking where he going he nearly knocked down the clergy who was also making his way to the mee 'Whither so fast, my little man?' said clergyman. 'Please, sir, last year I penny in the plate, and I am in a hur get to the meeting to-night to find out became of it.'"

John laughed at his father's story, but gravely, "Father, I will never say again a little is no use. God is so great th doesn't seem to matter to Him whethe give Him coppers or sovereigns; I think coppers must shine like gold to Him Jesus smiles on them."

"Ay, boy," said his father; and I thin learned as much as his son did from night's story.

Reader, have you little to give? N mind; give it cheerfully, for "God love cheerful giver;" give it to the work amo the soldiers, for they are our own kith kin. Let us try to give the Gospel to th we shall find it sweet to deny ourselve their sake, and for Jesus' sake.

EVA TRAVERS POT

# "GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD."

I AM no child of the desert,
No sandalled Hebrew boy,
Exulting in happy freedom,—
The wilderness my joy!

I cannot see around the tents
The heavenly manna spread,
And yet with suppliant hands I pray,
"Give us our daily bread!"

It comes in the cloud and sunshine,
It comes on stormy wings,
And nurtured on earth's kindly breast,
The lowly seed upsprings.

And golden harvests bless the land,—
Our Father sends the food,—
And with the Bread of Life from heaven,
Fulfils our highest good.

But Africa's sons are calling,
And China's millions plead;
The swart Hindoo is perishing
For this the living bread!

The winds and the waves shall carry
The tidings sweet and brave;
Our prayers shall speed the message
That Jesus came to save.

CLARA THWAITES.

## CONTRIBUTIONS.

| | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Ditton Sunday School (collected since May 1), by Miss F. M. Whitehorne . . . . . | 0 | 12 | 4½ |
| Ditton Boys' Bible Class (collected since May 1), by ditto . . | 0 | 1 | 1 |
| A Thank-offering, M.S., per Messrs. Williams, Deacon, and Co. . | 5 | 0 | 0 |

## OUR MISSIONARY BIBLE CLASS.

*Rule* 1.—*Papers must be sent in before the end of the month in which the subject is given.*

*Rule* 2.—*Only contributors sixteen years old and under can compete for prizes.*

*Rule* 3.—*The name, age, and address of the writer must be given* at the beginning *of each paper.*

*Rule* 4.—*Only one side of the paper must be written on.*

*Rule* 5.—*When more than one sheet of paper is used the separate sheets must be tacked together.*

### SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS FOR OCTOBER.

1. Who was the first preacher of righteousness?
2. To whom did he preach, and with what effect?
3. Through whom did the people of Samaria receive the Gospel?
4. What do you know about the first Gentile convert? and by what means was he converted?
5. What happened to his teacher after he had baptized this new convert?
6. His after history is on one occasion connected with St. Paul's. How? When?
7. Where did St. Paul first preach the Gospel? Who mentions this as a proof that he is in truth a Christian?
8. What was the subject matter of St. Paul's preaching?
9. Why did he preach?
10. Others, he says, preach from different motives. What motives? Is he pleased or sorry that they should preach?
11. Show that St. Paul thought it a great honour to be a Missionary,
12. How does St. Paul prove the need of preachers to the heathen?

### SCRIPTURE ANSWERS F(

(1) Psalm ii. 8. (2) In the wc be Thy name, Thy kingdom co done on earth as it is in hea xvii. 20, "Neither pray I for the them also which shall believe on word"; cf. John x. 16, "And ot which are not of this fold: th bring, and they shall hear my v shall be one fold and one shepl ix. 37, 38, "The harvest truly is (5) Col. iv. 3; cf. I Cor. xvi. 9; wrote to the Colossians he was a p and could not freely preach t Epistle to the Corinthians wa Philippi, where God did open "; ance," though "there were ma (6) Japan; American Missionarie Christians to pray that Japan mig the Gospel, and now Missionaries without hindrance. (7) I Thess. iii. 1; cf. II Cor. i. 11; Phil. i. 22. (8) In Ephesians vi. 19 Christians to pray that he may ha power to speak, "boldness," so be afraid whatever people may sa China, at Fuh-Chow, our Missiona boldness, because the heathen hav could to hinder them; in Ugan Mr. Pearson, and Mr. Litchfield time in great danger, and needed "open their mouths boldly;" ind of the Mission-field "utterance" a are greatly needed; let us pray t may be given to all our Missionar xv. 30, 31; II Thess. iii. 2. ( xxi. 31, 32, we learn that the Je him, but the chief captain took hi his life; at Corinth and at Phil great danger, yet he was presei things happened before he wrote h Romans, so we cannot call th prayers suggested in that passage from those who banded together during the voyage to Rome, an Rome—where, though a prisone with success—may be regarded prayer on his behalf. (12) No doubts that prayer is just as mu the success of Missions and Missionaries as in St. Paul's ti

Want of space prevents our answers to prayers in the many have been recorded fro

London: Church Missionary House, Salisbury Square; Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday, 54, Fleet

NOVEMBER, 1881.] [Price One Halfpenny.

# CHURCH JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR MISSIONARY SOCIETY

(Ruins of Cæsarea.)

ST. PAUL BEFORE FESTUS.

Acts xxv. and xxvi.

## PAUL BEFORE FESTUS.

THERE had just been a change of Roman governors. Felix, a greedy, covetous man, who kept Paul in prison because he hoped to get money for his release, had gone, and Festus had taken his place. Festus established himself at Cæsarea, in the palace there; and after a while King Agrippa came down, with Bernice, to pay the new ruler a visit of compliment. There were grand doings for many days: banquets, and processions, and speeches, and ceremonial of all kinds, until, perhaps, the people were beginning to be a little weary of the perpetual hurry and display. Then it occurred to Festus that he might introduce a little novelty into the entertainment, by bringing the prisoner Paul out, and exhibiting him to his royal guests. Festus did not know what to make of Paul. He was in prison, certainly. He had been left there by Felix. But the man did not seem to have committed any crime, as far as Festus could make out: he was not a murderer, or a thief, or an evil-doer of any kind; and why he was to be treated as a malefactor was a mystery. It occurs to Festus, then, that he will ask King Agrippa's opinion. Agrippa is a Jew, and may be able to understand the rights of the matter. At all events, the examination of this strange, unaccountable preacher, who is so hated and persecuted by his fellow-countrymen, will be an agreeable variety in the proceedings, and will serve to while away a weary hour. It is proposed, then, to Agrippa that he should see and hear Paul. Agrippa is perfectly willing and ready, so they fix the next day for the interview. "To-morrow," said Festus, "thou shalt hear him."

The morrow brought in what must have been a very striking scene. The Roman governor and his royal guests, attired in magnificent dresses, and attended by a gorgeous retinue of nobles and principal men of the city, and soldiers, came into the place of audience with great pomp—music sounding, arms clashing, horses prancing, banners flying—and passed on in their state to the raised seats at the upper end of the hall. After some complimentary speeches had been made, a messenger was despatched to fetch the prisoner. He came—a little man, rather bald, his hands bound with chains—the soldiers bringing him in. There Paul stands, an insignificant figure to look at, and all pomp, and luxury, and power, and wisdom of the world arrayed against him; but, in the strength of God, he is greater than all.

What happens next? Festus, in his robes, rises and makes a speech. He is glad (he says) to have an opportunity of producing the prisoner before Agrippa, for he really does not himself know what to do with him; he is told that the man is worthy of death, but he cannot see what crime he has committed. Will Agrippa be so good as to examine him? Paul is to be sent to Rome, for he has appealed to the Roman Emperor; and it will be very unreasonable to send a man so far, and to send him as a prisoner, without being able to describe the charges that are laid against him.

Agrippa then turns to Paul, and bids him speak for himself. Paul does so; and in a quiet, but very impressive manner, gives an account of his own conversion. As he proceeds, notice the different effect produced by his speech on these two men! Festus is a heathen, has no Scripture, and does not

believe in an unseen world; and his feeling is one of undisguised astonishment at the Apostle's statements. At last he can contain himself no longer, but bursts out with the exclamation, "Paul, thou art mad!" Agrippa, who has the Scriptures, and is a Jew, and knows something about God, is greatly moved: he fidgets on his seat; his colour comes and goes; he feels the force of the Apostle's appeal, though he puts him off with a sneer. There is a difference between the two men, but they agree, unhappily, in this—that both of them reject the message of God conveyed to them by the mouth of His servant.

## NEWS FROM UGANDA.

OUR readers will be pleased to learn that the chiefs from Uganda have got safely home. They were received with much honour, and there seems good reason to hope that their visit to England will prove to have been a great blessing.

King Mtesa and his people fancy that the Missionaries have gone to them because they could not find more pleasant places elsewhere, or because they have done something wrong, and were in consequence obliged to leave England. The chiefs will have a very different story to tell. If they dare tell fully what they have seen and heard, the king will learn that England has nothing to gain from him and his country; but that the Missionaries have gone to him and his people because they want to do them good, to teach them how to be happy in this world, and happy in the world to come.

Mr. O'Flaherty, who went out with the chiefs last year, and Mr. Mackay, are now the only Missionaries at Uganda. We give part of Mr. O'Flaherty's letter, which is dated March 30th, 1881. We are sure that these extracts will be read with interest by all who care for Africa, and wish Jesus to be known and loved there:—

"I then took out my letters, had them read, opened up the presents, and presented them one by one. Mtesa especially enjoyed the carving-knife, &c., and the tasteful way in which the ivory of the hafts were poir.ted; the iron plates, cups and saucers, and the steam-engine, &c. Having received all, he had them put into their places. He seemed pleased, but better pleased if he got guns and powder. He enjoyed the Queen's photograph, with the painted portraits of the Prince of Wales and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. He said, regarding the Prince of Wales, 'This is my brother.' I told him of English ships, cannons, riches, churches, &c. I gave him the Bible as the key of the secret of England's greatness and glory. I told him that if England got a present of Zanzibar and Uganda together she would not have them, therefore not to believe the Arabs' misrepresentations.

"I refused to drill Mtesa's troops, but said I was willing by-and-by to teach them, and drill their souls for the army of the great

Creator. I then told him that Namkaddi, who dilated on the glory of our kingdom, was a good, faithful man.

"The Arabs are losing ground greatly. I represented to the king that their statements regarding England and the English were untrue; that instead of Turkey and Egypt being the greatest powers in the world, they were upheld by English money and influence; that instead of the English taking Zanzibar and the coast, she kept Said Burgash on his throne by giving him £10,000 a year; that if Mtesa gave us a present of his kingdom we would not take it; that those countries which possessed the Bible were blessed, whereas the Koran was a curse—a dead weight upon those people who acted up to it. Its spirit was hatred to Christians and the enemies of Islam, whereas the spirit of the Bible was love and good works. I then asked several of the Arabs the meaning of the words of the first chapter, &c., of the Koran, and of the Creed, and not one of them could tell the meaning. Then, turning to the king, I said, 'How can these men teach you religion, when they are so ignorant of it themselves?' He looked and was silent. The Arab power is broken now, I feel sure.

"I am going to court to-morrow. The king sent two messengers to-day, but I refused to go, being Sunday. The king has given orders for the Christian Sabbath to be honoured, as well as Friday.

"Send me out some illustrated papers, to teach the Natives of our country."

## THE WAGANDA ENVOYS' REPOR TO MTESA.

THE following remarkable accou of the visit of the envoys fro Uganda to England last ye was given to King Mtesa, Saabadu, one of the three. was repeated to Mr. Mackay and Mr. Pea son by Mufta, the Zanzibar youth who h been so useful as interpreter. It will be r membered that they came to Europe by w of the Nile.

The sentences in brackets and italics a Mr. Mackay's explanatory notes.

### SAABADU'S NARRATIVE.

"When we reached Rionga's [*Foweira*] left our wives there, and were deprived of our guns and spears and shields, and even our big sticks. We then made up our mir that Mtesa had sold us for slaves to the wh men. Then we marched on through a des [*jungle?*], which took us three months. A that we got to Khartoum. Then we cros another desert, which took us two mont here we saw great mountains, such as we never seen before. Then we came to a nya [*the Red Sea* *], and were put into a sh Oh! my master, a ship is very big, as big a hill. Then we reached the capital of t King of the Turks [*Egyptians*]. But the we saw that it is not Turks but Bazun [*Europeans*] who govern the country; t Turks have no power at all.

"Then we came to another nyanja [ *Mediterranean*]. We sailed on until we ca to an island [*Malta*], which they said longed to the Queen, and we thought su the Queen lives here, and now we are at end of our journey. But no; on we w

* *Nyanja*, or *Nyanza*, means sea.

again, and we thought we should never get to the end, for they told us that we were not half way yet. Then we came to a country belonging to Bazungu, but the people were all like Arabs [*Algiers*]. Next we came to a high island of the Bazungu, but not of the Queen [*Lisbon?*]. This was in the third nyanja [*Atlantic*].

"Then we went on for many days till we came to England. Oh! what a lot of big ships we saw there [*Mouth of the Thames*]. Their masts made us think that it was a forest with the trees growing on the water. As we went up the river the captains of the ships went to the tops of the masts and cried out, 'The Buganda are coming; make way for the Buganda;' at which all the big ships fled away.

"Then we came to London. Here the Queen sent a chief for us with a carriage and two horses.* The horses in London are so many that no one can even count them. And the houses, they are made of stone. Oh! my master, wonderful! wonderful! They make two long fences of stones [*sides of the street*], very long, as far as you can see, and the house is inside the fence. It is all one house, but divided, so that lots of people live in it. No one can count how many people live in one house [*one side of a street, being continuous, was supposed to be one house*]. Oh, London is a very big place; nothing but houses of stone as far as from here to Buhwezi [*Country of Kangao, some twenty miles from Rubaga*].

"Then we went to a place where a great chief [*Col. Grant or Mr. Hutchinson?*] met us, who held up his hands and said, 'Eh! Buganda! Buganda!! Buganda!!!'

* They must have supposed Mr. and Mrs. Hutchinson represented her Majesty; or it is merely the natural phraseology of Uganda, where nothing is done without the king's order.

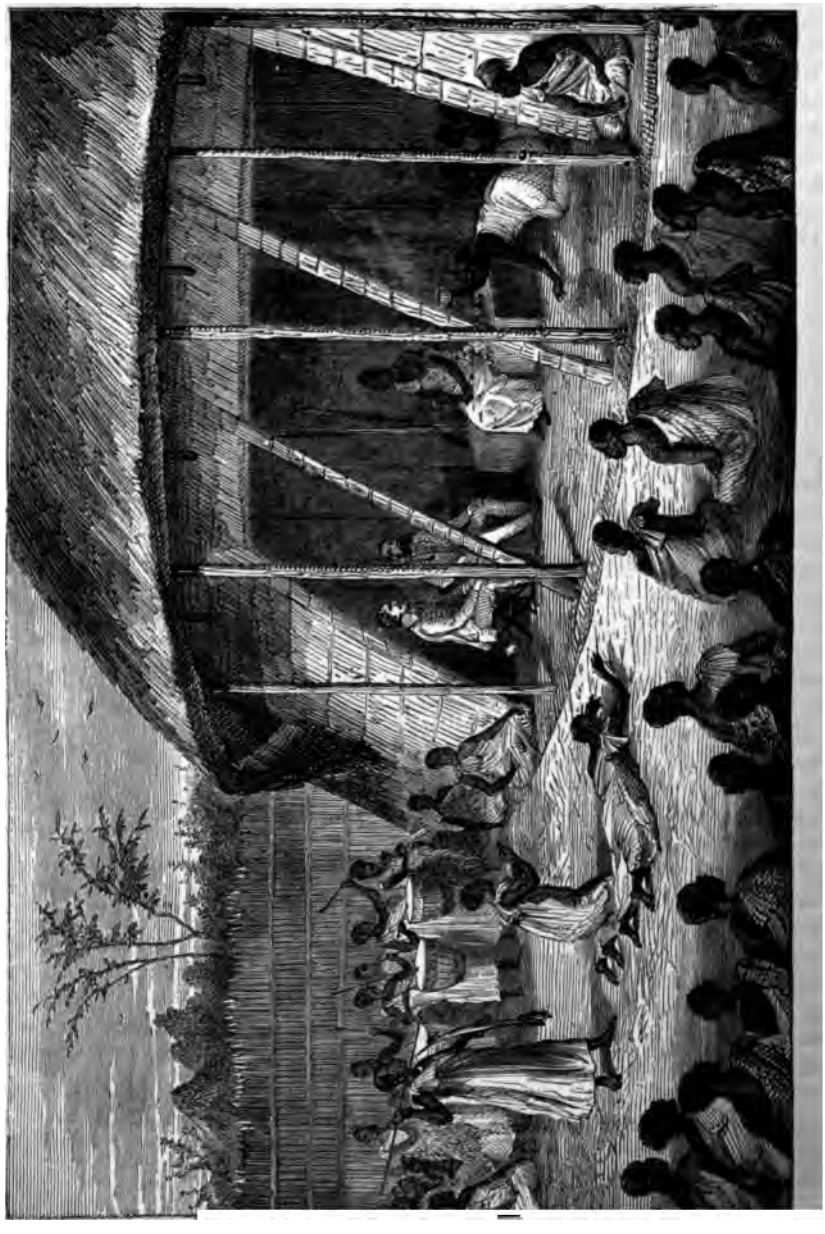
"After two days the Queen sent for us.* We saw a lot of ladies together, and they were all dressed alike, so that we did not know which was the Queen. Oh! my master, wonderful! The Queen's house is as large as from here to Nabulagala [*a hill about two miles off*].

"The day after that we went to a great open field, where we saw the soldiers. Every mutongole [*captain*] had his men dressed in a different colour of cloth. We were in one gari [*cart or carriage*], and the Queen in another. This time we saw her by herself, and knew which was she herself. Then we went to see a place where they made cannon. A great lot of cannon—very big. Two hundred kegs of powder [= *about a ton in all*] are the charge for one cannon. It fires its ball as far as from here to Nyamagoma [*about seven miles west of this*]. After that we saw where they made guns—beautiful guns, and very many. One man showed us his gun, which he had just finished—it was very fine. Then we saw where they made the gunpowder. Next we went to a place where they made woollen cloth, and after that we saw them making bulta [*bleached calico*].

"After we had been many days in London, we went away to another place, where we remained a short time. We did not walk, but went into a wooden house [*railway carriage*], which went itself with us all in it.

"When we came back to London we went to tell the Queen that we wanted to come back to Buganda. But she said, 'Not yet; you have not seen my animals.' So we went to see the animals [*in the Zoological Gardens*]. Every animal in all the world is at the Queen's place. First we spent three days looking at

* The interview with her Majesty was not so early as this. They saw her first at Aldershot, to which they refer in the next paragraph. They might well forget the order of events.



lions; then we looked at leopards for two days; then we looked at buffaloes for three days; then we saw elephants for many days; then we saw birds for six days.* Every bird from every place is there. Then we saw the crocodiles. Wonderful! wonderful!! wonderful!!! The crocodiles are not wild. They hold out a piece of meat, and call the crocodile, which comes and takes it out of a man's hand." (Mtesa asked where they get the food for all the animals.) "They give them cows and goats." (Mtesa asked if they give the cows and goats alive to the animals.) "They always kill the beasts, and give only the dead meat. After that we saw elephants, and snakes, and every animal." (Mtesa said to his chiefs, "Do you hear that—how many animals the Bazungu give to their Queen?" The Katikiro replied, "She must be a very great monarch." Mtesa hinted that his chiefs should make him as great by giving him as many animals.)

"Next they took us to see cows, and sheep, and horses [*at the Agricultural Show*]. Such a lot of cows and sheep the Bazungu have. Then we saw thousands of pigs, and each pig had six children. These pigs are the food of the Queen.

"Then we went to say good-bye to the Queen, and she gave us a ship to come in. We were twelve months in going to England from here, but we came back to Zanzibar in this ship in one month.

"At Zanzibar we saw Seyed Burgash, who gave us presents. But Seyed Burgash has only a very little place. The Arabs tell you lies, my master, when they say they have a great country at Pwani [*the coast*]. The coast all belongs to the English, and the Arabs are their slaves. England is a very great country. It is an island as big as from here to Zanzibar, and there are many islands about it, so many that we could not count them. They make bridges across the rivers, so big that one does not need to go through the water to cross over.

"Oh! my master, we have not got a country at all. The estate of one chief in England is as large as all Buganda, and Bunyoro, and Busogo together." ("Say that again," said Mtesa. "I like to hear a man speak the truth.") "We have no country, my master." ("Do you hear that?" said Mtesa to the chiefs, "we have no country at all.") "In England every man has one wife, and every wife has thirty children!" (*All.* "Oh, many, many, many children.") "They have other women in the house which are not their wives, they only do work. The Bazungu who come here have no wives, but when they go back to England they are made great chiefs, and each one gets a wife as a reward for his services!

"We saw a church which had very big bells [*St. Paul's?*]. When the bells ring, you can hear them as far as from here to Busogo [*fifty miles!*]. The inside of the church is all beautiful wood and marble. The Bazungu have only one religion.

"The Queen's house is all made of looking-glasses, and gold and silver inside, and we sat on chairs made altogether of ivory."

(At this stage Mtesa said "Stop," and dismissed the Court, telling Saabadu he was to tell no one but himself what he had seen in England.)

* The envoys were at the Zoological Gardens only two or three hours. Is this a figurative way of expressing the great number of animals they had to see?

## SKETCHES FROM JAPAN.

### An Explosion.

THE boiler of a small river steamer —I was intending to start by it the next morning to preach at a country station—exploded, and fifteen persons were killed on the spot, there being a good many wounded cases besides. A few days after a grand mass was held for the souls of those who had been killed.

A temporary altar was erected close to the spot where the explosion occurred, on which wooden tablets, inscribed with the names of the deceased, were prominently placed, together with the customary ornaments, incense box, and large flaring candles, which could not be disposed with, although it was daytime and in the open air.

The Buddhist priest sat in front of this altar and went through the service—a wearisome affair, consisting of a long, dismal dirge, interspersed with repeated intonings of "Namu Amida Butsu," and frequent bowings to the altar; and sometimes accompanied by the noisy clatter of two short pieces of wood vigorously struck together.

The mass, however, did not consist of one service only, but a succession of services, performed by priests of different denominations, and lasting nearly all day.

There are a good many Buddhist sects in Niigata, each of which had its turn; when one set had finished their service, another set took their place; the vestments and ceremonies peculiar to each sect making a little variety.

The expense of the services was borne by the Steamboat Company, and a meal of rice was also distributed to any one who came and asked for it; this being intended, no *doubt*, as an atonement for the sin of having caused the death of so many persons. A crowd of spectators assembled, amongst whom I distributed a large number of tracts.

### Taking our Turn.

In the district in which our other day-school is situated it is the custom for a certain number of houses to undertake in turn the charge of the festival in honour of the local god.

The turn this year fell to the school-house and I was requisitioned to do my part in accordance with the custom. I had to explain the reason why I could not take part in such a festival, but of course the other parties were not pleased at my refusal.

At the same time, to show them that the reason of my refusal was not that I grudged the small expense that would be incurred, I offered to give my share to any needy person in the neighbourhood they chose to name. However, I heard no more of the matter.

### Culinary Difficulties.

One day I stopped for lunch at M——, a small village on the beach, and inquired at the inn whether they had any eggs. The hostess produced two, but on my requesting her to boil them she refused.

I asked the horse-leader—I was obliged to ride more than I liked on pack-horses, on account of having a sore leg, and the leader in this instance was a woman—the reason of this refusal, and was told that the god of that place forbade the eating of eggs, that is to say boiled ones, as I supposed; but she informed me that at the other village there was a different god, and there was no objection there.

This gave me an opportunity of teaching her that there is only One God, and that these different local gods were merely the men. She had noticed my giving tracts

: we met on the road, and looked wist- t them, evidently wondering what they and asked me for one for her children.

P. K. F.

## ED IN STONY GROUND.

ARTICULARS of a Buddhist priest who for a while gave up his idolatrous religion, are sent to us by the Rev. 'O Kwong-yiao, of Z-Ky'i, as follow :—

This year there was a Buddhist priest, who, aring the Gospel, delivered up to rosary which had cost him about $2 8s.]. His own words to me were : Buddhist priests are all false and full of leceit ; their religion is one for making , and seeking for pleasure ; but I did come a priest for my own gratification. y former occupation was that of making e : at twenty-one years of age I became st [lit. 'my hair was taken off, and I anded.' He was branded with twelve on the bare head], and [on that occa- I spent $100 [this was to provide a or the priests at the monastery]. always supported myself with my own [while I was a priest] ; but now I am ined to return to my own people to ome other occupation, so that I may obedience to the Lord's doctrine." thereupon broke his fast [he was a vegetarian], allowed his hair to grow, and made clothes for himself. When his hair was grown, he became cook to a bricklayer, and in all weathers, rain or snow, walked thirty li to attend church at Z-ky'i.

He continued this way for over a month, but not being able to endure the slanderous talk of those about him, and being also very poor, he fell away, and returned to his former occupation of making incense. Let us pray for this poor man, that the Holy Spirit may again lead him to the truth as it is in Jesus.

## A CHINESE LAZARUS.

THERE have been, I am thankful to state, some encouraging signs of spiritual life at this station (Shanghai) during the past year.

A Chinese, named Wang, aged sixty-two, who has attended the services for six years, applied about two years ago to be baptized. I was not, at the time, sufficiently convinced of his fitness and sincerity to admit him into the Christian Church.

He remained, however, under instruction, and attended both Sunday and weekday services attentively and diligently. He again, with much earnestness, applied to be baptized a few months ago, stating that he sincerely believed in the doctrines of Christianity, and that his whole desire was to fulfil the command of our Lord and Saviour. "I am in ill-health," said he, "and I should not like to die without having obeyed the command of the Lord Jesus."

I therefore baptized him, after the reading of the second lesson, at morning service, on the 3rd of October last. When asked what

ıded to choose at his baptism,
zarus was a poor man, just as I
nan; I should like, therefore, to
/ his name."
ıccordingly baptized by the name

of Lazarus, and I trust that, through God's
mercy, he will continue steadfast in the faith
which comforted Lazarus under his trials and
sufferings, and that he may hereafter partake
in the same rich inheritance.

## SAVED ALONE.

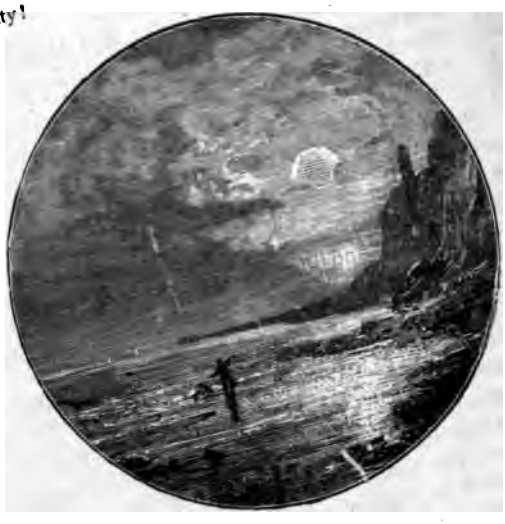
after reading the story that a lady saved herself from the wreck of a steamer, while her children perished,
raphed first to her husband the single word "SAVED!" later on, the melancholy fact—"Saved ALONE!")

I.

/ED *alone*—to sing lonely praise,
ur dear ones wandering in sin's dark ways;
nowing that death's wild engulfing sea
evers your souls for eternity!

II.

Saved *alone*—with no brother's hand
To clasp your own on the golden strand,
No child, no friend who will greet you there,
Welcoming you to the City Fair.



III.

Saved *alone*—for
no golden ray
Have you shed
on another's
darken'd way,
No feet have fol-
low'd where
yours have trod
The shining path
to the throne of
God.

IV.

Saved *alone*—
no thankful
Has sung
name to
angel throng
Who would
stand, as
watch you
Alone—
your
Home.

V.

Saved *alone*—through eternity
Must those saddening words be said of thee?
Shall angels whisper in pitying tone,
"A ransom'd spirit—but *saved alone*"?

EVA TRAVERS POOL

## BURIED BUT NOT DEAD.

THE Rev. H. D. Buswell, Church Missionary Society's Missionary in Mauritius, relates the following as another illustration of the power of the incorruptible seed of Divine truth to germinate and grow after having been long buried:—

"A month or two ago I was walking over a neighbouring hospital, when a Tamil man called me to his bedside, and asked for baptism.

"A request of this kind from a stranger who had received no instruction from us took me somewhat aback. In conversation I found that he had been educated in a Mission-school in Madras, and that the instructions there given in his younger days had not been forgotten.

"Under the teaching of the Spirit, it had produced within him a conviction of his need of a Saviour, and of the suitableness of the provision God had made in the Gospel.

"He said that a Roman Catholic priest had offered him baptism, but that he had determined to be baptized in the English Church. I of course arranged for his instruction, but found him, on essential points, well-informed.

"Finding him increasingly feeble and very anxious to make a profession of his faith, after a week or two I consented to baptize him. Before doing so, I asked him what temporal advantage he expected to receive. He assured me, in a very decided manner, that he did not look for any worldly benefit; he needed nothing for his body, but for his soul. Three days after his baptism he entered into rest."

## TO OUR READERS

*Who have not passed their* THIRTEENTH *Birth-days, and who do* NOT *belong to our "Missionary Bible Class."*

"A Friend to the C.M.S." offers to the above prizes of money for their Missionary-boxes, for the four best papers on the following subject:—

PLACES OF NOTE MENTIONED IN SCRIPTURE.

| | |
|---|---|
| Achaia. | Laodicea. |
| Bithynia. | Mahanaim. |
| Chebar. | Nineveh. |
| Dura. | On. |
| Emmaus. | Patmos. |
| Fair Havens. | Rephidim. |
| Gaza. | Sardis. |
| Hebron. | Thessalonica. |
| Iconium. | Ur. |
| Jabbok. | Wilderness of Shur. |
| Kadesh-barnea. | Zered. |

Where are these places mentioned? State in one sentence where they are, and what you know of them.

A Concordance, Atlas, &c., may be used, but no help must be given to competitors by any friend. The neatness of the papers will also be taken into account.

| | *s.* | *d.* |
|---|---|---|
| First Prize . . . | 2 | 6 |
| Second Prize . . . | 2 | 0 |
| Third Prize . . . | 1 | 6 |
| Fourth Prize . . . | 1 | 0 |

Prizes will be awarded in our February number.

Rules 2, 3, 4, 5, of our Missionary Bible Class must be observed.

Papers to be sent in before December 6th to—

T. R. Y.,
Editor, C.M. Juvenile Instructor,
Church Missionary House,
Salisbury Square.

## CONTRIBUTIONS.

| | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Tebay Sunday School, by Miss Holme | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| HENRY WRIGHT MEMORIAL FUND. | | | |
| Bournemouth Juvenile Association, by Miss T. M. Lodge . . . | 11 | 4 | 9 |
| Grange, Alick (*coll.*) . . . | 0 | 8 | 10 |

## OUR MISSIONARY BIBLE CLASS.

*Rule* 1.—*Papers must be sent in before the end of the month in which the subject is given.*

*Rule* 2.—*Only contributors sixteen years old and under can compete for prizes.*

*Rule* 3.—*The name, age, and address of the writer must be given* at the beginning *of each paper.*

*Rule* 4.—*Only one side of the paper must be written on.*

*Rule* 5.—*When more than one sheet of paper is used the separate sheets must be tacked together.*

### SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

1. Who boasted that no gods had been able to deliver men from the hands of his fathers?
2. In what language, and by whom, is the real reason for this given?
3. A promise is given in the prophecies of Jeremiah that the heathen shall themselves confess the folly of worshipping false gods. Where? Has this promise been fulfilled in recent times?
4. Can you mention any prophecies which say that the Messiah was to save Gentiles as well as Jews? When did they begin to be fulfilled?
5. Do you know any prophecy which foretells the rapid progress of Christ's kingdom in the world?
6. Do you know any words of the Lord Jesus which declare the same truth? Can you *give from* the history of Missions any illustrations of the truth of these words?
7. Isaiah mentions some of the blessings which should come to the world when Messiah came. What are they?
8. Jesus says He came to bring such blessings. When did He say it? Can you prove His words are being fulfilled?
9. St. Paul shows that proper means must be used if both Jews and Gentiles are to be saved. What means?
10. St. Paul says the Gospel will produce different effects in different persons. What are his words?
11. Can you show from either the Acts or the Epistles that St. Paul's own preaching produced very different effects?
12. To what power does St. Paul attribute all Missionary success? Give his own words.

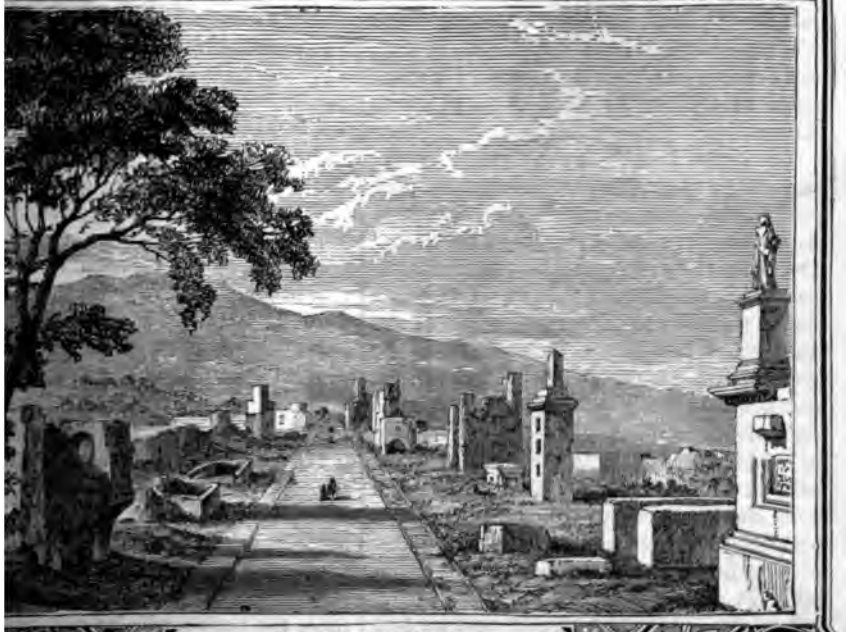
### SCRIPTURE ANSWERS FOR SEPTEMBER.

(1) Gen. xii. 1—3. (2) Gen. xviii. 18, Gen. (3) Gen. xxii. 16—18. Note the words, "because thou hast obeyed my voice." (4) Gen. xxvi. 4. Here the reason for the promise to Isaac is stated to be, "because Abraham obeyed my voice, and kept my charge, my commandments, my statutes, and my laws." So that it is not only obedience in one special case—the readiness to sacrifice Isaac—but general obedience, which is made the ground of the promise. (5) Jacob, Gen. xxviii. 14. Note the words, "and thy seed shall be as the dust of the earth, and thou shalt spread abroad to the west and the east and to the north and to the south." (6) Matt. viii. 11. (7) Acts iii. 25. St. Peter, when he spoke to the people who were astonished at the healing of the lame man. (8) Gal. iii. 8. To show that it was God's purpose from the beginning to give salvation to the Gentiles as well as to Jews. (9) Melchizedek, Gen. xiv. 18—20. Jethro, Exod. xviii. 10—12. Balaam, Numb. xxii. 18. (10) Balaam, Numb. xxv. 7. "His seed shall be in many waters." (11) Acts x. 1, 2, 47. (12) By St. Peter, Acts x. 34. See Acts x. 9—16.

*London:* Church Missionary House, Salisbury Square; Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday, 54, Fleet

BER, 1881.] [Price One Halfpenny.

# CHURCH JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR MISSIONARY SOCIETY



(The Appian Way, Rome.)

ST. PAUL AT ROME.

Acts xxviii. 23—31.

## PAUL AT ROME.

PAUL was very anxious to get to Rome, and I think you can easily imagine why. Rome was the greatest city of the time, the centre of power and authority for the whole earth; and if the Gospel of Jesus Christ were planted there, it would in all probability spread its branches in every direction throughout the world. There was, it is true, a Christian Church in Rome already, but I believe it was not a very flourishing one; and the Apostle thought that, should he find his way to the great city, and preach to its inhabitants, God would give a blessing to the Church—make it stronger, holier, better, more useful—and win by means of it many souls to Christ. So he decided to go to Rome.

But it was long before he got his wish; one thing and another occurred to delay him. And when, at last, he entered the city it was as a prisoner, in chains. "What a sad thing," you will say; but I do not think Paul thought so. He was glad to be there at all; and he felt that God had spared him through the tumultuous fury of the mob at Jerusalem, and through all the deadly attempts of his enemies at Cæsarea, and through the terrors and privations of shipwreck—for the purpose of bringing him to Rome. He was at Rome at last; and he was there, he felt, under the very circumstances which the Divine love and wisdom had appointed for him.

Soon he set about his work. He began with his own fellow-countrymen—the Jews. When three days had passed, and he had time enough to settle himself down, he sent a courteous message to the chief J who were in the city, requesting them be so good as to come to his lodg They came; and he told them who he and how it was that he was a prisoner: he spoke of the message which God had co missioned him to deliver to them, and to men. There was not time enough then the discussion of the matter, and a convenie day was fixed. And, when the day arrive a great many came to his prison to hea what this strange preacher had to say. Then with their Old Testaments open across thei knees, Paul and the Jews sat, from morning till evening—he arguing, explaining, persuading, instructing the Jews, both out of the law of Moses and out of the prophets; and they — at least, some of them — disputing and cavilling, and denying and objecting, and refusing to be persuaded. At last the session was ended. It was getting too late to stay, and the assembly broke up with the usual result, that some believed, but others—and I fear the majority—believed not. Is it not sad to think of the way in which men are divided by the preaching of the Gospel?

Well, before they separated, Paul s He told them that if they refused to acce Jesus Christ, the Gentiles would not; a that to the Gentiles he intended to turn make to them the offer of salvation thro Jesus Christ. This, he said, he had sent to do. "Be it known therefore you, that the salvation of God is sent Gentiles, and that they will hear it."

His words remind us, my dear child the present condition of the Mis enterprise. Now—the Jews, with alm accord, reject Jesus Christ. Here there another, believes; but very f paratively. By-and-by, in God's time, the nation will be converte Israel will be saved; and then

bright and hopeful days for the Church d, and for the universal race of man. time, the Gospel is being preached to *entiles*. They hear it, and accept it; hundreds, and thousands, and tens of ands are gathered in; and Churches p in every direction; and India and a, China and New Zealand, and Mada- r, and North-West America, and other s too numerous for me to mention, are g ever more and more loudly the s of Him, "Who washed us from our n His own blood: and made us kings riests unto God."

## FIRST ENGLISHWOMAN IN STERN CENTRAL AFRICA.

THE following interesting particulars of the arrival of this "first Englishwoman" amongst the people of Eastern Central Africa are given to us by her husMr. J. T. Last, the C.M.S. Missionary mboia:—

e reached Kwa Semangombe at about ay, and set up our tents just outside llage. Being Saturday, we were more ular in setting up the tents and ging the camp, so that we might have le as possible to do on Sunday.

e had not been long in camp before ief of the village came to see us and nt his salaams. After a little conversae went away, and returned with a fine as a present to the *bibi mzungu* (the lady), Mrs. Last. He was much surndeed, were all the Natives, she being the first European lady who had ever travelled into this part of East Africa.

"Soon after this his wives came to see Mrs. Last, and brought her a present of some fowls. They were surprised to see her, but much more delighted when she took notice of their little babies, and played with them. This pleased the Native women very much, and she was soon named as 'mama' amongst them."

WOMAN AND BABY OF EASTERN CENTRAL AFRICA.

On reaching Mamboia Mr. Last writes:—

"The news soon spread about that I had reached the fort (built by the Sultan of Zanzibar) and brought Mrs. Last with me.

My own people came down from the station to welcome us. The Natives—men, women, and children—were in a great state of excitement; they all came down from the mountain to escort us home. Could you have seen and heard the shouts, laughing, dancing, and leaping, you would have needed no other proof that we were held in no light esteem by them. They all seemed to have cast off all care, and were resolved to give us a hearty good welcome, which they did. Some preceded, some followed us, until we reached home; then, after having heard the news of the coast and the road, they retired and left us to put the place in a little order. Our first act on the place was to thank God for His goodness in bringing us safely home.

"The next day, Sunday, was indeed a day of rest, and we all needed it much. After the service in Swahili, at which our own and twelve of Bishop Steere's people attended, and a number of Natives, we spent the rest of the day in quiet, thankful rest, which refreshed both body and spirit.

"On the Monday following the Sultan came to see me again, and brought me a fine bullock, which he gave me as a token of friendship. The under chiefs and the Wanyamwezi all brought something—goats, sheep, fowls, native corn-flour, or nuts and honey—all as far as they were able. The bullock I saved till Christmas, then had it killed for a feast for the people. It was killed on Christmas Eve.

"On Christmas Day the new church was opened; there was a good number present. We had the service in Swahili, and afterwards I gave them an address in the same language on the subject of the birth of our Saviour and what He came for. After the service the feast was prepared, and all enjoyed themselves in a quiet, happy manner *for the rest of* the day."

## THE RELIGION OF THE EGBAS.

THE Egbas are the people of Abeokuta, in the Yoruba country, West Africa. The Rev. Henry Townsend, from whose account in the *C. M. Gleaner* the following is taken, was the first Missionary to them, and laboured among them nearly thirty years:—

The Egbas believe in one Supreme Being. They have various names by which he is called, as Olorun, the Prince of Heaven; Eleda, the Creator; Alagbara, the Powerful One; Oludomare, the Almighty; Oluwa, the Lord; Elemi, the Prince of Life. Other names may be given, but these are the principal.

The word Olorun is most commonly used. They describe him as being everywhere present, as knowing all things, as seeing all things, as unlimited in power, as good, and as the protector of mankind.

In my first journey in their country I put this question to a number of the people, "Do you know God (Olorun)?" "No, but we have heard that white man knows Him; and we have long wished that some one would come and tell us about Him."

On another occasion, when leaving a town where we had received hospitality and kind treatment, our host, the chief of the town, conducted us on our way as far as the gate of the town, and then said, "I now leave you, and commit you to the care of God."

In their salutations in common use among themselves they say, "May God be with you," "May God give you a long life." In the morning the question generally asked is, "Did you awake well?" The reply is, "I am thankful to God," meaning for His watchful care and protection. It is also very common to hear them say, "God bless you."

The reply to most of their salutations is a rd that probably means what we under-nd by the word "Amen." Sometimes y say, "I thank you." In strongly urging uit they will often say, "I beg you in the me of God."

All their worship is addressed to idols, or me object that can be seen. I don't know at they ever worship the heavenly bodies or y living creature. In some neighbouring untries various animals are worshipped. I n best show the nature of their worship by peating a conversation I had with the king this subject.

Pointing to an idol, Shango, I asked, "Why o you worship that image when you know it as cut out of a piece of wood by a man?" I know it was carved by a man, I don't orship it." "But I have seen you worship ." "I don't worship the image, but the pirit that dwells in it." "What does that pirit do for you?" "He is my messenger carry my petitions to God." He there-ore believed that the idol had in it a spirit, and that spirit acted as a messenger or advocate with God.

Satan (Eshu) is worshipped by traders as the god of money; he is regarded as evil. A stone may be seen fixed in the ground outside their houses, on which offerings are placed to the devil. The stone is not sacred; it may be stood on or walked over by any one, and I have heard them say that his altar is placed outside the house because he is too bad to be received inside it.

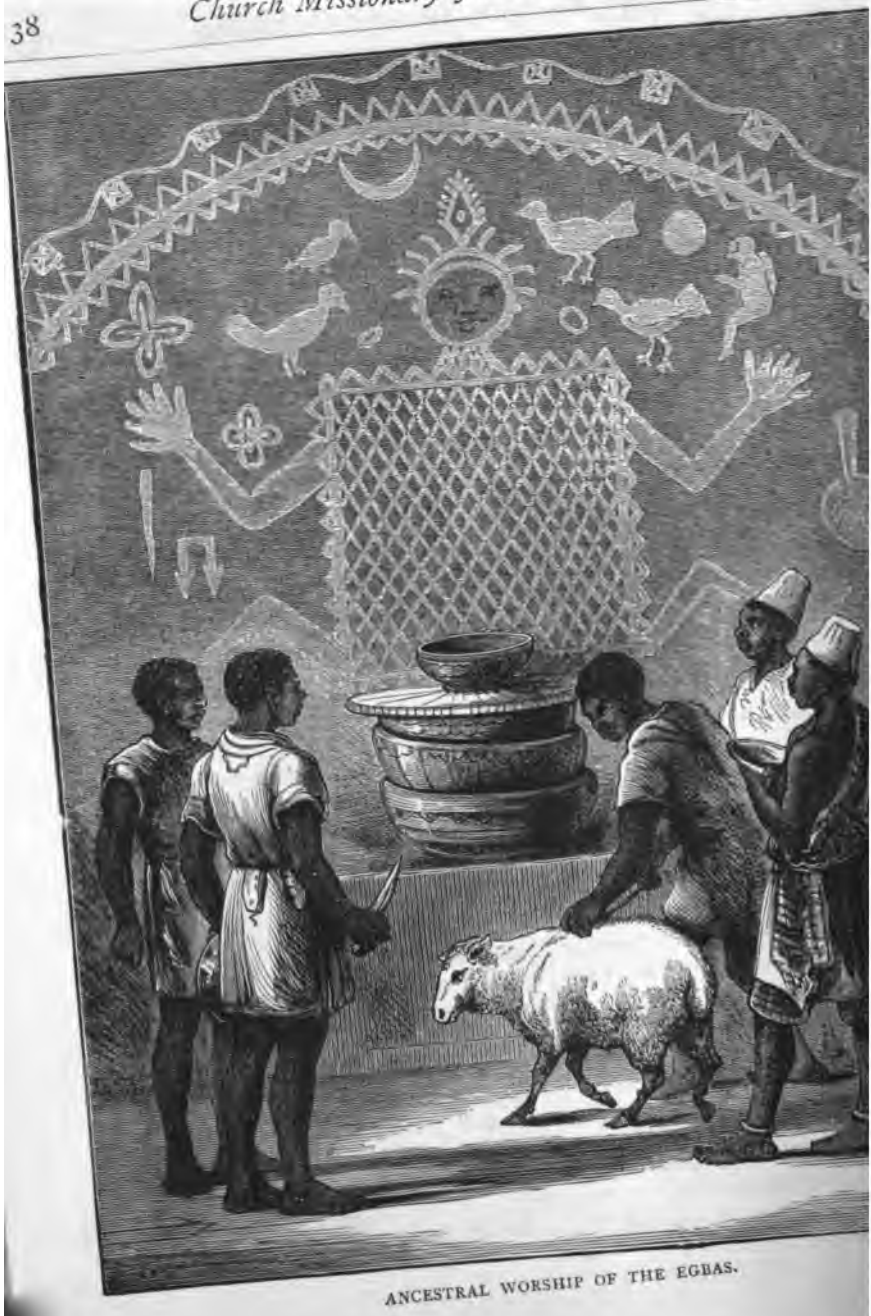
Many things are supposed to be inhabited by spirits, as the Iroko tree and the Olumo rock. The wood of the Iroko tree is often used for building purposes and furniture; when the natives use it they make some offering to it to propitiate the Iroko spirit. We used it extensively for building purposes and furniture; at first we were urgently entreated to propitiate the spirit to prevent any evil arising to ourselves by using it, but the use of it was never forbidden.

The worshippers of the various gods are accustomed to wear clothes of a given colour, and to abstain from the use of some articles of food; the followers of Obbatala wear white clothes and white beads; those of Shango, coloured clothes and coloured beads—red, or yellow and white.

Various sacrifices are offered to the gods, such as bullocks, sheep, goats, kids, fowls, pigeons. In some parts human beings are offered up. Cases have been known in Abeokuta, but as a rule the people object to it, and do not like to hear of it. Other offerings are made, such as money, clothes, kola nuts, and in some cases self-dedication to the service of the god.

I remember being present at a sacrifice, whether to the ancestral picture of Shango I don't recollect. A large sheep was led in and placed before the object of worship; some leaves of the wild plum-tree were offered to it, which it took and ate freely: this was regarded as denoting that the sacrifice was an acceptable one. Then each one present laid his hands on the sheep, then a bowl was produced for catching the blood, then its throat was cut with a sharp knife, then some one took of the blood and sprinkled it on the idol, and each one dipped a finger in the blood, making a mark with it on his fore-head; some of the blood was sent to persons not present to be used in like manner. After this the carcase was flayed, cut up, and distributed, to be cooked and eaten as each one might fancy.

A wall picture may be found in almost every house in Abeokuta, representing their ancestors, having much the appearance of a coat-of-arms. Each has a representation of a human figure seated on the ground, sur-



ANCESTRAL WORSHIP OF THE EGBAS.

rounded by representations of fowls, pigeons, tools, and articles carried about as fans, cows' or horses' tails, the use of which indicates rank. The whole is surmounted by the signs of the Oro worship, and also zigzag lines drawn in a semicircle; two colours are used—red and white. (See the picture opposite.)

They believe that every one that dies exists in another state; they speak of a good place and a bad place of existence after death; also of an intermediate state of suffering, out of which the souls of the deceased are delivered by rites and offerings performed by their relatives. They also believe in the transmigration of souls, or their passage from one body to that of another. A new-born infant is in some cases thought to be not a new person, or new only as far as the body is concerned, but is, perhaps, a great-grandfather returned to the earth. A mother who loses many young children by death often accuses her new-born infant of having left her in the person of one of those that died, and of returning again.

The god Ifa is held most in esteem by the male inhabitants, both among the Egbas and the Yorubas. It is their great god of wisdom, and the oracle to which they chiefly apply for direction in time of trouble, and the great revealer of future events. The instrument of divination is a handful of palm nuts, sixteen in number. Before we were received into Abeokuta this god was consulted in their sacred grove, and the question asked, "Ought we to receive the white men?" Also, "Will God come out of their residence among us?" to which favourable answers were given. This I heard some years after, when speaking of their divination as unworthy of notice. The reply was made, "You ought not to speak of Ifa, for he spoke well of you before you came."

An illustration of the Egbas' belief in Divine providence, as related by a heathen priest to the late Mr. A. Wilhelm, after a battle before the town of Ijaye, between the Ijaye and Abeokuta people on the one side, and the Ibadans on the other, in which the latter were victorious. The farmer, in this case, is put to represent the defeated party:—

A farmer went to clear a piece of ground on his farm for cultivation. Addressing a large tree that stood in his way, he said, "To-morrow I will cut you down." The tree, full of trouble, told God of it, saying, "The farmer says he will cut me down to-morrow." To which God replied, "Be contented; he cannot." The farmer returning home met with an accident, and was unable to resume his work for a long time. Then he repeated his threat, but with the same result; and now he was laid aside with a long illness. The third time he cleared his farm, and again addressed the tree, saying, "Tree, to-morrow, God willing, I will cut you down." The tree, again addressing God, repeated the farmer's words, to which God answered, "Did he say so? then he will do it." On the morrow the tree was cut down. The point is, that as long as the farmer trusted in his own strength he failed; but when he said, "I will, God willing," he succeeded.

Dear children, may we not profit by this story of the Farmer? If it help us to trust God more and ourselves less we shall not have read it in vain. Especially in helping to make known the love of Jesus and His salvation to the heathen do we need this trust in God.

# A CHRISTIAN VILLAGE AT CHRISTMAS TIME.

*Printed by kind permission of R. Cust, Esq.*

URING Christmas week, 1866, we were in G——, where there is a flourishing Mission and Orphanage of the Church Missionary Society. There is a large body of Native Christians in the town, and a native village about three miles distant. In the large grounds belonging to the Mission, stand the Missionary's house, the Orphanage and Girls' School, several small houses for the native men and women, and the church—not pretty, though a commodious building, used by the English residents as well as the Native Christians, one service being in English, and the other in Hindustani.

At the west end of the church is a round, open bell-turret, with one bell hung in it. A curious history is connected with this bell. In the terrible year of 1857, this town was filled with rebels, who murdered or drove out all the English inhabitants, pulled down or burnt all their buildings, then marched in a large body to the church to destroy it; but as they approached, they caught sight of the bell hanging in the turret, which is an open dome supported by short pillars.

Thinking that this bell was just what they would like to hang up in one of their idol temples, they determined to take it down before setting fire to the building. Several men mounted up into the turret to unfasten the bell, but as they were in the act of doing so, it fell on them, and killed two men on the spot. This so alarmed the others, and filled them with superstitious fear, that they immediately left the church, and never again attempted to destroy it.

On Sunday the Missionary kindly drove us to the native village, which, as we said, was three miles distant. Here there is another church, built on a beautifully romantic spot close to a large tank of water, shaded by magnificent trees. Near the church are some richly cultivated fields, a little way to the left is a dense mangoe forest, and stretching far out into the distance is a deep jungle of tall wavy grass and underwood.

The church stands on raised ground, flight of steps leading up to it, on which many of the native congregation were seated, waiting the arrival of their pastor. The bell was ringing as we drove up, and we saw the church filled with earnest Christian worshippers, gathered from a heathen nation.

Hymns were sung very sweetly by a choir of girls, and an earnest, simple sermon was preached, all of course in Hindustani; and then the congregation quietly left the church and gathered in groups round the door to welcome us as we came out. We waited in the church a few minutes, to allow them time to reach their homes. When they heard we were coming to see them in their houses, they speedily hastened away.

Instead of the mud huts usually seen, this village boasts of two streets, or rather rows, of neatly-built, clean cottages, all now nicely decorated with strings of flowers and evergreen leaves across the doors. We went into one of the houses belonging to a well-to-do family. The furniture was of the simplest kind, consisting of a table, a bed, and some low cane stools; all was neatly arranged and perfectly clean. On a shelf against the wall were several piles of books, and many coloured Scripture prints were hung around the dwelling.

Over the door, outside, besides the decorations of flowers, there was a Christmas text written in Hindi, and ornamented with a painted border. All the cottages had some

ıtion, and over one door we
l, on which was painted, in
ours, this verse in English,
is born, &c." It was not a
ı illuminated text. In the
ge stands the Missionary's
some months every year he
ı the midst of the village
hool-house is close by. All
of this village are agricul-
ıer ones owners or renters
rer ones the cultivators—a
hy employment, and more
ing than the general occupa-

s its own headman, and its
both chosen from amongst
nd it would be difficult to
osperous, happy little com-

E. C.

## MENT FOR SIN.

SSIONARY in India was
e interrupted by a Brahmin,
) said, "According to what
say, it was the devil who
ıpted man to sin. It is
to punish man."
you," said the Missionary,
A lame and a blind man were
ruit-grower to reside in his
resence of the fruit soon
ı for them. But how were
The lame man mounted
's shoulders, and thus they
s. When the owner came,
of the theft. 'Alas!' said
the lame man, 'I could not go to the trees.' 'And I,' said the blind man, 'cannot even see the fruit.' 'No,' said the owner, 'but both together you managed to rob the orchard, and therefore you shall be punished together.' For the same reason God will punish both Satan and man."

## A HINDU CHILD'S IDEA OF SIN.

DEAR children, you are all taught that Jesus died to save you from sin, from the power of sin, from the punishment of sin. Have you ever thought of what sin really is? You say, Oh, it is being naughty, cross, or angry; it is telling lies, it is stealing, and all that sort of thing.

A dear child in Tinnevelly, whom I knew, was found one day crying bitterly, and was asked by her kind pastor, "What makes you cry?" She answered, "I am crying because I feel myself so great a sinner." "But, dear child," he inquired, "what great sins have you committed, you have been brought up as a Christian, you have not worshipped idols, nor offered to them, what makes you cry so sadly?" "Sir," was the reply, "I have never loved my Saviour, and what greater sin could I commit than that?"

This was Zénal's idea of sin! Dear children, do you *love* Jesus? If not, ask Him to show you your hard and sinful heart, and to fill you with such *love* to Him, as will lead you *always* to seek to please Him. A. V.

# THE DISPUTE OF THE FIVE FINGERS.

*From an Address by Bishop Sargent, at the Bangalore Missionary Conference.*

EVERY one should take up the work in which he is engaged as the *most important work*. We do not thereby disparage other people's work. This way of regarding our different spheres of employment reminds me of a dispute said to have arisen between the Five Fingers as to which was the most important; and the Eyes were appointed jurymen, and the Tongue had to proclaim judgment.

"Well," said the Thumb, as first speaker in the controversy, "I consider there can be no contention at all; your four fingers can never do without my help. If it be the most delicate work to be performed by any of you singly, you invariably call me to your aid; and if it be a work of power, you all stand on one side together, and allow me singly to oppose you all. Can there be any doubt that I am the most important?"

"Well," said the Tongue, "there is a great deal to be said from that point of view."

"But," said the First Finger, "this is all very nice, but when you want to be demonstrative, what do you do? You call me to your aid, and say, '*There!* what a beautiful object!' and when you want to lay down the law, is it not me you invite to your aid, and confirm your assertion by giving prominence to me as you bring down the whole hand?"

"Well," said the Tongue, "there is a great deal in that."

"But," said the Second Finger, "it is strange you do not at once acknowledge my superiority. Here you stand, two on that *side and two on* this, as my body-guard, while head and shoulders above you, I stand confessed the superior of all."

The Tongue admitted there was a great deal of argument in that.

"But," said the Third Finger, "what is all this vain talk about? What is so powerful as *love*, and now when you want to confirm the covenant of love, to which finger do you attach the ring, and so unite loving hearts? It is me you call into service, and honour with so sacred a pledge."

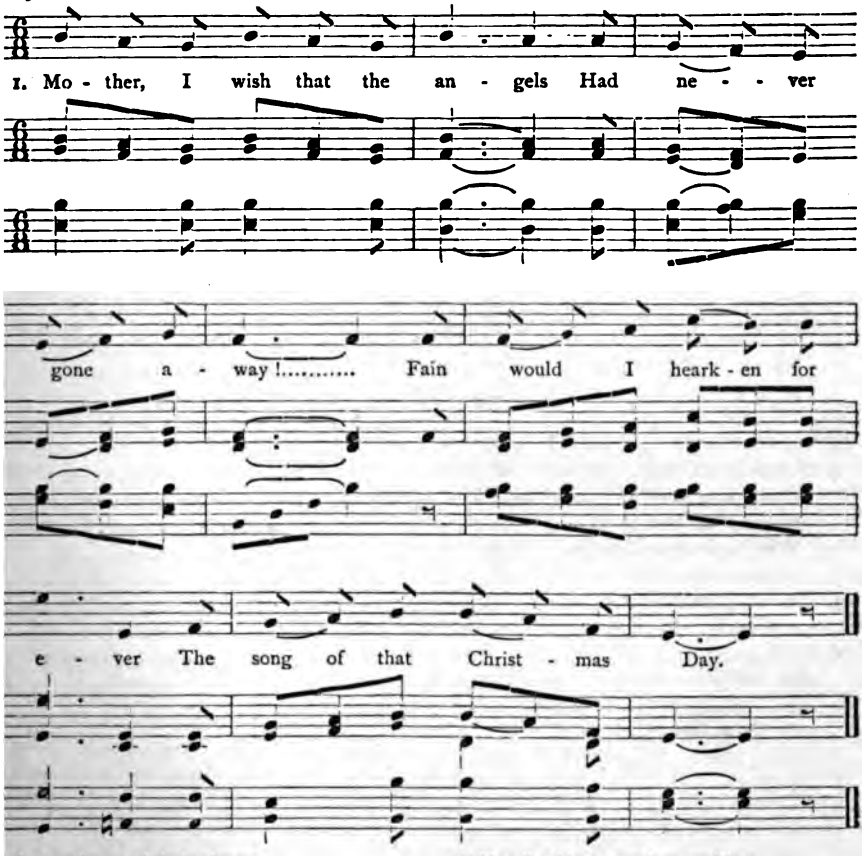
"Well," said the Tongue, "there is a great deal in that."

Then said the Little Finger: "This is all very fine, but when you come into the presence of a superior, and even when you approach the Deity, what do you all do? You put me to the front, and behind me you hide your diminished heads." [This refers especially to the Hindu mode of worship or reverent salutation, in which the clasped hands are stretched out.]

"Yes," said the Tongue, "there is a great deal in that."

And so it may be that those things that seem the smallest may have, in fact, the most importance attached to them. And it is not so much our work itself that will commend us to our Master, as the spirit, the motive, and the purpose for which we have performed *any service* for His Name's sake.

# A Christmas Song.

*s by* CLARA THWAITES. *Music by* C. H. P.

nly one burst of their chorus
Heard after waiting so long !
et earth had listened for ages
To hear that glorious song.

h, that the angels had wandered
Through village, town, and street,
o carry the marvellous tidings,
With footsteps eager and fleet !

hey might have floated, floated
Over the waters so wide ;
urging their anthem of goodwill
tide.

5 "Nay," said the mother, smiling,
"They led that joyful song,
To teach man how to tell it
Through the ages sad and long ;—

6 "Sweetly they struck the keynote,
That we might lift the strain,
And never cease to sing it
Till the angels come again.

7 "Only our lips may tell it—
'Tis not to angels given ;
But you and I may echo
The song that fell from heaven."

# OUR MISSIONARY BIBLE CLASS.

*Rule* 1.—*Papers must be sent in before the end of the month in which the subject is given.*

*Rule* 2.—*Only contributors sixteen years old and under can compete for prizes.*

*Rule* 3.—*The name, age, and address of the writer must be given* at the beginning *of each paper.*

*Rule* 4.—*Only one side of the paper must be written on.*

*Rule* 5.—*When more than one sheet of paper is used the separate sheets must be tacked together.*

## SCRIPTURE ANSWERS FOR OCTOBER.

1. Noah, II Peter ii. 5.
2. The world of the ungodly, II Peter ii. 5. To the condemnation of the world, Heb. xi. 7. The world heeded not, Matt. xxiv. 38; Luke xvii. 26.
3. Philip, Acts viii. 5.
4. A man of Ethiopia, an eunuch of authority under Candace, was returning from the worship at Jerusalem, Acts viii. 27, 28. Was joined by Philip, and converted by his teaching, verse 36.
5. He was caught away by the Spirit, and afterwards found at Azotus, Acts viii. 39, 40.
6. St. Paul abode in his house many days with his companions in travel at Cæsarea, Acts xxi. 8. After the disciples at Tyre had hindered him, through the Spirit, from going to Jerusalem, Acts xxi. 4.
7. Damascus, Acts ix. 22. Barnabas, verse 27.
8. That Jesus is the Son of God, Acts ix. 20.
9. "For necessity is laid upon me; yea, woe is me if I preach not the gospel," I Cor. ix. 16.
10. Envy and strife, Phil. i. 15. Rejoiced, verse 18.
11. "Inasmuch as I am the Apostle of the Gentiles, I magnify mine office," Rom. xi. 13. "Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given, that I should preach among the Gentiles the unscarchable riches of Christ," Eph. iii. 8.
12. "How then shall they call on him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher?" Rom. x. 14.

## SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS FOR DECEMBER.

### A MISSIONARY PUZZLE.

THE name of a Missionary's fearless and devoted friend will be discovered by the initials of the following names:—

1. The deliverer of the children of Israel when they were in captivity on account of idolatry.
2. The god of a heathen people who came to dwell in Palestine.
3. The father-in-law of a king of Israel.
4. A title of one of the Psalms.
5. A son of the man after God's own heart.
6. A city built by a sorrowing and afflicted people.
7. A town in Mesopotamia named after the brother of an eminent servant of God.
8. The grandson of a patriarch who spoke against the minister of the Lord.
9. The woman who stole her father's goods.
10. One who is especially mentioned as assisting the disciples of Christ.
11. The captain of the Syrian army who was slain in war with Israel.

No prizes having been offered for the papers of our young friends, on the Scripture Questions of the six months ending with this number of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, a friend has offered 10*s.* in prizes for the Missionary Boxes of three of the most successful candidates, as follows:—

| | |
|---|---|
| 1st Prize . . . . . | 5*s.* |
| 2nd Prize . . . . . | 3*s.* |
| 3rd Prize . . . . . | 2*s.* |

The announcement of the prize winners will be made in our number for February, 1882.

*London: Church* Missionary House, Salisbury Square; Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday, 54, Fleet Street, and all

THE

# CHURCH MISSIONARY

# JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

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*NEW SERIES.* VOL. III., 1882.

(BEING THE FORTIETH VOLUME FROM THE BEGINNING.)

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WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS.

London:

CHURCH MISSIONARY HOUSE, SALISBURY SQUARE;

SEELEY, JACKSON, & HALLIDAY, 54, FLEET STREET;

AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

LONDON :
PRINTED BY GILBERT AND RIVINGTON, LIMITED,
ST. JOHN'S SQUARE.

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# THE Church Missionary Juvenile Instructor.

STUDYING THE CHURCH MISSIONARY ATLAS.

## A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

DEAR CHILDREN,—A happy New Year to each of you. We hope it will be one in which you will learn from your little Green Book much that will increase your interest in many Mission-fields throughout the world.

Your paper has undergone a change lately, for the kind lady who has taken so much trouble to supply you with pretty stories, and useful information about the use that is made of the many pennies, sixpences, and shillings you collect for the Church Missionary Society, has been obliged to give up the work; and so, after a great deal of thought, we have undertaken to try and carry it on instead of her.

We are sure you all heartily thank the lady who has hitherto taken such pains to please you, and to teach you all that you ought to know about Mission-work; filling your Green Book with so many pretty stories, and poems, and Bible questions. And though she has had to give up the editorship of your paper, she will still have a great interest in it, and would wish you to go on taking it in every month.

Perhaps you will want to know who "*we*," your new editors, are. Well, we are not going to tell you our names, but we are three sisters; and we are going to try our utmost to make the CHURCH MISSIONARY JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR as pretty and interesting for you as we possibly can; and *three* of us ought to be able to make you little folks happy.

That is our part of the work, but with you lies the other half—that of reading it, and telling your friends about it, so that they may buy and read it too.

If we try to do our part well, we are sure you will do your part; and then the Year will be a truly happy one for us a

We hope to tell you, from month to r many wonderful stories about the heat every part of the world (with pictures tc you what they look like); and to giv Prize Bible Questions to answer, and hymns to learn, so that you may alway eagerly for the first day of the month, s "Oh, when will the Green Book cc We shall like to picture your happy when you get it, and we hope you will t try and look out the places we tell y in your Atlas, like the dear little child the frontispiece. Do they not look and bright?

THE EDITC

## THOUGHTS FOR THE NEW YEA

ANOTHER year has come,
But it will soon be past;
Dear children, now be bold for Christ,
This year may be your last.

Are you all serving Christ?
How lovingly He stands,
His arms of mercy open wide,
Rich blessings in His hands!

Pardon and Holiness!
He offers both to you!
But part them not: who takes the one
Must take the other too.

For nothing that defiles
Can dwell with Him on high;
His Blood must cleanse the soul from
His Spirit purify.

Perhaps you prize these gifts;
Perhaps have learnt to know
The sweetness and the strength combit
That from these blessings flow.

Then surely you will try
To send the Gospel forth,
Far—far and wide—o'er land and sea,
East, west, and south, and north.

es! you will long to tell
His love, so rich and free;
or think! O think! 'tis Jesus asks,
"What will you do for Me?"

What *can* we do for Thee,
Though Saviour throned on high?
teach and strengthen all our hearts
Thy name to glorify."

et this, and every year,
That may to us be given,
e spent in making known Thy Love,
And pressing on toward heaven.

## SIONARY THOUGHTS ON THE LORD'S PRAYER.

THE Lord Jesus when on earth taught His disciples to pray. We must not forget we need His teaching, just as much as they did, in our prayers. This er is used by each of God's children, is called the Lord's Prayer, because He e it. He meant it to be a *daily* prayer, use in it He teaches us to pray for "*daily* d;" and we no less "*daily*" need for- ness, protection, deliverance.

ow, dear children, I want to read this er with you in its missionary light. It rayer for each of us; a perfect prayer, se it is "the Lord's Prayer." The er we use it, repeating it slowly and g to understand it, asking for God's Spirit to teach us, the more we shall ow very full of meaning it is.

is divided into three great parts :—

Our Father, which art in heaven, Hallowed Thy Name. Thy Kingdom come. For Thine l ever. Amen.

II. Thy will be done in earth, As it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive them that trespass against us. For Thine is the power, for ever and ever. Amen.

III. And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil: For Thine is the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

"*Our Father, which art in heaven.*" The Lord Jesus teaches us here to call *His* Father *our* Father too. We are all God's children by *creation;* that is, we are His because He made us. So when we say, "Our Father," we must think of the Negro, Indian, Chinaman, and the many other peoples scattered throughout the world, because He made them as well as us. But as we each accept Jesus Christ for our Saviour, we become His children in a fuller, larger sense, by "*adoption,*" that is, God takes us into His family, and makes us His sons and daughters for Christ's sake. Having one Father over us all draws us very near together, making us children of one family, though some are white men, others black, or brown, or bronze. As brethren, then, we should long to share our good things with the rest of God's family. This is what we call Missionary work; there is plenty of it for us all; and it is because so many do nothing, that so much still remains to be done. God is our heavenly Father, living in heaven,—"heaven His throne and earth His footstool;" taking us one by one, when He has prepared us to dwell with Him there.

Find texts where God is called, or calls Himself, "Our Father."

Find texts where we are called, or call ourselves, His children. J——.

## ONLY TRY AND MAKE A BEGINNING.

THE beginning of a new year is a good time to make a beginning in a good work, if we have not done so before. I have read of some poor children, many years ago, who never had any money, and yet who wanted so much to give something to help the Missionaries. At first they did not see how they could help them, but one of them exclaimed, "Try: only make a beginning, and something will be done." The plan proposed was this, that the little children on their way back from school should gather all the violets they could, and then, standing where a good many people passed backwards and forwards, offer the sweet flowers in exchange for *pins*, because the neighbours were not rich enough to pay money for flowers. The pins were carefully put into a box, and sold at the village shop. The plan was a good one; the perseverance of the children interested several people, who would occasionally add some halfpence to their store. Other boys and girls joined the collectors, and at last some ladies, ashamed of their own idleness, followed the example of the children, and made a beginning which soon ended in regular help being sent up to the Church Missionary Society every year.

Now, dear children, what are you doing? I am sure there is some way for you to help, if you only "try and make a beginning."

One little girl of only thirteen, used to get up *every morning*, an hour earlier than she was obliged, and devote her little gains during that time to the Missionary cause. Her mother was a poor widow, who entirely supported herself and family by needlework. It was only by patiently persevering every day that she was able after a good time to send 2*s.* 6*d.* as the result to help Mission-work.

I will tell you another story of a poor widow, who used to bring her clergyman every week fourpence for the Church Missionary Society. He thought this was too much for her to give, and that a penny would be enough; but she said, "I'd rather give it all. I have a son in New Zealand who goes to hear Mr. Williams, the Missionary, preach every Sunday, and I am so thankful to know my poor boy hears the Gospel in that distant land, that I should not like to give less." The clergyman still thought it was too much for her to give, but the poor widow was determined. "I work hard," she said, "at my wash-tub all day: and I have always had a drop of porter at night; but now I mean to dock this fourpence off my porter."

Are we thus denying ourselves some little comfort, or luxury, or pleasure, so that we may be able to offer a thank-offering to Him who gives us everything we have?

Do not think you are too young to do anything; the Lord Jesus will use little children, if they are willing. He can use their gifts, whether they are pennies which they have earned, or some piece of handiwork which they have made; none are too young to serve Jesus, and such have often been used by Him to do His work, and He will use you if you ask Him.

---

TEACH me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see;
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for Thee.

GEORGE HERBERT.

# THE LAND OF THE RISING SUN.

## CHAPTER I.

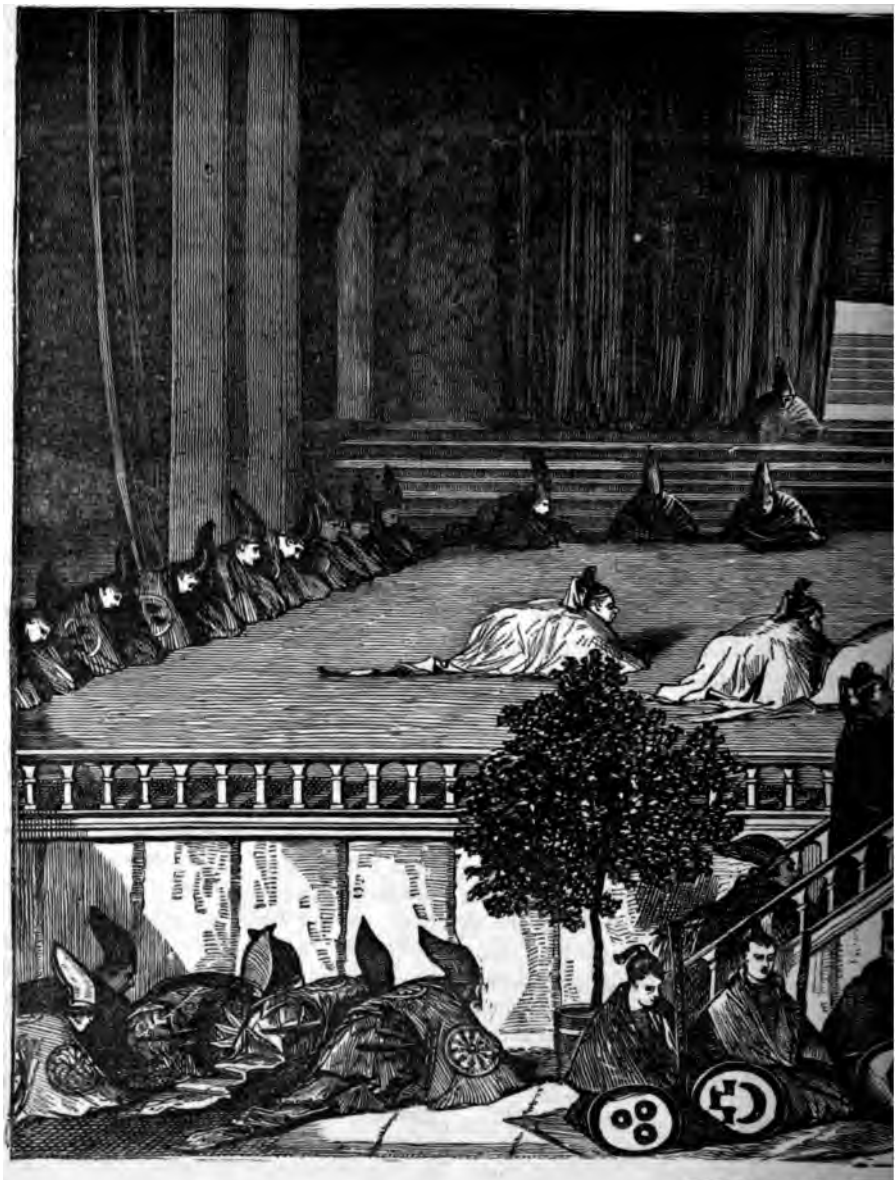
## JAPAN AND ITS PEOPLE.

"Lands of the East, awake,
Soon shall your sons be free;
The sleep of ages break,
And rise to liberty.
On your far hills, long cold and gray,
Has dawn'd the everlasting day.

IF you look at the map of the North Pacific Ocean, you will see not far from the coast of China a group of four large islands, and a number of little ones. This cluster of islands form what we call the Empire of Japan; but the people who live in them like to name their country the "Land of the Rising Sun," because Japan is the first bit of Asia on which the sun shines when it rises in the morning. Japan is a very beautiful country, with a wild rocky shore; and between the large islands of Hondo, Shikoku, and Kiushiu lies the far-famed Inland Sea, where some of the loveliest views in the world are to be seen. From end to end of Hondo (the largest island) runs a range of tall mountains, the highest peak of which is always covered with snow, and is called "Mount Fuji," or the "Matchless Mountain." Around the bottom of these mountains grow very fine forests of bamboos and pines; and the valleys are covered with bright green rice-fields, and gardens where the tea plant is grown. In the seas around Japan great numbers of fish are caught of various kinds; but there are no wild singing birds in the woods such as we have in our own country. Japan has several large cities, but the chief one is Tokio, where the Mikado, or Emperor of Japan, lives, and where his ministers make the laws. Among others he city of the priests, where there are more than 5000 temples; Osaka, where the merchants live; and Nagasaki, where there is a large harbour for ships. Just as in Great Britain there are three kinds of people living — the English, the Scotch, and the Welsh — so, in Japan, there are two kinds of people, the Yamatos and the Ainos. The Ainos are very like the Esquimaux, with round, flat faces, and turned-up noses. The Yamatos are better-looking, and are more like the Chinese. The Japanese are very small—not much over five feet in height. They are honest, gentle, polite, clever, and very fond of imitating what they see people do in other lands. Unlike the men of most eastern countries, the Japanese are very kind to their wives; and the women are very particular to obey their husbands. They are very fond of their children, and make all kinds of pretty toys to amuse and teach them; indeed, so beautiful are these playthings, that Japan has been truly called "a paradise of babies!"

The houses in Japan are not made of brick and stone like ours, but of basket-work, covered over with white plaster, and roofed with bright coloured tiles. As you can imagine, these wooden houses catch fire very easily; and often great portions of Japanese cities are burnt down to the ground. Rising from the midst of the roofs of the private houses may be seen in every town the cupolas of the temples, where the Japanese keep their idols, and go to worship them. There are thousands of these all over the country, as well as in the towns; for in Japan every hamlet has its temple, just as our English villages have their churches.

The principal streets of the large cities are generally wide; and, during the day, are full of people, going about, either for business or for pleasure. The Japanese are very fond of sight-seeing. A great many walk, but



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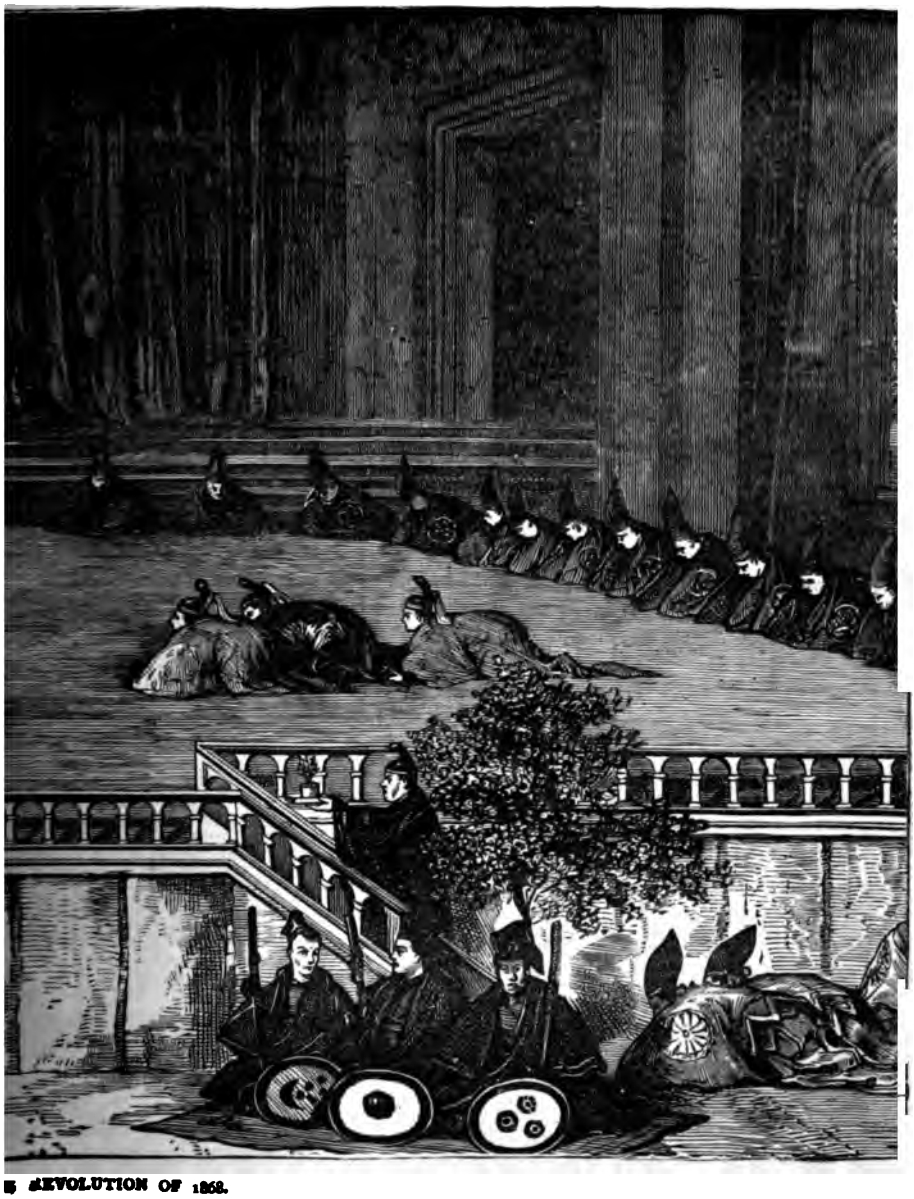


REVOLUTION OF 1868.

those who do not care to do so can hire (instead of a cab or omnibus) what the Japanese call a jin-rika-sha, a kind of Bath chair, with handsome wheels, with a man, instead of a horse, between the shafts, to pull it along. These men are so accustomed to drag carriages that they do not seem to find the work any fatigue, and can run passengers along at the rate of five miles an hour for a shilling!

The shops are very beautiful with all kinds of pretty and useful articles; but as the Christian traveller walks along the streets, it makes him sad to see a great many shops where only idols are sold. This reminds him that, though Japan is such a beautiful country, and the people have nice houses there, and plenty of things to make them happy and comfortable, yet they have not the best thing of all—the Bible. They do not know there is only one God, and that He is Love, and gives them all these good and beautiful things to enjoy. It is to tell the Japanese of God's love, in sending the Lord Jesus Christ from heaven to die for them, and to take to them God's Holy Word, that the Church Missionary Society sends Missionaries to Japan; and we who live at home should never forget to pray that God will bless the Missionaries, and turn the hearts of the Japanese "from idols, to serve the living and true God."

Our picture shows the way in which the Mikado of Japan used to hold state receptions, before the year 1868. In those days he sat behind a curtain, and the people who wished to do him honour only saw his feet; but thirteen years ago there took place a great change in all the customs of the Japanese people, and since that time his subjects can look freely at the face of their Mikado, just as the people who live in Europe can look at the faces of their sovereigns.

## CHIEF "HUNDRED SPADES."

LIEUT. SMITH and Mr. Wilson, who went to Central Africa six years ago, thought a place called Uyui, which is "a very large town for Africa," would be a good situation for a Missionary station: they were kindly received by a chief named "Hundred Spades."

Uyui is much more healthy than Unyamyembe, the Arab capital of Unyamwezi, and has the advantage of being under native instead of Arab rule. Mr. Stokes and Mr. Copplestone stayed at Uyui on their way to Uganda in 1878 for a little while, and built a Mission-house and a place for stores. On returning from Uganda a year afterwards Mr. Copplestone stayed at Uyui, and there he has been ever since. He has been working very hard, building, and making some furniture for his house, for there are no shops there where you can buy anything, and it would cost a great deal too much to send it out from England. He has also built a little schoolroom, which he began to use in January last year. So you see Missionaries must be very clever with their fingers as well as with their heads. Mr. Copplestone has had to study a great deal to learn the language, so as to be able to teach the people. Sometimes when you find your own lessons very hard, think of the Missionaries far away trying to learn very difficult languages, and ask God to help them as you ask Him to help you.

Moses Willing, an African Christian, has been with Mr. Copplestone to help him. I will tell you some of the things Mr. Copplestone tells us in his letters, and you will then see he has plenty of work to do. First of all he is something of a doctor, and has made some wonderful cures, through God's blessing. One man came with the

ache, so as he had no better he made a syringe out of a bit of tiger-grass, and if you had been at the chief's, and heard that man give an account of the performance of syringing his ear, you would have thought it very funny indeed: he kept the chief, people, and Missionary in fits of laughter.

One Saturday evening Mr. Copplestone was talking to the natives who were bringing trees for one of the buildings, and told them the next day was Sunday—they must not work, as God had given it for rest, and having done so much for us we ought to love to obey and please Him. They quite understood they were not to bring trees, and obeyed, but one of them was heard to speak of it (Sunday) as "bad day," because they could not work and make money.

The chief is, I am sorry to say, very rude sometimes, but then he does not know any better, and we must pray for him. When Mr. Copplestone tries to speak to him of the Lord Jesus, instead of listening he turns round and begins a very noisy conversation with his men, so that he cannot hear what is said, and the Missionary has to leave Chief "Hundred Spades" with a heavy heart. The last time Mr. Copplestone went to see him he was out in the fields, so he waited for him, which seemed to please him very much, and he listened afterwards to all he had to say very attentively.

Another thing Mr. Copplestone had to do was to dig a well to get water; he had only two Zanzibar hatchets to do it with, so it must have been very difficult work, and when the rains came the water became so salt he could not drink it, and it was not even nice for washing. He has been told it will come good again, and we hope it will; but we may well learn a lesson of contentment from him, for he says, "Even as it is, it is a great

A few days before Mr. Copplestone sent off his letter, some of the people, knowing that traders had taken ivory to sell at Tabora, waylaid them on their return home, and succeeded in robbing them of one hundred cloths. For this they had to suffer the punishment of the Unyamwezi law, which is death, and the Missionary saw them pass his compound on their way to execution. They are generally speared. He knew the men well, and had often thought they had much of the robber about them.

When Mr. Copplestone travels about he does not take a gun, only a stick; the natives do not like this. The chief noticed it one day, and found fault with him for not having a gun; but he told the great man that he put his whole trust in God to keep him from harm, and He is both able and willing; who was there, then, who could touch him?—that therefore there was no need to take weapons unless he went into the forest. But the chief did not understand how this could be, and all he could say was, "It is not good."

We must here leave Mr. Copplestone for the present. Let us remember him in our prayers.

## A PRECIOUS LEGACY.*

*To the Editor.*

I THINK it may interest, as well as encourage, many of your young readers to know that the Missionary-box, which has come down to us as such a sacred legacy from our precious little "C.M.S." (the folded lamb, now in her Saviour's presence), has again borne good fruit this year. When opened before our meeting last week, it was found to contain £2 5*s.* 4*d.* While standing on my study table, it received several pennies from boys in my confirmation class, who noticed it standing by the side of her photograph.

EDWARD D. STEAD.

* See JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, February, 1881, p. 23.

## ROUND THE WORLD;

### OR, FLYING GLIMPSES OF MISSION LANDS.

IF you were to take a steamer from Liverpool, and steer your course westward over the Atlantic Ocean, you would come at last (after nine or ten days' travelling) to the continent of America, the northern part of which belongs to England, and is called the Dominion of Canada. It is this Dominion of Canada which we are first going to visit;—but as our "flying glimpses" are of "Mission lands," we must not stay to look at the beautiful cities of Quebec and Montreal, but go on at once to the Central and Western lands of Canada, where the Indians mostly live.

The native people of Canada are all called Indians, but they belong to a great many separate tribes. The largest of these tribes are: the Esquimaux, who live on the desolate shores of Labrador and Hudson's Bay; the Ojibbeways and Crees, who dwell around Lake Winnipeg and the Red River; the Chipewyans, occupying the country on each side of the Mackenzie River; the Loucheux Indians, in the far north just above Alaska; and the Crees and Blackfeet, living on the great plain of the Saskatchewan.

The principal occupations of the Indians are fishing and hunting; and indeed so fond are they of the last occupation, that

always picture heaven as a great hunting-field!

The winter in North America is terribly cold, and the ground is covered with snow, but the Indians do not seem to mind it much. Travellers in that country drive about in sledges drawn by great dogs. They often drive over hundreds of miles in this manner.

The Indians are not ruled over by a king, but each tribe has a chief, whom all the other men in the same tribe must obey. They have no priests to teach them any kind of religion; but some of the tribes have "Medicine Men," who are supposed to possess charms of different kinds by which they can drive away sickness. It is sad to think of the power these wicked men have had hitherto over the minds of the poor ignorant Indians; but, thank God, that influence for evil is passing away now. Missionaries, carrying the Bible with them, and braving hunger and fatigue and cold, have visited the different tribes to tell to them "the old, old story, of Jesus and His love;" and their labour has not been in vain. Thousands of the Indians have learnt and received the "good tidings," and shall, we believe, hereafter shine for ever as stars in Immanuel's crown.

"And they shall be Mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up My jewels."

(*To be continued.*)

## A VILLAGE THAT GAVE NOTHING BUT GOLD.

ONCE upon a time there was going to be a grand Missionary meeting at a small country village.. But, alas! when the evening came, the wind blew so loud, and the clouds looked so black, that no one, except the clergyman of the place, and the Missionary who had come to speak, went to the schoolroom at the appointed hour.

The clergyman looked at the Missionary, *ry looked at the clergy*man.

What were they to do? for there was no use making a speech when there was no one to listen. At last the clergyman thought of a plan. "I propose a resolution," he said, "that a collection be made at the door, and no one is to put anything but *gold* into it."

The resolution was carried, and nothing was found in the plate but gold; for there were only two people to give, and they both gave gold.

So the next day the clergyman went round his parish, and told all his people this wonderful thing—that, after the meeting of the previous night, nothing was found in the collecting-plate at the door but GOLD!

After that, of course, no one liked to go to the Missionary meeting without they had collected enough money to change into a bit of gold to put in the plate.

"For," said they, "if on such a wet night people give so much, on a fine night we ought to give much more."

## MISSIONARY ENIGMA. NO. 1.

A CHARGE that Moses gave of yore,
But that stands good for evermore;
Until the Lord Himself comes down
To claim the kingdoms for His own.

A champion once by David slain.
With whom the ark did long remain.
Son of God's friend obedient found.
One saved when all the world was drown'd.
A cruel king both bad and weak.
One whom a prophet's aid did seek.
A man who pray'd three times a day.
A king who did male children slay.
Who hid the prophets in a cave.
Whom to the Lord his mother gave.
A king who in a battle fell.
Prophet to faithless Israel.
A warrior judge of wondrous might.
The chosen city's holiest height.
A place where men provoked the Lord.
The race He chose to hear His word.
Whose sin brought death, and care, and strife.
Who from a town escaped with life.
A rebel son on wrong intent.
A city warned to repent.
The man who after God's own heart
As future king was set apart.

## MISSIONARY CLOCK.

I Tim. 2 8.
Matt. 28 19.
I Kings 18 42.
2 Tim. 4 2.
Rom. 12 12.
Matt. 28 19.
I Tim. 6 12.
2 Thes. 2 15.
Jer. 1 7.
Acts 10 36.
Matt. 28 20.
Instructing them that oppose themselves, if God peradventure will give them repentance.
Go.
Go forward.
Preach the word.
Continue instant in prayer.
Go and teach all nations.
Light the good fight of Faith.
Be instant in season out of season.
Go to all I shall command thee.
Speak unto them all that I shall command thee.
Preaching peace by Jesus Christ: He is Lord of all.
Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you.

The Editors offer a small prize for the best Missionary Clock sent in before February 1st, 1882.

The texts on the above clock should not be used.

## OUR MISSIONARY BIBLE CLASS.

*Rule* 1.—*Papers must be sent in before the end of the month in which the subject is given.*

*Rule* 2.—*Only contributors sixteen years old and under can compete for prizes.*

*Rule* 3.—*The name, age, and address of the writer must be given* at the beginning *of each paper.*

*Rule* 4.—*Only one side of the paper must be written on.*

*Rule* 5.—*When more than one sheet of paper is used the separate sheets must be tacked together.*

1. A Missionary is one sent forth. Give some words of Jesus in which He says that He was "sent."
2. Missionaries are often hungry, thirsty, tired, and troubled. Give verses to prove that Jesus was so too.
3. Jesus was just like other men—only with one difference. What was that?
4. Why did Jesus come to die?
5. Two names of Christ show him to be the Sin-Bearer. Which two are they?
6. When was the first promise made that Jesus *should come*—and should be a man?

## SCRIPTURE ANSWERS FOR NOVEMBER.

1. The King of **Assyria, by the mouth of Rab**shakeh, II Kings xviii. 28—35; xix. 8—12.

2. Hezekiah, II Kings xix. 15—18. Note the words, "For they were no gods, but the work of men's hands, wood and stone: therefore they have destroyed them."

3. Jer. xvi. 19, 20. King Ockiya, of Brass, in the Niger Mission, gave up all his idols to Bishop Crowther, and threw his charms into the river. The king's idols are in the Museum at the Society's house. In other parts of Africa and in India many idols have been cast down and broken by their former worshippers.

4. Isa. lx. 3; lxii. 2; lxvi. 12, 19. For fulfilment of prophecy, see Matt. xii. 21; Luke ii. 32 ("To be a light, to lighten the Gentiles"); Acts x. 45; xiii. 47, 48.

5. Isa. ii. 2, 3; lx. 22; Ezek. xvii. 22—24. See also Dan. ii. 44; Micah iv. 1, 2; Zech. ii. 11; viii. 20; xiv. 9.

6. Mark iv. 30—32; Luke xiii. 18, 19. The work at Metlakahtla; the Tinnevelly Mission.

7. Isa. lxi. 1.

8. See Luke iv. 18, 19.

9. Rom. x. 12—15.

10. I Cor. i. 18. "The preaching of the cross is to them that perish foolishness; but unto us which are saved it is the power of God." I Cor. i. 23, 24, "We preach Christ crucified," &c.

11. At Athens. "Some mocked, and others said, We will hear thee again of this matter." "Howbeit certain men clave unto him, and believed: among the which was Dionysius the Areopagite, and a woman named Damaris, and others with them."—Acts xvii. 32, 34. Compare the account of the uproar at Ephesus (Acts xix.) with Eph. i. 13. Compare also Acts xvii. 1—9 with I Thess. i. 5—8.

12. I Cor. iii. 5—7. "Who then is Paul, and who is Apollos, but ministers by whom ye have believed, even as the Lord gave to every man? I have planted, Apollos watered; but God gave the increase. So then neither is he that planteth anything, nor he that watereth; but God that giveth the increase."

We are requested to acknowledge £13 3*s.* 4*d.* for the "Henry Wright Memorial Fund" from St. Margaret's Juvenile C. M. Association, Brighton, as follows:—

| | £ | *s.* | *d.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| Mr. Clark's Pupils | 8 | 3 | 1 |
| Miss Winterbottom's Pupils | 1 | 5 | 3 |
| Mrs. Warren's Pupils | 1 | 6 | 10 |
| Miss E. C. Toy | 2 | 8 | 0 |

*London: Church Missionary House, Salisbury Square; Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday, 54, Fleet Street, &c.*

FEBRUARY, 1882.] [Price One Halfpenny.

# THE Church Missionary Juvenile Instructor.

A CREE INDIAN WOMAN OF NORTH-WEST AMERICA.

## THE GOSPEL FOR THE CREES.

THE Crees are a very interesting people, one of the largest Red Indian tribes of North-West America. You will see by the picture how beautiful they are. They used to be very fond of dressing in gay clothes and beads; but your Missionaries have taught them of a better ornament than silver or gold—even *the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit;* and this many of them now wear. And one day we hope to see them in the "Happy land" above—clothed in other garments—among the multitude whom no man can number, who have "washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.'

Far beyond the wild Atlantic,
In the regions of the West,
Dwelling long in heathen darkness,
And in heathen sad unrest—

Those lone tribes of wild Red Indians
Lived and died in heathen night,
Till the Message of salvation
Reach'd their land, and gave them light.

They were killing one another,
Fill'd with cruelty and dread.
*Now* they live in peace and safety,
And in Christian love instead.

Yet not *all* have heard the Gospel
Of a Saviour's dying love,
Or the home He is preparing
For His ransom'd ones above.

Will you help to send the Message
That has gladden'd you and me,
To the great lone Rocky Mountains,
Till it reaches every Cree?

Jesus calls on us to bring them
To His footstool one by one;
*That hereafter* in His glory
*They may stand* before His throne.

## MISSIONARY THOUGHTS ON THE LORD'S PRAYER.

I. Our Father, which art in heaven: Hallowed be Thy name: Thy Kingdom come: Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven: For Thine is the Kingdom, for ever and ever. Amen.

"HALLOWED *be Thy name.*" His name is holy, and we are to keep it holy. Not merely are we never to use it carelessly or lightly, never to swear, but when we kneel down to pray, let us remember we are speaking to "the High and Holy One," and that we must reverence Him. If we are merely saying words, with no thought as to their meaning, we are "taking His name in vain," not hallowing it. The Lord Jesus tells us, just before He teaches us this prayer, "When thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and *when thou hast shut thy door*" (for it is a thing we must do thoughtfully, and not in a hurry), "pray to thy Father which is in secret." The very act of shutting the door gives us a moment to think, and may remind us we are to shut out the world, shut out worldly thoughts and desires, and shut in ourselves with God. "Not that we have any power of ourselves to help ourselves," and grown-up people, just as much as little children, are troubled with all sorts of wandering thoughts in prayer; but we *may* and *must* ask God to shut the door of our hearts, and to shut us in with Himself, if we would truly pray. There are very many among God's large family who do not hallow His name; and a larger number still who know it not—who have never heard His name, nor of a Saviour's love. It is to be our *daily effort*, then, because it is our *daily prayer*, to lead others to hallow God's name. We may do so by our example to those around us, and by helping to send Missionaries to other lands, and by prayer. I do hop

of our young readers may go, in after themselves and tell the glad message ation in "the regions beyond." But ou are young you can begin to do nary work, Do not think because n only do so little, therefore you will ning at all. Every little helps. How lakes of snow does it take to make le garden white? Could you count So it takes many a little worker to l's work: there is plenty for us all to we are idle, it is because we choose to He says to *each* of us, "Son, go work in My vineyard." He would not say He had no work for us to do. To- v we may not be here, so let us go at nd do what we can while we have

llowed be Thy *name*." God has names; great, glorious, tender, and names.

and write down all the names of God n *remember*, then search your Bibles, e how many more you can *find*.

J.

## ORY OF THE AFGHAN WAR.

BY A. L. O. E.

THE following terrible but true story is a striking exemplification of the text, that "the dark places of the earth are the habitations of cruelty."

Afghans, a moolah (religious teacher) otter, agreed together that each would is daughter in marriage to the other. arse the wishes of the poor young or unsuitableness of age in their are not regarded in the wild land The double marriage took place; the girls became step-mothers to each other.

The moolah, after a while, was displeased with his wife. With savage cruelty he cut off her nose and her ears; and thus tortured and disfigured, he sent her back to her father.

"Shall this wretched creature, despised and unsightly, remain in my village?" thought the potter. "I could not endure the disgrace!" And actually, dreadful to tell, the Afghan slew his own daughter!

Nor was this all. Bitter hatred and thirst for revenge arose in his heart as regarded the man whose cruelty had first led to the deed of blood, of which the potter perhaps repented. How should he inflict the same misery on the moolah as he had himself endured? The moolah's daughter was in his hands; he would treat her as his own child had been treated. True, the poor creature was his own unoffending, faithful wife, but her innocence and the tie of marriage should not come between him and the gratification of his revenge.

The victim heard her sentence from the lips of her husband. He would disfigure her as his daughter had been disfigured; he would send her in her pain back to her father, as his daughter had been sent back to him; and that father would certainly kill her, even as he, the potter, had killed his child! Oh, how the heart of the poor guiltless wife must have throbbed with terror when she heard of the terrible fate before her!

It does not appear that poor Fatima (I do not know her real name) pleaded for her life; she doubtless knew that such pleading would be useless. Nor did she ask others to plead for her; the men of the village, brought up to regard revenge as a duty, would have approved of the cruel deed proposed by her husband. Fatima only entreated for one night's delay. The prayer was granted;

possibly the Afghan felt some pity for his innocent wife.

That night, winged by fear, Fatima fled from her home—fled for her life. Her only chance was to reach a British encampment, for that part of Afghanistan was at that time in possession of our troops. The nearest encampment was about nine miles off; the path was rugged and steep; a river had to be crossed, and its waters at that season were bitterly cold. But neither darkness, nor mountainous path, nor chill flowing waters could stay the fugitive. At about 3 a.m., long ere the sun rose on the hills, Fatima, managing to slip past the sentinel, made her way into an officer's tent, and sank down at his feet.

The young officer, strangely startled from sleep, saw the poor weary woman, and doubtless at first felt puzzled as to what he should do with his most unexpected guest. He took her at once to his commanding superior, and a message was sent to the Political official of the district, to ask him what course should be pursued in regard to an Afghan woman who had come into camp. His telegraphed reply was, "Keep the woman till I come."

The Political official came and heard the story; he learned *why* the poor fugitive had rushed, like a dove escaping from the hawk, to the first refuge she could find. He found, also, that an officer of high rank, afraid of rousing the anger of the Afghans by retaining one of their women, had determined on having her sent back to her cruel husband!

Oh, well was it for the poor woman that the Political official had a more pitiful heart! Though strong pressure was brought to bear on him, and his opposition aroused anger, he was determined to defend the defenceless. "No Englishman," he cried, "*would give up* a woman to be murdered!" The Political official thought it better to run the risk of a rising amongst the people whom he was exerting himself to keep quiet, than to sacrifice the life of one poor helpless creature. With difficulty he carried his point, and the Afghan woman was saved. She was taken to Peshawar, whither her deliverer also managed to bring her father, the moolah, to whose protection was given over his daughter, undisfigured and unharmed.

The story, though ending thus happily, is a terrible one, and suggests many thoughts to the mind. What a picture it gives to us of the power of Satan, the cruelty of Satan, the misery, especially of womankind, where Gospel light has not dawned! Oh! Reader, had you been present when officers were disputing as to whether the poor fugitive should be delivered up or not to a terrible fate, would you not have *felt* for her? would you not have *pleaded* for her? would you not have *helped* her as far as you could? Her case is but one amongst many of misery caused by the darkness of spiritual ignorance. A few servants of the Lord in the border-city of Peshawar are holding up the Light of Truth to the Afghans who visit it, or dwell within its walls. I have lately been there; I have met not only with earnest Missionaries, but with Afghan converts; I have looked on Afghan boys listening in school to words from the Gospel of Peace; I have conversed with Afghan women who have been told of a Saviour's love. Baptized Afghan boys are now being trained for future usefulness in our Batala Christian Boarding School. Oh! bear this nation on your hearts; *feel* for them, *plead* for them, *help* them! Stand up for the sorely oppressed, as the generous Political official did, that Satan may be robbed of his victims, and the weary and helpless be led, not to an earthly, but a Heavenly Father.

## THE SONG OF THE MISSIONARY BOX.

I AM so hungry,
Open-mouth'd ever;
Pennies and farthings, too,
Refuse I never.

Room there is plenty,
For great gifts or small,
Only give prayerfully
To Him who gives all.

Go on, I pray you,
Give till I'm full,
Then open my trap-door
With knife and with pull.

Take out the pennies,
Count out my store,
Then close me up again
To gather more.

Give, as God giveth,
From this time forth—hence
If you can give shillings
You'll never give pence.

I know well 'tis dark
Inside my trap-door,
But God sees in darkness
What drops from thy store.

Dare you to give Him
What you will not miss?
Give of thy best to God,
Whate'er that is.

Give of thy best years,
Thy youth and thy prime,
Give silver, gold, copper;
Give of thy time.

Of all thou givest
Thou needst not doubt
God in the reckoning day
Will read it out.

He will repay thee
A thousand times o'er;
Giving thine all to Him,
Entrust thee with more.

Give thou then gladly,
Give freely—give now;
Then the crown He has promised
He'll place on thy brow.

J.

## THE LAND OF THE RISING SUN.

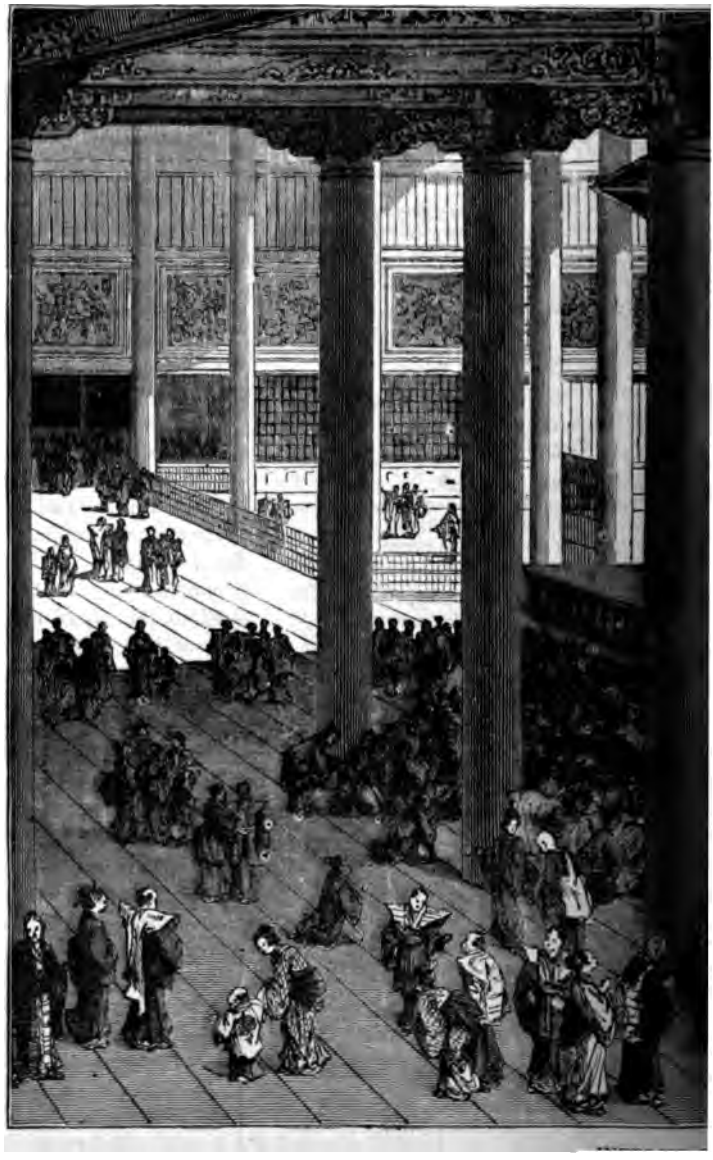
### CHAPTER II.

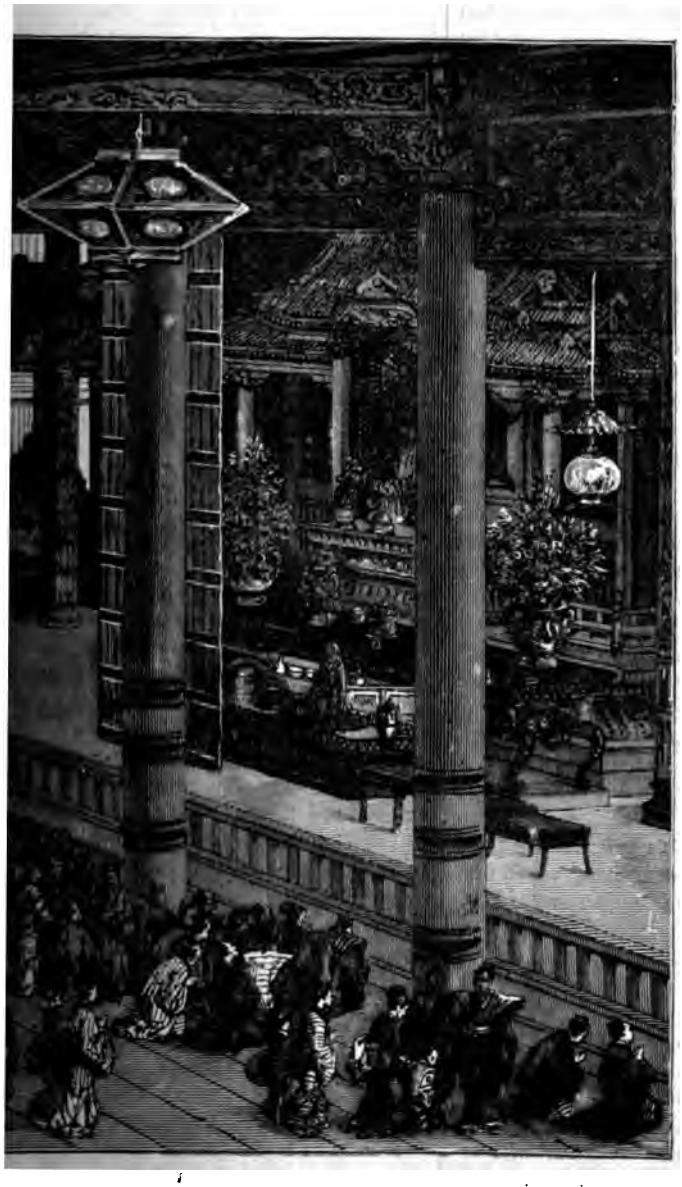
### THE TWO RELIGIONS OF JAPAN

JAPAN has two religions. One called Shintoism, which is the religion of the Mikado and the ministers of state; and Buddhism, the religion of the people. No one, as yet, has been able to find out what the worship of Shinto is; but two of its principal commands are, "Thou shalt honour the gods, and love thy country," and "Thou shalt revere the Mikado as thy sovereign." The worshippers of Shinto have their temples, priests, services, and prayers; and offer to their god gifts of fruit, meat, and living birds. Buddhism is the religion of the common people. They worship Buddha.

In Japan, Buddha has a great many temples built in his honour, especially in Kioto, the city of the priests. In that town there is a temple to about every hundred people; but to understand how dreadfully sad this heathen worship is, we will take an imaginary walk through Kioto, and go and see some of the temples, and the idols which the Japanese people worship. One of the largest and oldest of the temples is called Kiomidzu, or "pure water." We enter under a high gate, and walk along a broad pathway, which leads to a covered place, under which is an idol made of red granite. Its face is very glossy, and its nose and cheeks and eyes are very indistinct. At first we wonder what makes it so, but in a minute or two we learn why it is. A mother is coming towards it, carrying a little boy in her arms. Her poor little child breathes heavily, which shows he is ill with some chest disease. The mother walks up to the idol, rubs her hand

over its chest, and then rubs her baby's chest; after which she goes away, fully believing that the god will heal her child. Now a man, with a sore head, comes, and in the same way first rubs the idol's head vigorously with his hand, and then his own head. He expects the idol will cure him. He forgets it is only cut out of granite, and can do nothing for him. In the temple roof a gong is hung, to which a rope is fastened, and when the rope is pulled, the gong strikes, and it is supposed to wake up the god in case he has gone to sleep. This rope the poor ignorant worshippers pull, when they want to make the god listen to their prayers; others clap their hands for the same purpose. Most of the people wear rosaries of beads, by which they mark off how many prayers they *have said.* Those





who say a great many prayers are considered very good people; but it is only the *number* of prayers they repeat, that they think matters. They do not consider it necessary to think about what they are saying.

On the top of a hill, not far from Kiomidzu, there is another temple, called Igashi O Tani, with beautifully carved screens and gateway. The doors of this gateway are always kept shut, to hide from the common people a sacred stone, which is said to have cried when the builder of the temple died. This, of course, is not true, but the ignorant Japanese think that it is, and worship the stone. As we go down the hill again, we see three tiny streams of water trickling along, which all fall at last into a stone basin. This is called the "cleansing water," where the

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worshippers come to have their sins washed away. Alas! they do not know yet that there is no need to go to any earthly stream of water to wash away their sins; and that—

"There is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains."

A few steps now bring us to a large temple which shelters "great Buddha." When you enter the temple, it looks as if one of the giants of old were rising from the earth, as only the head and shoulders are to be seen. What is visible is sixty-nine feet high; and if the whole body were seen, it would be two hundred feet high! But when we come nearer, we find that there is nothing more than the head and shoulders! and that even these are only made of wood and gilt; and as we walk behind his head, and find it is quite hollow, and only made for show in front, we wonder how any people can be blind enough to call such a thing "a god," and fall down and worship, and pray to it. Close by Buddha's temple is a long building, in which twelve thousand idols are kept. They are placed on shelves, rising one above another, up to the very ceiling. It looks more like a big idol shop than a temple.

And now we will finish our walk by going on to a wide verandah or balcony, which runs along the front of the temple, and take a bird's-eye view of Kioto. It looks very pretty as it lies beneath us, with its five thousand Shinto and Buddhist temples glittering in the morning sun. We know in each of these temples are idols—"the work of men's hands." But we trust that the day may not be far distant when "the idols shall be abolished;" and the Japanese, from the least unto the greatest, shall know and believe that "the Lord, He is THE GOD."

## SAVED

POOR little Bebe lay very sick, not on a soft bed like you or me when we are ill, but on a rough mat on the earthen floor of a poor Indian hut. It had been raining hard all night, and the water had come dripping through the roof, making a large puddle in the centre of the small dark room.

Presently a step was heard outside, and the English Mission lady entered. She saw at once how ill poor little Bebe was, and kneeling down beside her, felt her hot hands and fevered brow, over which hung the thick black curls that no one had thought of combing gently back to cool her burning face.

"You must put the child in a warm bath," she said to Bebe's mother, "while I go and fetch some medicine."

The mother agreed, and the kind lady hurried off to get a cooling draught, returning just as Bebe's mother had got the bath ready.

And what sort of a bath do you think it was? Only a large kind of soup-plate with a little warm water in it! However, as the Mission lady found that there was no other bath to be had, she did her best to wash Bebe in the soup-plate: and then she gave her some of the medicine she had brought, and placing some delicious fruit on the mat beside her, went away to visit other homes as dark and dreary, and sad and uncomfortable as Bebe's; for there were many such in that heathen Indian village.

But little Bebe grew no better, but only worse and worse, till her mother felt sure she would die: and as it is considered a bad omen for any one to die in a house, Bebe's mother carried her out to a little sort of shed near at hand, and left her there to die.

Poor child! she tossed about in the heat, and no one came to fan her, or b

burning brow, or press a cooling orange to her feverish lips. Once or twice she cried aloud, but there was no answer; for her mother was either busy with household duties and did not hear her, or if she heard she paid no attention. So at last Bebe grew too weak and faint to cry any more, and lay quite still.

When her mother came in the morning and found her thus, she said to herself, "Bebe has not many moments to live; I will carry her down to the River Ganges, that she may die on the bank of the holy river;" for the poor woman was so ignorant that she thought that Bebe would be made holier by being laid to die close to what the Indians call their Sacred River. Alas! she knew nothing of the Only Fountain that can wash away sin. She did not know that the Blood of Jesus can alone cleanse the guilty soul and make it "whiter than snow."

So she took up Bebe in her arms, and brought her to the bank of the river, and left her there. Perhaps, like Hagar, she was saying, "Let me not see the death of the child:" —at any rate she went away, and little Bebe, all sick and ill as she was, was left alone to die.

*Alone!* No, not quite alone! For there was ONE who loved Bebe better than even her mother did; and He did not leave her for a single moment through all those hours of pain and fear. And when the Lord saw her He had compassion—for He had said before, "Behold, all souls are *Mine*," and Bebe's was among the number.

And so He sent His messenger (not a bright angel out of His glorious home, but the poor Indian Bible-woman) to save her.

With the precious Testament in her hands this true follower of Jesus Christ was hurrying home after a hard day's work in the crowded town. The hot day was closing, and not a breath stirred the sultry air, not a sound

Hark! what sound was that? She paused, and turned her head to listen, and saw lying at a short distance a thin, childish form stretched out on the bank of the river.

In a moment she was kneeling by Bebe's side, holding her tiny hand in both her own, and smoothing back the tangled hair from her heated forehead, while she sprinkled some cool water in her face, and raised her drooping head till it rested on her breast.

Bebe's deliverer quickly carried her to the Mission-house, to be taken care of while she went to persuade her mother to let her come home. But the poor woman did not want to have Bebe home any more, for the Indian people think that if any one is laid on the bank of the Ganges to die, they ought never to be brought home any more.

But after talking a long while, the Mission lady persuaded Bebe's mother that her child was so very young and small that there could be no harm in bringing her home. So Bebe was brought home and laid once more on her mat, and then the Mission lady and the Bible-woman went away, as they could do no more for Bebe then.

And so, after all, Bebe did not die! Dear children, will you think of her when you kneel beside your comfortable bed to-night, and pray that this poor heathen child thus rescued from death may henceforth be one of Jesus' little lambs—safe in His arms, and carried in His bosom?

## MISSIONARY ENIGMA. NO. 2.

"Within the veil" we have
This anchor cast,
It cannot drag, nor break—
"Sure" to the last.

1. Who read, then spread it before the LORD?
2. Who housed three months the ark of GOD?
3. One word GOD writ on palace wall.
4. Who blamed another for her fall?

# ROUND THE WORLD;

## OR, FLYING VISITS TO MISSION LANDS.

### NEW ZEALAND.

ON leaving North-West America, our straight course "Round the World" would be to go to Japan; but if we did so we could not visit the Church Missionary Society's second oldest Mission. This would be a great pity; so instead of sailing westwards, we will take the steamer at San Francisco, and go southwards across the Pacific Ocean to New Zealand. If you do not know where this country is, look in your Atlas, and you will find it not very far from the south-east coast of the large continent of Australia. New Zealand is formed of three islands (two large and one small one), and was first discovered a little more than a hundred years ago by the great sea traveller, Captain Cook, in the year 1769. The people who live in New Zealand are called Maoris, and they used to be cannibals. Even as late as the year 1807, when a ship was wrecked on the coast, all the crew but one were taken prisoners and eaten. The Maoris were very fond of grand feasts, and used to provide such a quantity of food to be eaten at them, that the potatoes for a feast had to be planted

orehand! On one occasion the
s were built up in the form of a
nile long and seven feet high, and
w and then a roasted pig was put on
f this wall of food in addition! The
ave some kind of idea that there is
Jnseen Power, whom they call Atua;
do not seem to have any outward
religious worship, nor do they know
about prayer. The first Missionary
ealand was the Rev. Samuel Marsden.
a chaplain at Port Jackson, New
ales, but was so filled with pity for
ignorant savages who lived in these
lands, that he not only pleaded with
ch Missionary Society to send Mis-
to them, but offered to go himself as
Missionary. This was very brave of
en we remember the Maoris were
, and would very likely eat him.
urch Missionary Society listened to
Mr. Marsden could tell them of the
and agreed to send him to New
with three other good Christian men
re not clergymen) to help him.
ded at Tepuna, in the Bay of Islands,
re on Christmas Day, 1814, Mr.
preached his first sermon, from the
'I bring you good tidings." A
chief interpreted his sermon to the
eople,—for, of course, when he first
n New Zealand, Mr. Marsden did
r the Maori language. He and his
ends (Hall, Kendall, and King) had
that. And here these four brave men
d tried to teach the heathen about
the Lord Jesus Christ. To prevent
lled and eaten, they had to keep
es as *thin* as possible. They had
to defend themselves with, and if
l, what could four men do? They
n in danger of losing their lives, but
lled them as he did *Daniel in the* lion's den, so that the Maoris did them "no hurt." For eleven long years they taught the people without seeing any good come of it, but in 1825, their prayers and efforts were rewarded by one Maori becoming a Christian. Then after five years more, another Maori learnt to believe in the true God. And then Christianity spread so rapidly among them, that twelve years after (in 1842), when Bishop Selwyn went out to New Zealand, he found what appeared, "a whole nation of Pagans converted to the Faith." Since those bright days, the Church in New Zealand has known much trouble, but through the midst of it God kept them, and now there are twenty-eight Maori clergymen and 20,000 Maori Christians. So you see the first eleven long years of patient labour were not spent in vain! The Missionaries sowed the Word of God, believing the promise that "they that sow in tears, *shall* reap in joy;" and though some of those brave men have not lived to see the present grand result of their work, yet they will see and know it at the great Harvest Home, when "He that *now* goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, *bringing his sheaves with him.*"

## ANSWER TO MISSIONARY ACROSTIC No. 1.

"Go in and possess the land."—*Deut.* viii. 1.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Goliath. | Pharaoh. | Taberah. |
| Obed-edom. | Obediah. | Hebrew. |
| Isaac. | Samuel. | Eve. |
| Noah. | Saul. | Lot. |
| Ahab. | Elijah. | Absalom. |
| Naaman. | Samson. | Nineveh. |
| Daniel. | Sion. | David. |

## ANSWER TO THE MISSIONARY PUZZLE FOR DECEMBER.

ONESIPHORUS, 2 Tim. i. 16—18, as follows:—

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. | Othniel . . . . . | Judges iii. 9. |
| 2. | Nergal . . . . . | 2 Kings xvii. 30. |
| 3. | Ethbaal . . . . . | 1 Kings xvi. 31. |
| 4. | Shiggaion . . . . . | Psalm vii. |
| 5. | Ithream . . . . . | 2 Sam. iii. 5. |
| 6. | Pithom . . . . . | Ex. i. 11. |
| 7. | Haran . . . . . | Gen. xi. 27, 31. |
| 8. | On . . . . . | Num. xvi. 1. |
| 9. | Rachael . . . . . | Gen. xxxi. 19. |
| 0. | Urbane . . . . . | Rom. xvi. 9. |
| 11. | Shophach . . . . . | 1 Chron. xix. 18. |

Seven answers to the Puzzle have been received, but two only were quite right, viz., those of Margaret M. Simcox, and Frederick J. Kittermaster. Two others, from Annie S. Fox, and Roscoe Badger, had one name only in each wrong.

## PLACES OF NOTE MENTIONED IN SCRIPTURE.

### AWARD OF PRIZES.

THE prizes offered in the November number for the four best papers on this subject are awarded as follows :—

| | | Age. | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1st Prize . | Jane Linton Myres (112 references.) . . | 10¾ yrs. . . | 2 | 6 |
| 2nd Prize . | Constance Bligh . . . | 11 yrs. . . | 2 | 0 |
| 3rd Prize . | Willie Holland . . . | 8 yrs. . . | 1 | 6 |
| 4th Prize . | Herbert Thomas Hendy . | 11 yrs. 9 mos. | 1 | 0 |

Honourable mention may be accorded to Eleanor Crosthwaite, Maud Monserrat, Nettie Smyth, Keith Waldegrave Monserrat, and William Roe.

Forty-three papers were received; some of them, excellent in many respects, were rejected for some of the following reasons :—Two competitors were above the age to which the prizes were limited. Rule 4 of our Missionary Bible Class was neglected. Information given in *more* than *one* sentence. References omitted to some of the places.

Preference has been given to those papers containing the greatest number of *correct* references, and in which the competitors express *in their own words* what they know of the places.

## "OUR MISSIONARY BIBLE CLASS" COMPETITION.

WE stated in our number for November last, that a friend had offered 10*s.* in money prizes to be given to the Missionary Boxes of the three successful candidates. During the six months of ending with December, no less than si papers have been sent in by our young After reading them with the greatest have much pleasure in awarding the thr as follows :—

| | | Age. |
|---|---|---|
| 1st Prize . | Emily S. Fox . . . | 14½ yrs. . |
| 2nd Prize . | Annie S. Fox . . . | 14½ yrs. . |
| 3rd Prize . | Sarah Hutchins . . | 9 yrs. . . |

The papers of Lucy Caroline Brown, Maclagan, Lily Prest, Frederick J. Kitte Roscoe Badger, and G. S. Sands, stand order of merit.

## OUR MISSIONARY BIBLE C

*Rule* 1.—*Papers must be sent in before th the month in which the subject is given.*

*Rule* 2.—*Only contributors sixteen years under can compete for prizes.*

*Rule* 3.—*The name, age, and address writer must be given* at the beginning *of eac*

*Rule* 4.—*Only one side of the paper written on.*

*Rule* 5.—*When more than one sheet of used the separate sheets must be tacked togeth*

7. Did the mother of Jesus ever say that h for salvation was in her Son? Na words.
8. Who besides Mary spoke of Jesus by th title?
9. Give three verses in the New Testame tell us that Jesus came to save everybo
10. What prophecy was fulfilled when the of Jesus brought Him to Jerusalem to Him to the Lord?
11. Give two prophecies in the New Tes that tell us that Jesus had come t *others* besides the Jews.
12. What five different prophecies did the these quote from? Or this,—Did Jesu speak of finding more faith in a Gentil among the Jews?

We are requested to acknowledge the following:—

Collection by Miss K. Manwaring . . .
From the Tebay Sunday School Missionary Box, per Miss Holme . . .
A Christmas Gift for the C.M.S., from the Fourth Class Girls of Lingfield Sunday School, per G. E. Bryan . . .

*London: Church Missionary* House, Salisbury Square: Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday, 54, Fleet St

MARCH, 1882.] [Price One Halfpenny.

# THE Church Missionary Juvenile Instructor.

JAPANESE LADIES. (See page 29.)

## VISIT OF THREE RUSSIAN PRINCES TO LYDD.*

N May or June of last year (1881) three Russian princes visited Palestine, and on their way home passed through Lydd. Mualim Hanna, our schoolmaster at Lydd (says the Rev. J. R. L. Hall, who gives us the account of the visit of the princes), as soon as he heard they were coming, led out the boys' and girls' schools, drawing them up two deep in front of the tents. When the princes' carriage drew near, the children began singing "Hold the Fort," in Arabic. When it was finished one of the boys went forward, and read the seventy-second Psalm; an address of welcome followed in Arabic and English; then all the children sang "Marching Along," at the close of which they shouted "God save the Sultan, hurrah!" Afterwards the boys marched past the tents, and laid down palm branches, and the girls advanced with wreaths of flowers, and presented one to each of the princes. The princes then ordered apples and cakes to be distributed among the children, and ten Napoleons to Mualim Hanna, as a present to the teachers. This welcome was entirely arranged by Mualim Hanna.

The Greek Patriarch had come from Jerusalem on purpose to have a grand service with the princes in the Greek Church at Lydd. He took them to the shrine of St. George, and proposed the service in the church, for which great preparations had been made; but the princes replied, "No; we have just had our service outside with the children, and we have neither time nor desire for more!"

* Lydd is the ancient Lydda, "nigh to Joppa," of which we read in Acts ix. 34, as the place where *Peter restored the palsied Æneas* to health.

These children daily learn their text out of the Bible, and each afternoon Mrs. Hall goes into the school with one of the large coloured Bible pictures of the Religious Tract Society, and makes the children read to her from the Bible, or repeat from memory all they can remember of the scene or person represented in the picture. So, dear children, you must think of other little ones in that Holy Land where the Lord Jesus lived and died, learning like you do from Bible pictures, and I dare-say some of your favourites are their favourites too.

## MISSIONARY THOUGHTS ON THE LORD'S PRAYER.

I. Our Father, which art in heaven: Hallowed be Thy name: Thy Kingdom come: For Thine is the Kingdom, for ever and ever. Amen.

HY *Kingdom come:* for Thine is the Kingdom." It is "our Father's" Kingdom, therefore we desire it. "Day by day" our Lord Himself has taught us to offer the prayer, "Thy Kingdom come;" but can we truly pray it unless we *know* we have nothing to fear from the coming of that Kingdom? Unless we know that we love Him, and that He loves us, how can we love His appearing? As this is a prayer for *every day*, we must remember the Lord Jesus would have us *looking for Him every day*. The promise is "thy King *cometh*," not *shall* come only, so we cannot know when He will come, and what may happen any day is as near as it can possibly be.

"Thy *Kingdom* come." Our Father, then, is our King, for he who has a kingdom must be a king. If, then, we are children of

the great heavenly Father, we must also be children of the King of glory. Let us remember this in our daily lives, and behave as becomes those who have so high and holy a calling. This Kingdom must first come into our hearts, and then when Jesus *reigns there* it will be our one desire to spread the knowledge of Him to the ends of the world. Dear children, remember Jesus says, "I will be thy King" (Hos. xiii. 10). He knows how much we need a king—that we cannot be happy without one. How glad we should be to have Him, because if we really wish to be His, "we are so sure He is able to subdue all our hearts," and make us please Him. Let this be our daily prayer: "Lord Jesus, be Thou my King this day." Can you say, God is my King? "He laid aside His crown and royal robes for you; He left His kingly palace to save you and me; though He was rich," for your sake and mine "He became poor, that we through His poverty might be rich." So if we are still poor and miserable, it is because we will not take what He came so far to give. How happy we ought to be with such a "Royal Friend"—one so tender and powerful, so loving and just; and though we cannot see Him now, He is in us, if we are His, reigning as King in our hearts, and the promise cannot fail, "Thine eyes shall see *the King in His beauty*," as the "King of kings." "Thine is the Kingdom, for ever. Amen." "Of His Kingdom there shall be no end." "He must reign till He hath put all enemies under His feet;" and when He comes again, He "shall sit on the throne of His glory," and "reign for ever and ever."

Find texts speaking of the Lord Jesus as King.

What sort of kingdom will it be?

## SHALL WE GIVE, OR SHALL WE NOT GIVE?

DR. HOERNLE, our Medical Missionary at Ispahan, writes (Nov., 1881):—"There is enough work here to keep *three* men well employed; *how is one man to do it all?*"

About the Orphanage and Industrial School the same Missionary writes:—"*We are living on the capital sum* provided by the Basle Mission, and unless other contributions come in, that sum will be finished in three or four years, and WHAT THEN?"

Again, about the Medical Mission Dr. Hoernle writes:—"I cannot undertake it now for lack of time, but even on Mr. Bruce's return" (this Missionary is now in England) "I shall *not be able to do it for want of funds.*"

We have no room to do more than make this silent appeal. Let us answer the question, "Shall we give, or shall we not give?" as in God's sight, and as we shall wish we had done in the Day of Reckoning, which is drawing so near.

## A QUESTION FOR A BOX-HOLDER.

"I HAVE collected so much for the Church Missionary Society this year!" cried a little girl, as she counted out the contents of her box.

"What have you given *yourself?*" asked her younger sister, as she eagerly looked at the coins, among which she thought she saw one or two that she had slipped in.

The elder sister was silent. At that moment she remembered that while busy collecting money from others, she had given nothing herself.

## A NOBLE ACT.

URING the Indian Mutiny, some of the Native Christians of Agra were suspected of joining the mutineers.

"They must leave the fort," cried the English people; "they might murder us!"

But *one* white man (a Missionary) stood up, and ventured to differ from his countrymen.

"If you turn these poor creatures out of the fort, the mutineers will kill them for having become Christians," he said.

Still the English people cried, "Send them out of the fort! Send them away!"

At last the Missionary said, "Well, if you turn these poor people out of the fort, I will go with them, for I am their pastor."

This brave resolve settled the matter, for the English people could not turn out their own countryman, the Missionary, into the open country. So they kept the Native Christians in the fort; and both were saved.

That Missionary is now Bishop of Lahore.

## HELP THEM.

A NATIVE Christian was dyin but he had no fear. Pointi upwards with his wasted fing he exclaimed, "I shall soon *there*."

Dear children, if your Missionary had n gone and told that poor heathen about Jes he would not have had this sure hope cheer him in the valley of the shadow death.

And yet there are thousands more w have never heard of a Saviour's love, a have no bright hope of heaven. Will y not help more earnestly than you have e done before to send them the message salvation?

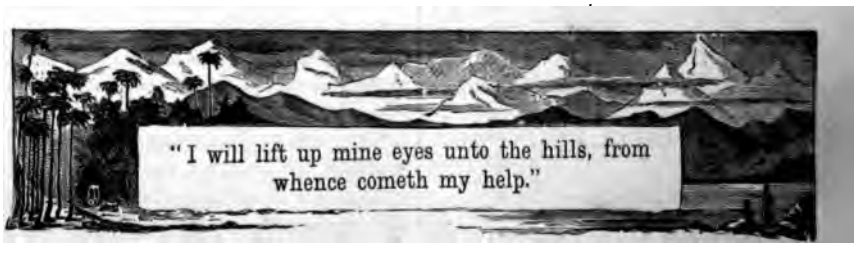
## THREE WAYS OF GIVING.

ONCE at a Native Mission meeting three resolutions w passed,—

1st. That every one pres should give *something*.

2nd. That every one should give *accord to their means*.

3rd. That every one should give *willing*



At the close of the meeting, each person, as they passed the plate held at the door, put in something.

Presently a grand chief came and put in a copper coin.

"Hold!" said the negro who held the plate. "You are giving according to our *first* resolution, but not according to our *second*."

A frown overspread the chief's face. He quickly drew forth a piece of gold, and put it in the plate.

"Stop!" cried the plate-holder. "You are giving according to our *first* and *second* resolutions; but you are not giving according to our *third*."

The chief stepped back irresolute for a moment; the next he came forward with a beaming smile, while a shower of gold coins fell from his hand into the outstretched plate.

"This is as it should be," said the man with the plate joyfully. "If every one followed your example, we should soon have no need to plead for Missions.

"You have given when asked.

"You have given according to your means.

"You have given willingly."

## THE LAND OF THE RISING SUN.

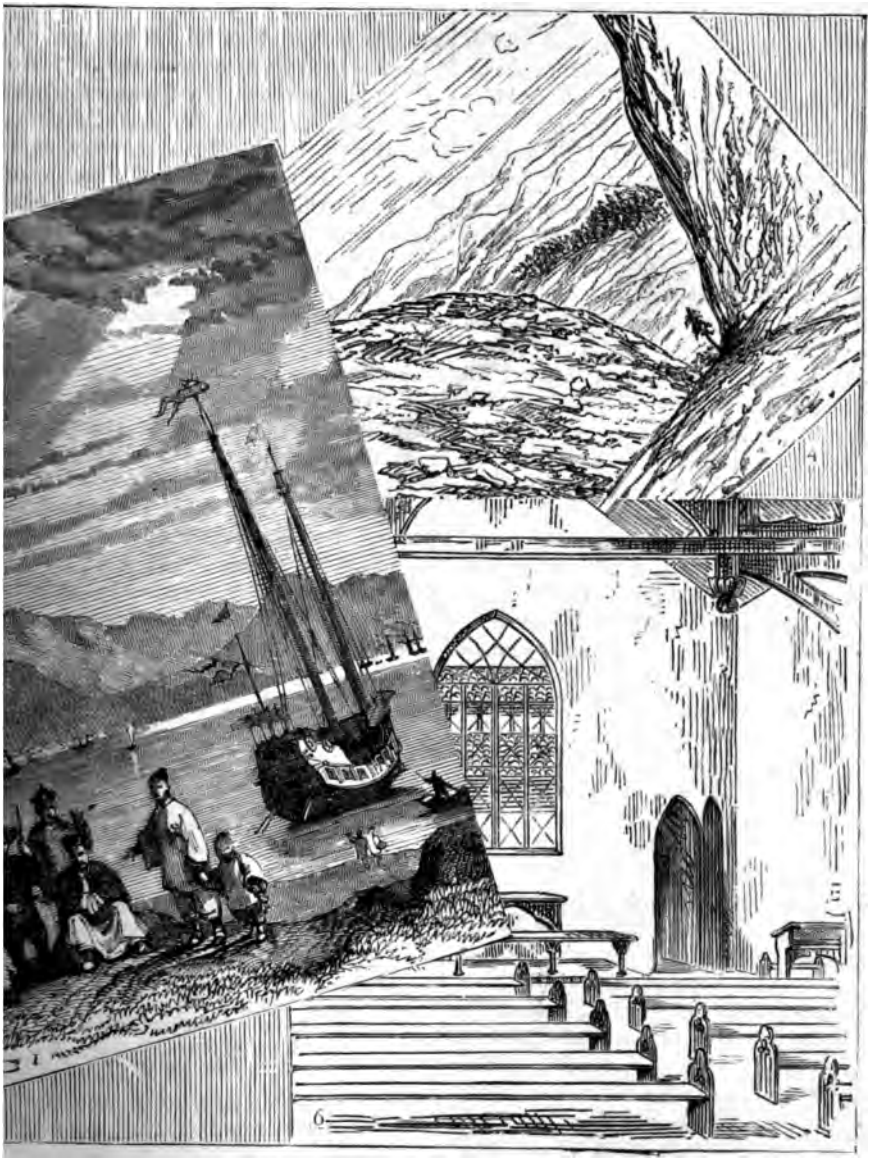
### CHAPTER III.

### ANCIENT HISTORY OF JAPAN.

THE history of Japan is very ancient indeed, and the first Mikado, or Emperor of Japan, began to reign over Japan about the same time that King Manasseh began to reign over the kingdom of Judah, in the year 600 B.C. His name was Jemmu Tennu, and he is said to have had a goddess for his mother, and to have come from heaven to earth in a boat. He is now worshipped as a god at thousands of shrines in Japan, and on the 7th of April (which is supposed to be the day on which he ascended the throne), the great Krupp and Armstrong guns on board the Japanese ironclads fire loud salutes in his honour. The Japanese are very fond of their country, and delight in histories of their forefathers, in local records, and guide-books. The "Dai Nihon Shi," or, "History of Great Japan," is really a wonderful work, and fills 243 volumes!

From the earliest times, down to the twelfth century, the government of Japan was what is called Imperialism (that is, the Mikado did not reign as our beloved Queen does, with a Parliament to help her, but made what laws he liked, without consulting any one at all). But about the year 1100, the great nobles (called in Japan, Daimios) began to fortify their castles, and to get more and more powerful and independent. They in reality did very much what they liked; but at the same time they *professed* unbounded loyalty to the Mikado, whom they all served. For many hundreds of years Japan was in the same state as Scotland was in the "good old times," when the clans (though all acknowledging one king) used to fight fiercely with each other; and the Daimios were to Japan what the Douglases, and Campbells, and McDonalds were in the Highlands during the reigns of the Stuart kings. In 1143, Yoritomo (one of the Daimios) was commanded by the Mikado to subdue another Daimio who was very rebellious. He did so; but then seized upon the royal authority itself, and kept his sovereign shut up as a sort of State prisoner in Kioto, the sacred capital of Japan. This Daimio took

1. HARBOUR OF HONG KONG.
2. IN THE FOOCHUN HILLS.
3. CHURCH AND CA
4. ROAD FROM



CHIA.

5. MISSIONARY'S UPPER ROOM AT LO-NGUNG.
6. CHURCH AT LO-NGUNG.

the title of Shogun, or General, and all the *ruling* of the country was henceforth done by him, and by the Shoguns who succeeded him in the office, though no Shogun ever attempted to call himself "Mikado." Till 1868, each reigning Mikado continued to live in the Kioto Palace, unseen by his subjects (except his feet!), but honoured and almost worshipped by the Japanese as their Emperor.

The fact that such a country as Japan was to be found in the Pacific Ocean was first made known in Europe by Marco Polo, an old Venetian traveller; but it was not till 1542 that any European visited it, and then it was only the crew of a Portuguese trading-vessel, which was obliged to take shelter in one of the Japanese harbours, because of bad weather. But the days when Japan was an "unknown land" were fast passing away! In 1549 a Chinese junk was seen sailing into one of the bays of Shikoku, and on its deck stood a dark-eyed, dark-haired, and pale-faced Spaniard. This man was Francis Xavier, the great Jesuit Missionary.

He landed at the port of Cangoxima. As he did not know the Japanese language, he had to get a man to interpret his words to the people. Though, as Protestants, we do not agree in many things Xavier taught, still he will always be connected honourably with the first Missionary work ever begun in Japan. He laboured hard in teaching the Japanese, and we cannot but read with deepest interest "the simple story of Xavier's privations and difficulties, as in the depth of winter, thinly clad and barefoot, he made his two months' journey to the capital, through snow drifts and mountain torrents." But his work did not *to him* seem successful, so after two years he left Japan for China, in a ship called the *Santa Cruz*, only a Native interpreter and a young Indian accompanying him. He took up his abode on an island near the mainland, as he was not permitted to land on the Chinese coast itself. "There is" (in the words of the Bishop of Ossory) "something almost sublime in the last days of the earnest, but baffled Missionary, as he stands on the barren island of Sancian, and looks in vain for admission to China! Again and again he exclaimed, 'O rock, rock, when wilt thou open?' He tried to bribe the Chinese at the risk of their lives to smuggle him on shore, but without success! Fever seized him as he lay in his rude hut of stakes and branches upon the sandy beach, but ever and anon in his ravings his heart gave utterance to his faith. He was only forty-six, but his hair had already turned white—not with age, but with constant toil and suffering. His noble face was hectic with the flush of fever; his long thin hands emaciated by disease. And there, far away from companions and sympathy, after ten years of toil and labour as few men have ever endured, he breathed out his life on December 2nd, 1552, in these words, 'In Thee, O God, have I put my trust; let me never be confounded.'"

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GOD entrusts to all
Talents few or many;
None so young or small
That they have not any.

Though the great and wise
Have a greater number,
Yet my *one* I prize,
And it must not slumber.

Little drops of rain
Bring the springing flowers;
And I may attain
Much by little powers.

Every little mite,
Every little measure,
Helps to spread the light,
Helps to swell the treasure.

*From the* JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

# ROUND THE WORLD;

## Or, Flying Visits to Mission Lands.

### CHINA.

PUFF! puff! puff! Our steamer has long ago left the shores of New Zealand, and for the last six weeks we have been sailing over the wide Pacific Ocean. But now our voyage is nearly over, and we are steaming into the large and beautiful harbour of Hong Kong. We are surrounded by rocky hills rising from one thousand to seventeen hundred feet in height; and at the foot of these hills, and surrounding the bay, is the town called Victoria—for Hong Kong is only the name of the island on which Victoria is built.

The Chinese are the largest nation in the world, and their history (like that of Japan) goes back a very long way. They are a clever people, and knew a great deal about printing, gunpowder, and paper-making long before they were known in our part of Europe. The chief towns of China are Victoria in Hong Kong, Amoy, Fuh-chow, Ningpo, Shaouhing, Shanghai, and Peking. The country about Ningpo and Shaouhing is watered by a great many canals, and plenty of good crops of all kinds are grown there. The most beautiful *of these are the*

poppy-fields, but lovely as these flowers undoubtedly are, the sight of them awakens sad thoughts; for the Chinese eat the opium (which is made out of poppy juice) till they are perfectly stupid, and are able neither to think nor to act. There are three religions in China—Confucianism, Taouism, and Buddhism.

It was in 1801 that a Mission to China was first thought of, but it was not till a great many years after (till 1844) that a Missionary was allowed to enter China to teach the people there. To pay for starting the Mission, an unknown friend of the C.M.S. gave £6000. The first Missionaries to reach China were the Rev. G. Smith and the Rev. T. McClatchie, and three years later (in 1848) they were followed by the Rev. R. H. Cobbold and the Rev. W. A. Russell. Mr. McClatchie began Missionary work in Shanghai, Mr. Cobbold and Mr. Russell in Ningpo, while Mr. Smith travelled about between the cities of Shanghai, Ningpo, Fuh-chow, Amoy, and Canton.

In 1855 Mr. Russell tried to hire a house in the city of Z-ky'i, which is twelve miles from Ningpo. At first they failed, but after five years of trying a house was bought, and a church built there. In the same year Mr. Russell was enabled to start a Mission at San-poh. Several Missionaries and their wives had meanwhile joined the China Mission.

At this time an Indian civilian gave the sum of £3000 to the Church Missionary Society for the benefit of opium smokers. Strangely enough, at the same time a large number of opium smokers had asked Mr. Gough to cure them of their degrading habit; so after asking God's guidance, and much consultation with the other Missionaries, Mr. Gough received the sufferers into his compound, where they were allowed to see no *one who would give* them opium. A very hard and trying time followed, for the opium smokers longed so intensely for the drug they were accustomed to that they tried many kinds of underhand ways to get it, and it required all Mr. Gough's watchfulness to prevent their obtaining it from their friends in the city. It is thought that about one-third of the patients were finally cured of opium smoking. The others, unfortunately, went back to the evil habit as soon as they left the hospital. In 1860, after more than fifteen years of labour in China, Mr. and Mrs. Gough returned to England. Their places in the Mission-field were taken by Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Moule; and within six weeks' of their arrival the great Chinese Civil War, called the Tai-ping insurrection, began.

These Tai-pings were followers of a man named Hung, who having learnt a little about Christianity, tried to found a new religion. One by one the Tai-pings besieged and took the different large cities of China. At Ningpo, great preparations were made for defending the city against the rebels, and logs of wood (filled with iron or wooden spikes) were placed on the walls, to throw down on the heads of the Tai-pings should they try to approach the city. The Missionaries expecting a long siege, began to lay in provisions. Already they had seen in the distance the famous Temple of Z-ky'i laid in ruins, and the smoke of its burning blackening the northern sky, but it was not till the 7th of December that the Tai-ping pennons were descried from the walls of Ningpo. A Missionary was the first to see them, and told one of the Chinese guards. He looked; but only uttered a scream of alarm as his eye fell on the advancing foe! The rebel army came up to the city, and the Ningpoese pointed their guns, but as they had aimed them too low, the balls harmlessly rolled out of the mouths of the cannon, and killed

nobody at all! The Tai-pings then gallantly swarmed the moat, and rushed to the walls of the city, defending themselves from the logs of wood which were thrown at them by the defenders by carrying mattresses over their heads. In an instant their ladders were planted, and they had scaled the walls! The garrison broke, and fled on all sides, and in two hours Ningpo was in the hands of the Tai-pings! The Mission-houses were in great peril, and some of the scholars in the school were already tied together by their pig-tails (preparatory to being carried off as prisoners), when, providentially, one of the rebel leaders arrived who knew the foreigners, and this prevented their being hurt. Ten days after the capture of the city, the Missionaries were ordered to quit Ningpo. With the help of "passes" from the Tai-pings, they were able to take with them a large number of Chinese who had fled to them for protection (as well as their scholars), and this act of Christian kindness is still remembered by some of the grateful people of Ningpo. In the following April, the Tai-pings made another raid on Ningpo, and again in September; but on the 26th of the last-named month help arrived, and the Tai-pings were finally driven out of Ningpo. Two years after, the civil war ceased altogether.

Since those days Christianity has spread much more rapidly in China, and now there are twenty-one Mission stations, nine Native clergymen, and 4667 Native Christians connected with the C.M.S. It is still, however, the day of "small things;" but we have the promise that "a little one *shall* become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation." The Lord hasten it in His time.

## SCRIPTURE ANSWERS FOR JANUARY.

1. "My meat is to the will of Him that *sent* Me." John iv. 34. "The works of Him that *sent* Me." John xi. 4. "Thou hast *sent* Me." John xi. 42. "The Father who *sent* Me." John xii. 49. "I go My way to Him that *sent* Me" John xvi. 5. "Jesus Christ whom Thou hast *sent*." John xvii. 3. "As Thou hast *sent* Me." John 17, 18. "As My Father hath *sent* Me—even so send I you." John xx. 21.
2. Matt. iv. 2; John iv. 7, and xix. 28; John iv. 6; John xi. 33, and xii. 2J.
3. II Cor. v. 21; Heb. iv. 15; I John iii. 5.
4. To take away sin. I John iii. 5, 8; Is. liii. 6; Heb. ix. 26.
5. JESUS. Matt. i. 21. "The Lamb of God who *taketh away the sin*." John i. 29.
6. Genesis iii. 15—19.

## ANSWER TO ENIGMA No. 2.

HOPE.

Hezekiah. Isaiah xxxvii. 14.
Obed-edom. 2 Samuel vi. 10, 11.
Peres. Daniel v. 28.
Eve. Genesis iii. 13.

## BIBLE QUESTIONS.

13. Missionaries are often tempted by Satan.—When was Christ tempted? and what incident in St. Mark's account of the temptation is not given by either of the other Evangelists?
14. A Missionary preaches.—Give in *one verse* an outline of Christ's first sermon.
15. When Jesus said, "Be ye therefore perfect," what command given to Abraham did He refer to?
16. A Missionary needs companionship in his work.—How did Jesus show that He needed it too?
17. A Missionary is a messenger.—What messenger went before Christ to prepare His way? and what reference is made to him in the Acts?
18. Where in the Gospels does Jesus refer to the dream of Jacob's ladder?

## HE MISSIONARY CLOCK COMPETITION.

EAR Children,—upwards of 200 Clocks, competing for the Prizes offered in our January number, have come to us! Seventy of them arrived on one day! So our postman has had a busy time of it!

Some of the Clocks are extremely well done, but the verses on them were not Missionary ones; while some of the Clocks that were not so neat had beautifully chosen texts. Some children put themselves out of the competition by getting help from their friends; while others have done so by two children making the same Clock between them; and others omitted to put their age, which is absolutely necessary if they are to be put down under "Honourable Mention."

In addition to the C.M.S. Prize, a lady and two gentlemen have given three Prizes, to be given to the three best Clocks next to the C.M.S. Prize one. The names of the four Prize Winners are given on the next column.

We think, dear children, you will be pleased to hear that we have decided to send these clocks to the Pillow Mission, to help to cheer many a sufferer in our hospital wards: so that none of you will feel that your labour has been in vain.

Those who have sent *stamped* and *directed* envelopes will have their clocks returned to them.

We remain,

Your sincere friends,

THE EDITORS.

### FIRST PRIZE.

Won by Margaret M. Simcox.

#### EXTRA PRIZES.

1st. Milicent Ellen Simcox.
2nd. Annie Francisca Peasgood.
3rd. Helen Octavia Thorp.

#### SPECIAL COMMENDATION.

Constance Emily Thorp, John William Thorp, T. S. Weeden, Susie Elizabeth Ho Victoria Daisy Bascombe, R. C. M. Symns, Sandaver, R. H. Chaplin, Joseph George W ward.

#### HONOURABLE MENTION.

F. H. Wolfe, G. A. Sale, Evelyn S. New Maud Mary Rainbow, Florence Hussey, Du F. Vines, Nettie Smyth, Ella Smith, Gert Helby, Catherine E. Brown, Walter Moore, Elisha, Mary Ethel Briscoe, Allan Hugh McN Beatrice E. Parsons, Herbert Pitchford, Es Tilewood, Jessie Peers Carpenter, Agnes Wigram, Roscoe Badger, Eliza Carter, Charle Stallard, Hannah Notman, Catherine Frost, F Kirkpatrick, Annie M. Tonge, Katherine Willi Christopher Barlow, Caroline Cole, Archie Dou Ethel B. Storr, Frances M. Leach, Mar Walker, M. C. Tonge, C. E. Stuart, M McCormick, Olive Smith, Fred James H master, Emily S. Fox, Keith Monsarrat, W Morgan, Margaret Worthington, R. C. V. Amy Meadows, John Thomas Mew, Geor Palford, Maud Monsarrat, Lucy A. Rowe, S. Treasure, F. L. Kingdon, Ethel N. C Ellen E. Bailey, Ethel E. Lovelock, Thos Stewart, Ada Maud Williard, Janet C. Jessie C. Prance, J. W. Shingler, Annie J. Lucy C. Brown, Henry Luther Ewin, Ali

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TWO PRIZES will be given for the Enigmas (one in rhyme and one in not later than the 1st of April. Co try for one or both of these Enigmas petitor can take more than one Prize.

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NOTICE.—The same competitor ca *two prizes running;* but we hope discourage successful competitors be *first* in the intermediate compe are again *best*) their *names* will be *list,* though the prize must go *candidate.*

*London:* Church Missionary House, Salisbury Square; Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday, 54, Fleet Street.

APRIL, 1882.] [Price One Halfpenny.

# THE Church Missionary Juvenile Instructor.

"HOW MUCH SORRY ARE YOU?"

## OW MUCH SORRY ARE YOU?

ONE day a poor child was walking through a thoroughfare in London with a basket of oranges for sale on her arm, when she tripped on the kerbstone, and fell; and all her oranges were scattered over the pavement and road.

Some of the oranges were run over by the passing carts, and crushed; others were stolen by some idle boys at the corner; and the rest were covered with mud, and looked quite spoilt.

The poor child was in such distress at the destruction of her little store that she burst into tears.

Then all the crowd gathered round her, and began to pity her.

"I am *so* sorry!" said one.

"Poor child!" cried another.

"What a sad case!" exclaimed a third.

"I *am* sorry!" said a fourth.

"How sorry are you?" asked a kind looking lady who was standing next the last speaker.

"How sorry?" repeated the man addressed.

"Why you can't measure sorrow!"

"Oh, yes, you can," answered the lady. "I, too, am sorry for this poor little girl: I am a shilling sorry for her." And with that she drew a shilling from her purse, and gave it to the still weeping child.

"And I am sorry one penny," said a little schoolboy, producing the coin he had just ... to invest in a pastry tart or jam

... said a

Little Ruth and Hugh read the above story one day, after which they were both silent for a while. Then Ruth darted out of the room, and in a minute returned with her favourite necklace in her hand.

"Hugh," she said, "you know we have been saying that we are sorry for the poor heathen. I am my necklace sorry. How much sorry are you?"

## MISSIONARY THOUGHTS ON THE LORD'S PRAYER.

**II. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven: Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us: for Thine is the power for ever and ever. Amen.**

SECOND PART.

"THY *will be done in earth, as it is in heaven.*" Now we know, dear children, that in very many parts of God's great Kingdom His will is not done. *known*, and therefore cannot be ... is for us to do our part in ... known; and this we can do by ... the Bible and Missionaries where we ... not take it ourselves. If we can go ... selves we ought not to be contented to ... others; if we are, we are not doing ... will "as it is done in heaven," where ... happy angels stand ever ready to do ... bidding. His is the power to make what ... wills *our* wills too. It is His will to save ... for this He left His home in heaven; ... this He came and dwelt on earth; and ... because He is our Saviour, He has the ... be our King. "Are we going to let ... with us, or do ...

in Him) "whom Thou hast given Me, be with Me where I am, that they may behold My glory"—the glory and beauty of the King. He *must* reign: shall it not be as our loving Saviour?

What does our Lord say of those who do God's will?

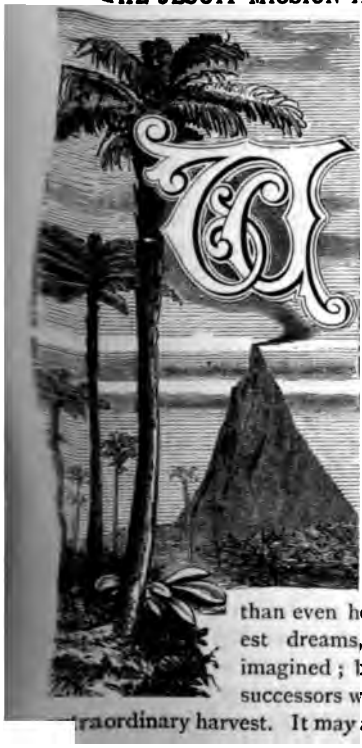
What is God's will about us?

[NOTE.—We hope that our young friends are looking out answers to the questions in "Thoughts on the Lord's Prayer," as a lady is kindly offering a PRIZE for the best answers sent in through the year.]

# THE LAND OF THE RISING SUN.

## CHAPTER IV.

## THE JESUIT MISSION IN JAPAN.



E told you in our March number that Xavier did not think his Mission work in Japan was successful, and consequently left that country for China. But Xavier was mistaken. The religion he had endeavoured to sow had taken far deeper root in Japan than even he, in his wildest dreams, could have imagined; but it was his successors who reaped the extraordinary harvest. It may almost be said of the Jesuits in Japan (in the words of an old Roman general) that "They came, they saw, they conquered." For five years after the departure of Xavier Christian congregations might have been seen rising in all directions; and within thirty years there were 150,000 converts and 200 Romish churches! This was a wonderful success, but the reason for it is not far to seek.

Most of the Japanese were Buddhists, and as such were accustomed to "gorgeous altars, grand processions, and dazzling vestments." They were also in the habit of worshipping Kuanon (the Japanese goddess of mercy). So there was little in their outward ceremonies to be changed, and with very slight alterations the images of Buddha and Kuanon were made to look like the images of Christ and the Virgin Mary, so common in all Roman Catholic countries. Those who have had the opportunity of seeing both a Buddhist and a Roman Catholic Church service, say that there is very little difference between them. The change in their religious worship was therefore not nearly so great as it sounds, when we say that 150,000 Buddhists became Romanists.

Another thing that helped the Jesuits was that the Shogun Nobunaga hated the Buddhists, and (thinking to use them for his own purposes) favoured the Missionaries. But, alas! the Roman Catholics did not make use of this circumstance to carry the BIBLE to the hearts and homes of the people of Japan. The Church of Rome then, as now, sought earthly power and grandeur, and to obtain it took "the sword," and consequently (as the Lord Jesus said *would* be the case) they perished "with the sword."

During the rule of the Shogun Sama (sometimes called Hideyoshi) they were found plotting against the Japanese Government. The two messengers which the Jesuits were

sending to Europe in order to get armed help for themselves from the King of Portugal, were taken prisoners, and their letters opened and read. In these letters the Japanese Government found a full account of the conspiracy. At once Sama ordered every Jesuit to leave the country; but they were not so easily got rid of. True, the Jesuits shut up their churches, and for a while lived so quietly that the Government heard nothing of them; but really they were working away to spread their religion, and obtain political power, as much as ever. When the Shogun at last discovered this he resolved to root up Christianity altogether. He and the chief Daimios had not heard in vain from the Jesuits about the cruel way adopted by the Inquisition for rooting up heresy in Spain; and they began to practise on the Roman Catholic priests, and on the Japanese who had embraced Christianity, all the horrors of fire and sword which our own European martyrs endured at the time of the Reformation. "They were burnt at the stake, buried alive, torn limb from limb," and put to terrible tortures, and some were even crucified. Yet the unhappy victims met their fate with a courage which we cannot but admire. They were "faithful unto death," and it is impossible to doubt that amongst the thousands that perished, many were true disciples of the Master they professed to follow, and have long since received from His hand the "Crown of Life."

At last the Christians struck one final blow for freedom. They fortified an old castle in the island of Kiushiu, and raised the flag of revolt. For two months they were besieged, and then they surrendered. Better, far better for them if they had not done so, but had fallen as soldiers behind their crumbling walls; but the chance of obtaining *life by any means* was too precious to be resolutely flung away. The Shogun *might* be merciful! It was, however, a vain hope. The conqueror showed no mercy, and 37,000 Roman Catholics were massacred! Many were flung from the top of the rocky island of Pappenberg, which lies near the harbour of Nagasaki, and perished in the dark blue waters beneath. The others met their deaths in various ways,—and thus ended the Jesuit Mission in Japan.

## THE SILVER AND THE GOLD.

AT a Missionary meeting in a very small country village no plate was held at the door, but one was placed on the table at the head of the room, so that, as each person came up to give, the clergyman could hand them a Missionary paper to carry home with them, to remind them of the meeting.

Presently a very poor man came up, and laid a sixpenny piece in the plate.

The clergyman knew that he was very poor indeed, and so, when he saw the sixpence, he said,—

"My good friend, I don't think you can afford to give that. Take it back, and give something else instead."

The poor man looked up quickly. "No, no!" he answered hurriedly; "it doesn't belong to me, for the Lord has said, 'The *silver* and the *gold* are MINE.' So all the coppers I earn I keep for myself; all the bits of *silver* are HIS."

Only a silver sixpence after all! Yes, poor Joe had only a small silver sixpence to offer at the Missionary meeting; but in a little while he will have something better to give to the Master whom he loves—even a golden crown to cast at his Saviour's feet.

## "ONE TAKEN AND THE OTHER LEFT."

THE Rev. Henry Schaffter (Tinnevelly Church Missionary College) in his Annual Letter gives us the following interesting account :—

A boy who had belonged to the Tinnevelly C. M. College for four years was compelled to leave when he had got up to the fourth class. A school-mate and he left together, and both with the fixed determination to confess their faith in Christ as soon as their parents died. This delay was very dangerous, for who knew which would be taken first?

Three years passed away, when the school-mate suddenly died of small-pox. This warning was not lost on his friend. He told the Missionary, Mr. Schaffter, that he had been putting off his baptism till his parents should die, and it might be he should die first, as his companion had. After some months of preparation, during which time his relations grieved for him as if he were dead, he was baptized by the name of "Edward J. Esudason."

He has not been persecuted as many are, as he is able to keep himself and support his parents. Let us ask God to touch those parents' hearts when they think of the kind way they are treated by the son whom they would have treated very differently had he been unable to provide for his own wants.

## THE LOST SHEEP.

THERE is a beautiful story told of General Garibaldi; how that one night, when he and some of his soldiers were returning to their quarters, they met a poor old shepherd who appeared in great distress.

"What is the matter?" asked the general kindly.

"I have lost one of my sheep," was the answer. "The rest are safely folded. But one has gone astray, and I am seeking it."

"We will help you," said the world-famed warrior; and in a moment he and his men turned back to search for the missing one.

In vain! No bleat of the wandering sheep guided their steps; no footprints marked the rough mountain track; and at last the search was given up, and the general and his soldiers returned to their camp.

But Garibaldi could not rest with the thought of that shepherd searching alone upon the mountains, and that poor wandering sheep roaming in danger, if not in fear. He rose from his rough soldier's couch, and went out into the dark night, under the silent stars, with the solemn mountains on either hand, and the dark valley in front. Bravely he trod through the lonely way, on and on, with weary feet; and who shall say how often he nearly gave up the search as hopeless? But ONE above knew where the wanderer was, and led the general right on *until he found it*. And then he took it up in his arms and carried it safely to his tent, where he kept it till the morning.

The general's men were surprised next day by their leader not appearing among them early in the morning, as he was accustomed to do, and at last an orderly went to ascertain the cause. To his surprise the general was fast asleep; and he was yet more astonished when Garibaldi, on being roused, drew aside a large blanket that concealed the lost sheep of the night before!

Dear children, there are many wanderers roaming quite as sadly as the one which General Garibaldi sought and found on that dark night among the Italian hills. Will you help those who are searching for them?

## A VICTORY OVER TEMPTATION.

By A. L. O. E.

PERHAPS some of our young readers may have been thinking of Natives of India as beings quite different from themselves. They can hardly imagine a boy of Bengal handling a cricket-bat; or a Punjabi whistling "The Bay of Biscay." But where there has been educational training, above all, where the fear of God and the love of Christ have been taught, we soon feel that there is no high wall of separation between Natives of the East and the West. And as pleasures, so are temptations common to both.

I have thought that it might interest English boys to read a letter lately received from a lad in the Punjab. The letter is written in English, and neither the spelling nor composition is perfect, but I wish to alter nothing except the writer's name. I give him that of Hira, which means diamond.

The youth when in our Christian Native Boarding School seemed of a quiet and gentle nature, and he bore a good character; but I never heard him talk much about religion. He has now entered the world, and is holding an appointment on a railway, which, as will be seen, exposes him to various temptations.

"I have got a leisure hour to-day to-day now, which I am spending in writing to you this letter, I am giving you a full detail of the temptations I met with yesterday, i. e. last Sunday. I got up in the morning, and after my morning prayer I went to the Railway station to receive my officer (a native) who was coming from Amritsar by the morning train. I could not find him, for he had missed his train at Amritsar, so he came by the afternoon's with a Tehsildar (a native official), especially designing to have a shooting on the river. They asked me to take up a gun and join them. But I totally refused, repeating to them the fourth commandment—'Thou shalt not work on the Sabbath.' They pressed me several times, but yet refusal answers. They said, 'There is no matter in that, we have seen many a Christian working on Sundays, in shooting or some worldly works.' 'But they sin, and are Christians for name,' I rejoined. They said, 'Be your sin on our necks, take the gun in your hand and shoot.' Again they got a refusal answer.

"In the evening the whole party sat down, lighted the lamps, and put a bottle of brandy in the midst, with glasses around it. All of them poured a glass from the bottle for himself. One of them said, 'Hira, have a little.' I said, 'It is a great sin.'

"'No,' they said, 'it does not matter, have a little, it is a time of pleasure, we two or three friends have gathered together after a long time and making ourselves merry. Do join us.'

"They pressed, i. e. all of them. But I said, 'No, no, it can't be, it must not be.'

"Then the Tehsildar said, 'Hira, you have overcome the temptation.' Then I knew that they were examining me too; I had not a least thought of this before.

"Again after a long pause both the Tehsildar and my officer said, 'Hira, have a little, only one or two drops, only to please us. We don't mean that you should be intoxicated, but only that you were also enjoying with us.' But I said, 'No, no, thank you.'

"Then the Tehsildar asked me to come near him, and sit by him, as he wanted to say me something. I went and sat, and he said, 'There is no harm, my dear friend, in this, we are merry ourselves, you should also join us. Look here, here is so-and-so Christian drink, so-and-so Missionary drink, there is no harm in this. Have a drop only.' But I said, 'No, Tehsildar Sahib, it can't be.'

"Then again the Tehsildar said, 'Hira, you have overcome again. We won't press you any more. You are a true Christian. We are very glad that you did not agree to us.' They gave me oranges, and I thanked them. My officer was also pleased with me that I did not agree to him in such a matter.

"I thanked God that He gave me triumph over these temptations. I heartily pray to Him for the Holy Ghost."

This simple account of his trials, from the pen of a lad in India, may encourage some English boy when tempted to drink to say with modest firmness, "It can't be; it must not be." Hira, unconsciously, was preaching to his two Native superiors, and may have done as much by his quiet consistency to win the Tehsildar to Christianity as the most eloquent Missionary could do.

Our speaking for Christ is as the clock-bell which chimes the hours; our example, as the hands that are ever before our eyes to point to the Truth.

## THE VEDA.

THE Rev. V. Abraham, Native pastor at Santhapuram,* had been giving a Bible lesson in the school, as usual. After it was over two heathen boys of twelve years of age went up to him and said, "Sir, we are willing to learn Veda (the Bible)." He asked them, "Why are you willing to learn Veda?" One of them replied, "To obtain salvation." On being asked, "How can you obtain salvation?" they answered, "By Saviour Jesus Christ." After a little more conversation they were advised to attend church regularly, because their parents being heathen they were prevented attending the services in school.

* Surandei, South India.

## ROUND THE WORLD;

### OR, FLYING VISITS TO MISSION LANDS.

### SOUTH INDIA (TINNEVELLY).

WE have hitherto been travelling in parts of the world little known to the generality of English readers; but we have now arrived in India,—a land about which we have all heard a great deal, and in which (as it belongs to Great Britain) we ought all to take an especial interest. As, however, it will be impossible to visit the many flourishing Missions established there, we will pick out four to tell you about during our present tour, and we shall hope to tell you about the other Missions some future day. *This* month we will pay a visit to Tinnevelly.

Tinnevelly lies at the most southern point of India, and the C.M.S. Mission there was commenced in 1820. Dr. Sargent (whose portrait we are able to give you in our Pictures of Tinnevelly, see pp. 42, 43) has long been one of our Missionaries there. He was born in Paris in 1815, and educated in Madras. When he grew up he became a lay agent of the C.M.S., but after a little while he came to England and entered the Islington College. In 1841 and 1842 he was ordained first deacon and then priest, after which he returned to India, and was sent to the Mission station of Suviseshapuram. There he gradually gathered a congregation, and then built a church, so beautiful and English-looking, that we do not wonder that Dr. Sargent says he loves Suviseshapuram dearly. But Dr. Sargent was too useful a worker to be left long at a small station like Suviseshapuram; and he was soon removed to Palamcotta, where he took charge of Trinity Church, one

*SOUTH INDIA:* FATHER, MOTHER, AND CHILD.

oldest, if not *the* oldest, church in Tinnevelly. The country of Tinnevelly is for the most part uninteresting and flat, but not all of it. Here and there are lovely spots, and Palamcotta is one of them. Over "the copper-coloured river," which runs by it, is a beautiful bridge. Let us cross it, and stroll down the road, overhung on both sides by lofty trees, which leads to the Mission station. As far as we can see on either hand stretch away the brilliant green rice-fields, which tell of labour in the past, and hope for the future, as well as refreshing the eye with their cool-looking loveliness in the present. Then we come to Trinity Church. Not far from it is a wide-spreading banyan-tree, under whose spreading branches a party of travellers are resting during the heat of midday. Near them (also under the banyan-tree) is their waggon and the bullock that draws it.

But perhaps the most interesting place in Palamcotta is the Girls' School, known by the name of the "Sarah Tucker Institution." It was established in memory of this excellent lady in the year 1860, and in building it her friends tried to carry out her great wish of educating the women of India. The object of the school is to train Native Christian girls as schoolmistresses. It stands in the Palamcotta Mission garden, and is not far from the Missionary's house. The building is made entirely

brick and mortar, but covered with "chunam," a sort of white cement, for which the Madras Presidency is famous. The roof is made of curved red tiles, ornamented with stripes of "chunam." To keep a girl at this Institution costs not more than £4 10s. a year; and this pays for her education, and her food and her clothes. If we were to enter the long schoolroom we should find about fifty girls seated in rows behind desks, just like in an English school. Most of their faces are bright and pleasant-looking, and they are dressed in native cloths of brown and white check, over which they wear white jackets with short sleeves, on which the owner's name is marked in red cotton. The pupil teachers wear orange check cloths and coloured jackets. All wear gold and silver bangles (bracelets) round their wrists, or above their elbows,—and most have huge ear-rings, nose-rings, and hair ornaments in addition. The hair of all the girls is in beautiful order, and kept brushed as smooth as satin. The older girls write their lessons on slates, but the little children are taught in sand.

"Sand!" you will say. "Where do they get sand from? and how can they write in it?"

In answer I must tell you that the soil of Tinnevelly is very sandy. There are large plains of it in many parts, and sometimes, when there is a high wind, clouds of sand rise from the ground and fill the sky, till the air gets the thick reddish hue of a London fog. These sandstorms sometimes last two or three days, and are very unpleasant.

But to return to our children. You will now understand that they have only to go outside their schoolroom door to get handfuls of sand. This they put in heaps on the mud floor, then seating themselves cross-legged beside these heaps, they spread out the sand with their hands. The cleverest child then calls out a word in the intoning fashion common to the Tamil-speaking people of Tinnevelly, while she writes it with her forefinger in the sand. The other children imitate her, their voices and fingers keeping time with her till the lesson is learnt. Would you like to see the picture of one of these little Tinnevelly girls? If you look at the centre woodcut of the three heads printed on the preceding page you will see the portrait of one called "Pakkiam," which means in English a "Pearl." When lesson hours are over, the girls in the "Sarah Tucker Institution" are occupied in drawing water from the well, doing the housework, cooking, and cultivating the school garden.

And now before we leave Tinnevelly we must look at another lovely spot to be found there,—the "Great Tank," or "Sea of Sacred Milk," at Strivilliputtur. It is considered a sacred bathing-place; and is surrounded by stone steps, which are crowded every morning long before sunrise by men and women, bathing themselves and their clothes, making their toilets, or paying adoration to the sun. The water, though considered particularly holy, is especially filthy, and those who go into it come out less clean than when they went into it. And why is this? Because the water, being stagnant, becomes more and more impure and useless every year. To keep good and clear, water *must* always be moving. Dear children, do not let your Christianity become selfish, or it too will gradually lose all its usefulness and beauty. Rather let us try and keep our Christian love always bright and fresh, like a running stream, by endeavouring to help to carry the Water of Life ever *onward* to the remotest regions of the earth; and then it will gradually increase from a clear and sparkling brook to a pure and noble river "that cannot be passed over," till it gains the shores of eternity.

## NOTICE.

PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

THE Prizes this year will not be money for the successful competitors' Missionary Boxes as they were last year; but, instead they will be THREE BOOKS, which will be given to the three competitors who obtain the highest number of marks during the course of the year. Over fifty children have commenced competing for the "Prize Bible Questions," and we hope they will persevere in doing so.

Some of our young friends have written their answers so indistinctly, that we can hardly make them out, and several have omitted to put chapter and verse, which must always accompany each answer. Dear Children, will you kindly try and write your answers more clearly in future?

## OUR MISSIONARY BIBLE CLASS.

*Rule* 1.—*Papers must be sent in before the end of the month in which the subject is given.*

*Rule* 2.—*Only contributors sixteen years old and under can compete for prizes.*

*Rule* 3.—*The name, age, and address of the writer must be given* at the beginning *of each paper.*

*Rule* 4.—*Only one side of the paper must be written on.*

*Rule* 5.—*When more than one sheet of paper is used the separate sheets must be tacked together.*

### BIBLE QUESTIONS.

19. Missionaries have to use the Word of God as a weapon against Satan. Give three instances of Christ doing so.
20. What promise is given to those who resist Satan's attacks?
21. A Missionary is a "Witness" for God. Did Jesus ever speak of any one being His witness?
22. In seven words Jesus summed up the whole duty of God's children. What words were they?
23. Missionaries ought to know a great deal. Give three words which tell us that Jesus knew a great deal.
24. Give a verse in the Old Testament that foretold that Jesus should know a great deal.

### SCRIPTURE ANSWERS FOR FEBRUARY.

7. "God *my Saviour.*"—Luke i. 39.
8. Simeon.—Luke ii. 30. Angels.—Luke ii. 11.
9. *John iii. 16,* "*Whosoever* believeth." I Tim. ii. 6, "A ransom for *all.*" II Cor. v. 14, 15, "One died for *all*;" "He died for *all.*"
10. "The Lord whom ye seek shall *suddenly come to His temple.*"—Mal. iii. 1.
11. "A light to lighten the Gentiles."—Luke ii. 32. "*Not* for that nation only."—John xi. 52.
12. Isa. xlii. 6; xlix. 6; lii. 10; lx. 1—3, and lxi. 11. Or this: Matt. viii. 10, "I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel."

## A BURIED TEXT ON THE MISSION OF THE LORD JESUS.

1. "His name shall be called Jesus."
2. "Is not this the Christ?"
3. "Jesus came from Nazareth of Galilee, and was baptized of John in Jordan."
4. "Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness, to be tempted of the devil."
5. "And Jesus went about all Galilee, preaching the Gospel."
6. "I leave the world and go to the Father."
7. "When they were come to the place which is called Calvary, there they crucified Him."
8. "Who is this that cometh? I that speak righteousness, mighty to save."
9. "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."

## MISSIONARY ENIGMA. NO. 3.

A PROPHET once rejoiced in its shade.
This leaf the dove to longing eyes display'd.
Beneath a palm who oft for judgment went?
One of the gifts the Egyptian lord was sent.
What noxious weed from sin of Adam sprung?
The tree in which a rebel son was hung.
Of what did soldiers plait the Saviour's crown
This grows in hedgerows, though by man unsown
What prophet asked of God to take his life,
For he was wearied in the bitter strife?
The lowly plant that grows upon the wall.
A desert lad—his outcast mother's all.
The wood of which the ark of Noah was to
Who slew Benhadad, though he used no bl
What princes dug with staves by Moses tol
What trees in plenty came with Ophir's go
Say from what time Goliath drew the swo
What tree Zaccheus climb'd to see the Lo

If you the answer to each line will find,
A plain command of Christ 'twill bring to
Constraining wanderers, who afar would
In sinful paths, to gain their Father's ha

Salisbury Square; Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday, 54, Fleet Street, and

MAY, 1882.] [Price One Halfpenny.

# THE Church Missionary Juvenile Instructor.

GRINDING CORN IN AFRICA.

## TORY OF A GRINDSTONE.

N some places a camel is used for turning a grindstone for grinding corn. I will tell you a story about one.

Once upon a time there were men, and each had a sack of corn which wanted to grind. The one man had a ndstone, and all the apparatus for grinding; t the stone was too heavy for him to move, he could not grind his corn. The other an had a camel, but no grindstone!

Well, the man with the camel chanced to come with his camel, laden with his sack of corn, past the spot where the other man, Nodo by name, was sitting on his grindstone. As soon as he saw Nodo and the grindstone, he leapt joyfully off his camel and cried,—

"Friend, lend me your grindstone, for you are not using it; and I have a sack of corn that I wish to grind."

"Not unless you lend me your camel to grind my corn," said Nodo, who had been longing for the camel ever since he first saw it approaching in the distance.

"Done!" cried the owner of the camel; "only let my corn be ground first."

"Certainly not," replied Nodo; for he thought he saw an evil light in the stranger's eyes, and felt he meant some mischief.

"Oh, very well," said the camel-driver, "I can easily ride on further, till I meet one of a more charitable temperament. And in the meantime," he added spitefully, "I wish you joy of your grindstone in its present useless condition." And with that he began to move away.

"Stay," cried Nodo, repenting. "You shall ... as long as you please, if you *will* have it so, your corn shall b... first."

Nodo was delighted! He joyful... his sack of corn, and in another m... camel was harnessed, and his grin... going round quite merrily. Indee... it went, that in a very short time ... corn was turned to a heap of ... flour.

"Now," said the camel-dri... ground your corn. Let's ma... grind mine."

"Yes! yes!" cried Nodo, ... to unfasten the driver's sac... contents on the grindstone ... camel-driver replaced the ne... in its sack, and seizing a r... other was not noticing, swu... camel's neck, and was off ...

Nodo was frantic! "... punished," he cried, stam... then running off with a... direction the camel-driv...

But the day was hot, ... and hard, and not a si... camel could be seen ... long way till he w... getting a glimpse of ... turn back in despair, ... something by the r... bent over it! Yes ... flour! and here w... all along the lone... must have been le...

Nodo was righ... made, the camel... object, for the sa... the trappings ... soon rubbed i... regular stream... taken such pa... ever, find ou... remedy it.

Meanwhile, Nodo followed up the track till he came to the spot where the unsuspecting camel-driver was disconsolately viewing his emptied sack; but when he saw what had befallen his deceiver, he thought the poor man had suffered quite enough already, and forebore to punish him, as he felt inclined to do.

"Neighbour," he said, "if you had acted by the Golden Rule, you would not have come to this miserable plight."

Children, as you go through life, remember you are, consciously or unconsciously, leaving a track behind you. What sort of a track is it? Do not let it be, like the camel-driver's, one that will show, when you least think it, that you have been acting as you ought not to have done.

## THE GREAT MULTITUDE.

"A great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands."—*Rev.* vii. 9.

THE Rev. E. J. Peck, our Missionary at Fort George, Little Whale River, tells us in his Annual Letter (Aug. 19, 1881): "Two Esquimaux have died trusting in the Saviour."

The Rev. F. T. Baker, from Kaipara, New Zealand (Nov. 20, 1881,) reports the death of a lay-helper, who faithful in the use of his talents had been taken home, "clinging in singleness of heart to the Saviour."

The Rev. Chalil Jamal, native of Palestine, writing from Salt (Dec. 27, 1881), mentions a Native Christian, named Saada, who had "fallen asleep in Jesus, in peace and full of days," after five years of infirmity, blindness, and weakness of the spine. When asked, "Why is death not terrible?" she (Saada) could say, "Because 'the Lord is my Light and my Salvation, whom shall I fear? the Lord is the Strength of my life, of whom shall I be afraid?'"

The Rev. G. Champion, native of Ceylon, writing from Kokuvill, Jaffna, speaks of the death of a member, who by birth was a Roman Catholic, but joined our Church two years ago. On her dying bed she said, "I believe upon Jesus Christ, who came and died for me, a poor sinner. I long to see Him come and take me to His Home. I look only to Christ, and pray to Him."

Thus is the Lord Jesus gathering from day to day, "out of every nation, people, and tongue," that "multitude which no man can number," who have "washed their robes, and made them white in the Blood of the Lamb." At Easter-tide, when our minds are full of thoughts—first, of His Resurrection, and then of our own, how gladly we think of Esquimaux, Maori, Indian, Negro, who go daily to swell that vast multitude before the throne, thanking God for what He has done to spread the knowledge of His love, and taking courage for the future that it shall be even as He has said—"The earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea."—Is. xi. 9.

## THE BRIDGE OVER THE WAMI.

THE River Wami flows through a very ancient forest in Central Africa, which covers both its banks. The trees are enormous, and some of the creepers which cover them are as big as a man's leg. It is deliciously cool, as the trees and twisted creepers quite keep out the sun.

A bridge crosses the Wami, but such a bridge! It is made of two stout creepers

NATIVE BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER WAMI, CENTRAL AFRICA.

stretched from or
to the other, and su
here and there b
driven into the ri
had not always t
rope you see in the
and was on one
when Mr. Clark
it considerably th
for wear. At i
stout pieces of w
tied across fro
creeper to the otl
strong poles las
them with cross-p
keep it firm, for
traveller slipped
into the river the "r
(crocodiles) are
underneath ready
him up. Mr.
another of our M
aries, tells us of
bridge of a simil
on which many
sticks were quite
from constant use
made it very diffi
walk without slippi
that the bridge s
great deal more tl
at all pleasant
crossed it. It ha
great holes too,
it dangerous. Th
however, could ge
very well, but not
donkeys. They c
possibly walk o
bridge, and as t
here is very deep
banks and very
seemed impossil

make them swim across; but as that was the only way, they had to try. They passed a rope across the river and tied it round one of the donkeys, but he slipped and fell into the water, and getting the rope off, his body was carried away by the current.

He was not drowned, however, poor thing, for the stream carried him to the opposite shore and the men were able to haul him out. But it would not do to try again with the other donkeys, as they might not have been able to save them; the place was too steep, so they went to a nice flat part lower down the river, but it was not easy to get there as the way was blocked up by fallen trees; but with an axe and some hard work a sufficient path was cleared. The rope was again passed across the river, and the poor donkeys safely landed on the other side.

One time when Mr. Wilson was crossing with donkeys, four of them had been safely sent across, when the fifth, seeming to find out his companions were on the other side, dashed into the river and swam across, but, finding he could not land, had to swim back again and be hauled across as his brothers had been.

## THE LAND OF THE RISING SUN.

### CHAPTER V.

### ANOTHER CHAPTER OF JAPANESE HISTORY.

FOR two hundred and thirty years Japan was closed to the outer world. By their intercourse with Europeans, the Japanese had gained a knowledge of fire-arms, gunpowder, and tobacco; but they had also learnt to hate Christianity. In 1624 all foreigners (except the Dutch and Chinese) were made to leave Japan, and these were only allowed to reside in the little island of Deshima, in Nagasaki harbour. The bridge which joins this island to the mainland was kept by a guard of Japanese soldiers, and twice in the year a European vessel was permitted to pass the two great water-gates (which formed the entrance to the port) to traffic with the foreign settlers. Even for this poor privilege the Dutch had to pay a humiliating price. Every four years their Commissioner had to go to Yedo; and there, crawling on all fours into the Mikado's presence, he had to pay homage to him, and present costly gifts, as tribute for allowing the Dutch to live at Nagasaki. The reason the Dutch were allowed to stay in Japan at all was because they were the first to discover and tell the Government about the Jesuit plots. It was one of their vessels that took prisoners the Roman Catholic messengers to Portugal; and they were only too glad to avail themselves of this happy chance to ingratiate themselves into favour, and to set the Japanese Government against their Portuguese rivals. Besides this, the Dutch professed no religion. One of them went even farther, and on being asked if he was a Christian, replied, "No, I am not a Christian; I am a Dutchman."

Efforts were made at different times by European countries to obtain a footing in Japan again, but all in vain. Charles II. sent a ship there to trade; but it was not allowed to enter any Japanese harbour, because the Dutch told the Japanese that Charles had married the daughter of the king of Portugal. In 1709 an Italian priest, the Abbé Sidotti, persuaded the captain of a ship to land him on the coast; but he was soon seized and put into prison, where he was kept till he died. The Russians also tried to force an entrance at the beginning of this century, but with equally little success.

It was not till 1853 that the closed door of Japan began to open, and this was owing to the American Commodore Perry, who refused to negotiate with the Japanese at Nagasaki, which he chose to consider a back door into Japan. He insisted instead on sailing into the Gulf of Yedo, where finally, after some trouble, a treaty was signed allowing two other Japanese ports (besides Nagasaki) to trade with America. The names of these ports were Shimoda and Hakodate; —but as Shimoda was soon after destroyed by an earthquake, the port of Yokohama was opened instead. Other nations soon followed in the steps of America, and made similar treaties with Japan.

HINDU WIDOWS (See "Round the World," p. 55).

But as yet no Europeans but the Dutch were admitted *into* the Empire of Japan. It was left to England to be the first to enter. In 1858, Lord Elgin, with the British squadron, arrived in the Gulf of Yedo, bringing with *him, as a gift for the* Mikado from the Queen, a beautiful little steam yacht. Resolving he would take it himself to Yedo (Tokio), he swept past Yokohama. In vain the guard-boats tried to stop the squadron; the two-sworded officials tried to wave it back with their fans equally in vain! Giving no answer, Lord Elgin steamed on, till at last he cast anchor just opposite Yedo. The Japanese Government were much alarmed; but they were quick enough to see that their old plan of shutting up Japan could not much longer be carried out,—soon Prince Albert's birthday, the 26th of August, they signed a treaty with England, by which Hakodate, Yokohoma, and Nagasaki were to be opened to British commerce at once, and Hiogo, Osaka, and Niigata at a given date. Also consuls were to be allowed to live at all these ports; and a British Minister was to reside at Yedo, with leave to travel all over the Empire of Japan.

# ROUND THE WORLD;

## FLYING VISITS TO MISSION LANDS.

### AGRA.

THE daughters of India are unwelcomed at their birth, untaught in childhood, enslaved when married, accursed as widows." is what a u Christian eman wrote his own ry women. very sad; alas! too

ls in India very little for, and generally ed when are about years of After the age, the groom does take the to a home r own, as ngland, to on a new alone to- r, but to his r's house, e she is a room in ather-in-law's zenana to live in. As the is too young to look after a home of her this arrangement is a very necessary one. Hindu lady's life is very cheerless; shut her own apartments, and never allowed o out, or to see any man except her and, or son, or brother.

CHILDREN IN THE AGRA CHRISTIAN GIRLS' BOARDING SCHOOL.

An English lady went to see a Hindu wife of high rank. She found her sitting on a silver chair, in a low, dark room, with fifty slave girls waiting around her. A magnificent large green shawl was wrapt over her shoulders, but so arranged as to show the beautiful necklaces that quite covered her neck, and the bangles that encircled her arms. She also wore a profusion of anklets. She looked very languid, and as if she did not care for anything. The English lady, hoping to interest her, said, "What kind of occupation do you like best?" "Nothing," replied the native lady with indifference. "Do you read or write?" asked her visitor. "We pay people to do these things for us," she answered. "Does not time pass drearily?" "No; we smoke, and eat, and sleep, thread beads, and plait our hair." This is the way that thousands of our poor fellow-subjects in India pass their time.

But if it is sad to know nothing, to go nowhere, and to do nothing but dress and undress, and put on jewels; it is a thousand

times sadder for them when they are left widows. Then indeed life is scarcely to be borne. A widow may wear no ornaments, and is the drudge of the family. No one dares to show her any kindness, for fear that the god who has punished her, by letting her husband die, should send them some terrible affliction too. Many a poor widow has gladly allowed herself to be burnt to death by her dead husband's side, rather than live such a life of sorrow and slavery.

But better days, we trust, are dawning for India's women. Since Hindustan has been ruled by the British, no widow may be burnt; and the zenanas are less dreary since English ladies have gone into them, to teach the native ladies to care for something better than dress. Now in many zenanas the ladies are receiving as good education as their English sisters; and what is better, they are being taught to prize that same blessed Word of God which we love so dearly. To train up India's daughters to be *above all things* God-fearing women, is the great desire of those who visit and teach in the zenanas, and it is for this object that the "Native Christian School" has been founded at Agra. The children who enter the school have to pay from two rupees to three rupees a month. The parents usually give this; but some of the children are orphans, and have no father or mother to pay for them, and then a kind lady will sometimes provide the school fee for a child she is interested in.

This was the case with "Big Janki," who was found one day in the street, wandering about alone, begging, and looking a miserable little object. The lady brought her to the school, where she was bathed, and her tangled hair cut off, and neat clothes put on her; and now you would not recognize the miserable beggar child in the bright merry girl of twelve, whose picture you can see in our group. Gyaju is another waif. She w found during the last terrible famine, withc clothes, and lying half buried in a heap rubbish. She said her mother had put l there, had given her a kick, and said, "I ha no more food to give you," and had th gone away and left her. She too is support by private charity. I could tell you about great many more children—about roguis faced Sarah who is so plump that the oth girls have "dubbed" her "Matka," which the native word for a round water jug; Jemmy, who was one of the three first pupi at the school, and who is always ready meet you with a beaming smile; of "Lit Janki," who was so ill when she came to t school that it was not thought that she co live, and who is now a healthy little girl w big black eyes, and every one's pet! T child has a father who often comes to see h and brings her sweetmeats. I could tell y about all these, had I the necessary spac I must, however, only add that there are no thirty boarders in the Agra School, and th money is very much wanted to make th school larger, so as to hold more scholar The employment of teaching the you is the most useful work a Missionary c engage in, for in doing so he is traini the future men and women of India; and is most important that they should be g men and *good* women. The Missionary Agra, and the matron at the school, doing all they can to lead the children trusted to their care "in the way in wh they should go;" and for the children pray that the "Lord of all power and m may graft in their hearts the love of Name, increase in them true religion, finally, by His mercy, bring them to lasting life, through Jesus Christ our L

## ST IS MY REST STONE."

H, Sahib! Christ is all my hope; Christ is my Rest Stone."

So said one of the Native Christians at Travancore to an English gentleman who ng them, and took a great interest The words expressed very beauti- man's sense of the comfort and e had in his Saviour.

st explain now to our readers what ie is.

lia, where are carried heads and backs, and carts and and bar- with us, it ary to pro- ting-places along the Stones are the side of usty, sandy the right a man to burden on; can stand ill, relieved shed, he is on his way. is Native who had time gladly rest stones roadside,

AN INDIAN REST STONE.

Lord Jesus Christ his Rest Stone. arnt to know the burden of sin, and weight; but finding it too heavy for ar, and coming to the Saviour with it upon Him, and found rest. A. K.

## A NEW YEAR'S PARTY.

[The writer of this letter is the wife of our Missionary the Rev. James Stone, belonging to the C.M.S. Telugu Mission, in South India. Raghavapuram, from which place Mrs. Stone writes, is on the River Kistna. Mrs. Stone's letter gives an interesting account of two treats given, one to the teachers, who are all professing Christians, and the other to the children, for the small sum of £1 sent by two friends in England.]

I MUST take you back to the 6th of January. It was a busy day, for in the evening the first treat was to come off. I had two coolies from the village to help to prepare the food, and make the "curry stuffs" you know so well. I had a sheep killed and took part of it myself, then the rest was to make the first curry; besides this they were to have "puppu" as a second. It is a kind of pea. The tasty part they like is the addition of tamarind juice in pepper water, called "charu," and which is gradually poured in as they go on. Every now and then during the day I went over to see how all was going on. The heap of rice would have amused you, and you would have thought that it would never be all used up; but these people find plenty of room! As they left they were to have coffee, and therefore I had as many bottles, which used to contain "Europe goods," as I could find, for them to drink

out of. The plates cost about twopence, of which I bought fifty-five; but they were only leaves sewn together with fibre. I have talked about "they," but did not say *who*. This treat was for the district teachers and the two head Catechists, also the "Elders," who are *unpaid* helpers, and who have certain places to look after and tell Mr. Stone about. A few wives came also, and our gathering mounted up to about fifty-two.

While the servants were "plenty busy got" outside, the mistress had her share inside to be done. We had borrowed from Mr. Harrison his beautiful magic lantern; it has dissolving views and many funny pictures and moving figures, including the "Tale of a Tub," and "John Gilpin." I cleaned it up well, and prepared the room by putting out all the furniture, except what was wanted. Our agent, of caste origin, had his boys home for their holidays, and I called them in to have the treat of helping me to get ready. We hung the sheet sideways from the punkah to a side door, so that all might see well. Then on the dining-room table I put my large scrap-books, and my Religious Tract Society's set of Scripture pictures. The drawing-room table had a variety of English toys and Rondapilli toys on it; a shilling set of cups and saucers, &c., and a set of lead soldiers on horseback, also a magnet and various things, were a great wonder to them all. These entertainments were put ready because we were sure they would all come much too soon, before the food was ready; and we were not far wrong, for they came more than half an hour too soon. You know what a glow of happiness it gives one to prepare so great a pleasure for any one, especially when the aim of it all is to encourage people in their work, and make them meet for once without any words about the mistakes they make in their *work, and failings* that one and another have.

All our poor friends arrived at 7 p.m. instead of half-past seven. We called them in, and passed the half-hour by showing them the things I have told you of. The wife of our teacher had learnt a little English, and could sing a few verses of "Shall we gather at the River?" I was playing on our nice harmonium (the Bishop of Worcester's wedding present), and she came up to ask if she might sing. Most of the men crowded round in rapt attention to listen, though they did not know any English, and she sang much *flatter* than you could conceive. They looked upon her with the greatest admiration as she stood singing. It was the grandeur of one of their own people singing English words, I suppose. After a little time of much pleasure, the servants said that "rice" was ready. It was one of those lovely moonlight nights when everything shines with the light. The outside of the large tent had been put up so that they might sit round in a double row for the meal. This they did; and I gave out some of the plates of leaves. We just waited till all were helped and "grace" was said, and then we left them to enjoy themselves; meanwhile we lighted the lantern, and prepared for the show. After the meal we went again to say "grace." Soon after, when all had washed their hands in the large finger-glass I had provided, in the shape of an enamel basin, they came in, and we arranged them before the lamps were put out. They were so very delighted with the sight; many had not seen a lantern before of this magic kind, and were greatly astonished. The show went on till about 9 p.m.; then we had a little quiet time, and lighted the room up. After this we had a hymn, reading, and prayer. Outside there was a large pot of coffee ready (I should rather say a black earthen "chatty"), so that when each passed out making "salaams" to us, they went up to cook, [illegible]

handed to each a good drink of it. The effect under the lovely moonlight was exceedingly pretty; the white cloths and red turbans lighted up, and the people standing in groups under the beautiful tamarind-trees (which it is our good fortune to possess), was most picturesque. Every one expressed much pleasure in the happy evening, and said "nothing was wanting!" So that was the end of the first treat.

(*To be concluded in our next Number.*)

## MISSIONARY THOUGHTS ON THE LORD'S PRAYER.

II. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven: Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us: for Thine is the power for ever and ever. Amen.

"GIVE *us this day our daily bread.*" No doubt the Lord Jesus meant to teach us to look to our heavenly Father, our King, for our daily food, for He knows we need it (St. Matt. vi. 32). Do you remember one day when on earth Jesus said, "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent Me, and to finish His work"? As children of the same Father that should be our meat, our food too. He has the power to give us "daily bread" and all we daily need; and when we think of the poor heathen, how much they need "daily bread," daily support, daily forgiveness, shall we not tell them of this great King, the Lord of all, who is able to do exceeding abundantly "above all we can ask or think? *This* is the blessed truth we want to "tell out among the heathen"—"Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners."

"*Give us* our daily bread." A *gift* is something we have not got to pay for: all we have is from God, His gift to us. If He withholds the rain, the seed would die; if the sun did not shine, it could not grow. When we ask Him to bless our food, and to "be present at our table," let us remember it is He who has "prepared" it all, and invites us to "come and dine." It was of Jesus it was said, "This Man receiveth sinners and eateth with them." Is He with us as we eat *daily* of His bread?

All we receive from God are *gifts*. Find in the Bible as many of God's gifts to us as you can.

## A CALL TO WORK.

OH, be thou in earnest, dear reader!
The work to be done is so vast;
Look well to thyself, for no other
Can stand in thy place at the last.

Though round thee thy comrades are falling,
Fear not to engage in the fray;
For onward the Master is calling;
Dear children, be swift to obey.

Be faithful and diligent ever,
To God ever leaving the rest,
Assured that each humble endeavour
Will sooner or later be blest. J.

NOTE.—The Rev. A. H. Lash, late Principal of the Sarah Tucker Institution at Palamcotta, has written to us pointing out some inaccuracies in the article in our last number on Tinnevelly. The writer of the article did not clearly distinguish between the Sarah Tucker Institution itself, and the village schools in connexion with it. All belong to one "Institution," and are maintained out of the same fund, but the girls are different. In the Sarah Tucker Institution itself they are Christian girls preparing to be schoolmistresses; in the village schools they are heathen girls whom the schoolmistresses will teach. It is the girls in the village schools who wear "nose rings," "write on the sand," &c.

## PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

Missionaries have often to go to obscure places. What insignificant place did Jesus live in a long time?

Give *four words* which tell us that Jesus was *in the habit* of keeping the Sabbath.

. A messenger must deliver the message he is given to tell. Which of the disciples said so? Name the words.

8. What miracles of our Lord were done on the Sabbath-day?

29. A Missionary tries to bring men to Jesus. Give an instance of one of the disciples doing so.

30. What parables of our Lord are recorded by St. Luke alone?

NOTE.—Please *write the verses* which you give in answer out fully.

## ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR MARCH.

13. "He was with the wild beasts."
14. St. Matt. iv. 17.
15. "Walk before Me, and *be thou perfect*."—Gen. xvii. 1.
16. Choosing disciples.—Mark iii. 14.
17. Luke i. 17, and Acts xviii. 25; xix. 3, 4.
18. St. John i. 51.

## ANSWER TO MISSIONARY ACROSTIC No. 3.

| | |
|---|---|
| Gourd. | Hyssop. |
| Olive. | Ishmael. |
| Israel. | Gopher. |
| Nuts. | Hazael. |
| Thistles. | Well. |
| Oak. | Algum. |
| Thorns. | Youth. |
| Hemlock. | Sycamore. |
| Elijah. | |

THE PRIZE ENIGMA IN RHYME
Has been awarded to Septimus G. Andrews.

*Special Commendation.*
Robert Henry Chaplin.

*Honourable Mention.*
Rose Mercer, Florence Mercer, Emily Buxton, and A. G. Smith.

The Prose Enigmas are all so far below what we hoped and expected, that we regret we cannot give any Prize for them. Nor is there any Enigma worthy of "*Special Commendation.*" Those deserving Honourable Mention are—[illegible]laggan, Susie Elizabeth Hooper, F. C. F. [illegible] Sands.

HILDREN,— —,—
A Prize w— will
be given for t— the
best Map of
Palestine so— sent
in not la— late
than June — 1st
We hope — e
great man— y o
you will tr
to compete — for
this Prize —, as
we are sure
there is no
thing — hat
stamps the
Events of His-
tory so much
on our memories as knowing what the
country is like where these events have
happened.

We hope shortly to visit the Holy Land in our tour "Round the World," and trust you will now try and draw—not only very neat maps—but endeavour to impress on your minds (as you mark the names on your maps) where each place is.

We remain, dear Children,
Your sincere Friends,
THE EDITORS.

We are requested to acknowledge the following Eastbourne: Holy Trinity Juvenile Association fo ending March 31, 1882.

| | |
|---|---|
| Boys' Sunday School | . . . . |
| Girls' ditto | . . . . |
| Infants' ditto | . . . . |
| Missionary Boxes | . . . . |
| Miss O'Malley's Sewing Class | . . . . |

Miss Nunn, Stanstead, Kent (Missionary
Miss Morrell, Flat Farm, Nydd Bridge
sionary Box and Sunday Scholars' Pen
Mrs. Emery, Wolverhampton
Mrs. A. Robinson, Warrington (from "
rington Juvenile Society")
A Birthday Gift to the C.M.S.

Square; Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday, 54, Fleet Street,

[Price One Halfpenny.

# urch Missionary Juvenile Instructor.

## A BIRTHDAY PLANT.

IT was Rosie's tenth birthday; and among the many things laid to surprise her on her breakfast-plate was a splendid hydrangea from her father. He had reared it in his greenhouse, and it had just come to the perfection of flowering by Rosie's birthday; so he gave it to her.

Now Rosie loved flowers, so a more acceptable present could not have been given her; but somehow on this birthday she was more thoughtful than usual, having an idea running through her head that she ought not to be content with merely receiving gifts; but that she ought at least to pass on part of her pleasure to some one else. If only she could make one person the happier for her birthday, the day would be doubly bright!

She had thought all this before she came down to breakfast; and the moment she saw that beautiful hydrangea, her intentions took a definite form. Flowers were certainly a gift she could share with others, and she cast over in her mind who should have some of her beautiful blossoms.

There was her old governess, Miss Potts—now a confirmed invalid—living in one tiny room at the back of Widow Price's cottage; flowers would brighten her dreary sick-room. But then she remembered that Miss Potts had expressed a dislike to picked flowers,—"They always fade so soon; it's quite a pity to gather them."

Yet Miss Potts was the only person in the village Rosie knew of who was in need of a flower to cheer her. So what should she do? "I could give her my whole plant," thought the child. "In the *C.M.S. Juvenile Instructor* for April I read, '*How much sorry are you?*' and I am sure I am my plant sorry for poor Miss Potts. Though sometimes," added the child to herself, "she *was* dreadfully cro and peevish; but I daresay it was the pa made her so."

So as soon as breakfast was over, t precious plant was carried off to Miss Pott

The poor invalid had been feeling very di and lonely that morning; so Rosie's visit w most opportune, and the hydrangea a welcon sight.

"You've brought the very plant to su me, my dear," said the old lady. "Mo people bring lilies and roses, which make n faint with their scent. This flower of you has the advantage of having no smell."

And Rosie ran off, well repaid for her sel sacrifice. Certainly she had not given thi which cost her nothing!

But Rosie's plan was infectious; for n sooner was Miss Potts left alone than sh began to think whom she could cheer wit this beautiful plant! She never thought o plucking off the blossoms, as she dislike gathered flowers herself. So Widow Pric was called, and entrusted to carry the precion hydrangea to Polly Grey, the poor sempstres who was dying of consumption up the villag

Polly was overjoyed by the unexpecte gift! Any flower was a treasure to her; an here was a living plant, loaded with blosso "It is lovely!" she said, as she passed he thin fingers over the pale blossoms. Th she remembered little crippled Tim over th way, who had never been able to run abo and play like other boys. "I am sure I would like to watch the plant growing, an all these buds coming out," she thought; an soon the hydrangea was lying on the tab beside little Tim's bed.

"What a plant!" exclaimed the chil "I never saw one like it before! it must b very rare! Oh, mother! I should like send it to Miss Rosie up at the Hall! S always comes to read to me every

is so kind bringing me things. I should like to give her this, for I am sure she *would* be pleased!"

And Tim was right; for Rosie *was* pleased with his gift, only far more than he imagined.

"It is my birthday plant come back to me!" she cried, joyfully recognizing it. "Only fancy its coming back to me!"

Not till afterwards did she learn the story of her hydrangea's wanderings, and then she began to wonder what next she could do with her much-prized blossoms; for Rosie knew, *from her own experience*, that "IT IS MORE BLESSED TO GIVE THAN TO RECEIVE."

The way soon opened for her. A friend of her mother's, calling that afternoon, told them that she was on her way to the nursery-garden, to buy some flowers to send to London, for the Hospital Flower Mission.

"Oh! would you buy some of my hydrangea flowers?" asked Rosie eagerly. "I want so much to sell them to help my Church Missionary Box."

The lady at once agreed; and soon a silver coin was placed in Rosie's hand, while her blossoms were sent to cheer many a poor sufferer in the Metropolis. And who can tell how much joy and comfort they carried with them?

Thus Rosie's birthday plant was thrice blessed! It was first given away, then sold for her Missionary-box, and finally carried to the sick in London.

Dear children, do you think you ever had a birthday gift that gave you as much pleasure as Rosie's hydrangea?

## DAVID'S RESOLVE.

SHALL not David's resolve, dear children, be ours also, "*Neither will I offer unto the Lord my God of that which doth cost me nothing*"?—2 Sam. xxiv. 24.

## MISSIONARY THOUGHTS ON THE LORD'S PRAYER.

II. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven: Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us: for Thine is the power for ever and ever. Amen.

"FORGIVE *us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us.*"

We are constantly sinning against God and breaking His commandments, but He is *as often* "*ready to forgive.*" How is it with us? How do we forgive others? Can we dare to ask God to forgive us *as* we forgive? Remembering how much we need to be forgiven, let us be ever "ready to forgive."

When Christ was upon earth, He "had *power* to forgive sins," and on one occasion proved it by working a miracle. If you turn to St. Mark ii. 10 you will read the account for yourselves.

In St. Matt. vi. 12 we read "forgive us our debts." This word seems to remind us rather of what we ought to have done, and have left undone, than of what we have done wrong. For instance, have we done all we *could* to send the Gospel to those "sitting in darkness"? Have we not too often spent our pence in pleasing ourselves? or hurried over our prayer, forgetting to pray for those other children in God's great family who worship idols of wood and stone? Even on the night of His agony our loving Saviour did not forget to pray for you and me: "*other sheep* I have which are not of this fold, them also I must bring, and there shall be one flock, and one Shepherd." If you turn to St. Luke x. you will see what I mean by the sin of leaving undone what we ought to have done. *The thieves did what they ought not to have done*, they stripped the traveller, "wounded him," leaving him "half dead." *The Levite and*

*priest failed to do what they ought to have done*, only looking on the sufferer, which could do him no good, "and passed by on the other side."

"*Thine is the power*," O God, to help us to "do Thy will." "Thine is the power" to give us "daily bread." "Thine is the power" to "forgive us our trespasses," our debts. "Thine is the power" in us "to forgive," even as we hope to be forgiven.

Give a text from one of the Epistles to show God is always ready to forgive us on one condition.

Give an instance in the history of one of the kings of Israel and Judah.

Prove from the Bible that forgiveness is granted us only for Jesus Christ's sake.

NOTE.—Some of our young friends have found difficulty in answering the questions on the Lord's Prayer. The Bible *is* a large Book for little people, but we would suggest a careful reading of the *daily* chapter and of the *Sunday lessons* and *Psalms*, with a prayer that God would teach you and guide you in searching for texts. Be on the *look-out* for an answer to the monthly question. What we want for you and for ourselves is to learn to know the Bible better. But we wish the searching to be a pleasure, and not a toil. The *little* ones might have it suggested which Psalm or chapter they should read, without its being even hinted to them which question it contains the answer to, leaving them to find it out. It may be necessary to read the same passage several times before the answer is discovered. Be it so. Time spent in reading the Bible carefully and with prayer can never be wasted time, and we know not the blessing it may bring.

## A NEW YEAR'S PARTY.

(*Continued from page* 59.)

THE second treat came off just a week later, for the children. This year we allowed the boarding boys and girls and the Famine children to go to relations or friends for the holidays, so that we had to wait for their treat until their return. We chose the 12th as the day. Last year we treated all the schools to a Christmas-tree; this year was to be a variety from what we have done before.

All the boarding boys and the lads who were on holiday from the Training Institution in Masulipatam arrived at 3 p.m., and Mr. Stone was ready to go up the high hill about a quarter of a mile from our bungalow with them. I had provided some large bunches of plantains to eat on the top, and five empty bottles, which they were to put on a high stick up there and break for prizes. Mr. Stone also gave a prize to the one who reached the top first. He says they had great fun, and all came down as merry as possible.

Meanwhile the village children who had attended the full times, but were too young to be examined, came also. I need not go through all the preparations of the day, but the girls helped a great deal, and we made a *great* heap of little ghee and jaggery and rice-flour cakes, which looked like large ginger-nuts. It took all day to get ready, for our party was to be about sixty. Our girls here and the village children came to me, and I let them do just as they liked, run here and there, and swing, and have all sorts of games. I showed the scrap-books and kept them going till Mr. Stone returned from the hill; then he set them races. I sat on a chair, and they were all to run from him and round me back again; and Bobby the dog ran too! That was grand fun, and half an anna prize, like sixpence would be at home, to each child. Why it would get a child's meal out here, almost! The races went on till it was dark. You remember how there are only about ten minutes of twilight; as soon as the sun goes down we look for darkness to come. We just ran in and ate our dinner in about five minutes while the children waited about talking. Then we seated them around on the grass, and the lights would frighten away any snakes; we had cleared all stones away. They had a beautiful meal, which took some time to give out and eat. Each had a leaf plate, and we

saw the food fairly divided out. Then we put the magic lantern ready by lighting it; for this was quite new to them, and the best treat to end up with. I think we never heard native children roar so heartily with laughter as that night—it quite reminded us of home. Dear children, they *were* happy. I arrange all these things; it saves Mr. Stone a good deal, as he is rather pressed with work always, and then he gives his whole mind to the treat for the hours he has given up to it—and you know how bright and merry and full of life he is. About 9 p.m. we thought it was high time to stop, and so we did. Outside we had the treat of a "chatty" of coffee, and the "aratsulu" or cakes I told you of. It was quite a cold, windy night, but they all went away quite warm; and one little boy stayed back to tell me they had had "a beautiful treat," and began to tell me all they had done; which I knew pretty well.

*Raghavapuram.* ALICE C. STONE.

## THE LAND OF THE RISING SUN.

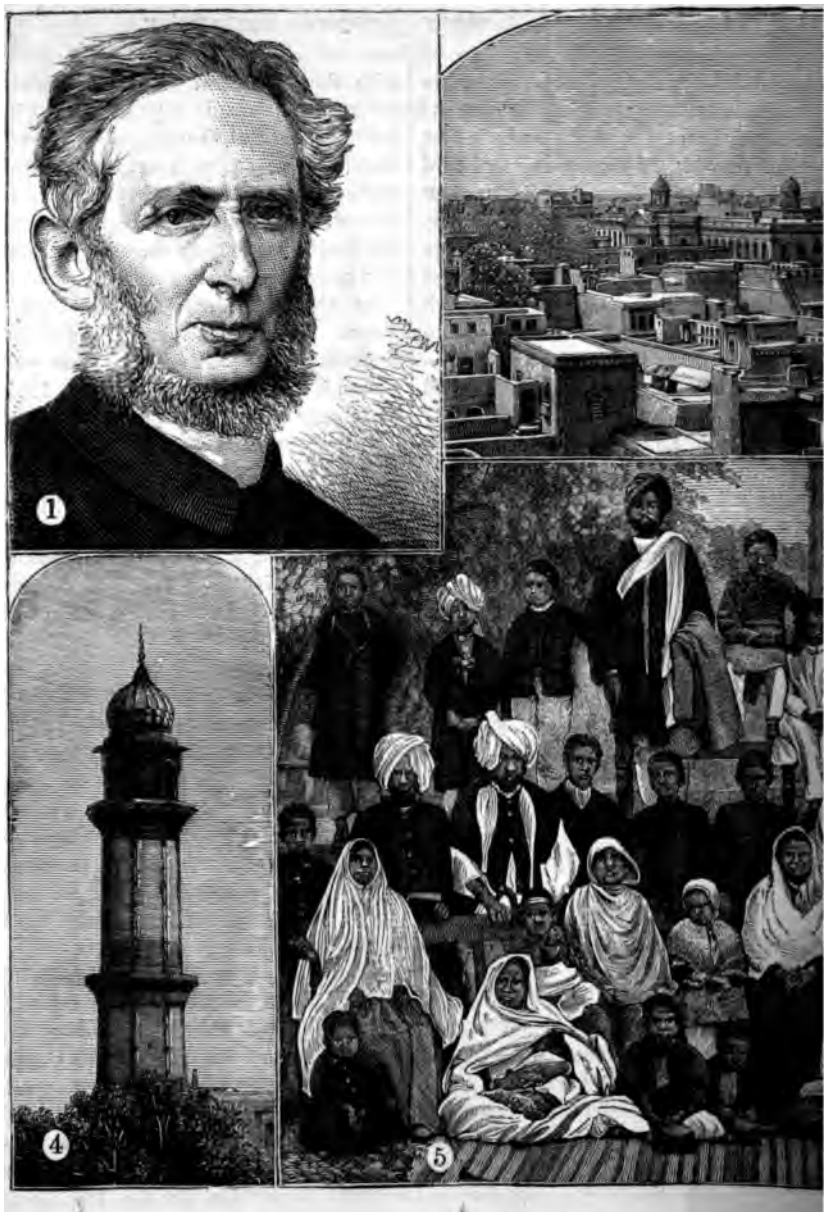
### CHAPTER VI.

### ANOTHER CHAPTER OF JAPANESE HISTORY (*Continued*).

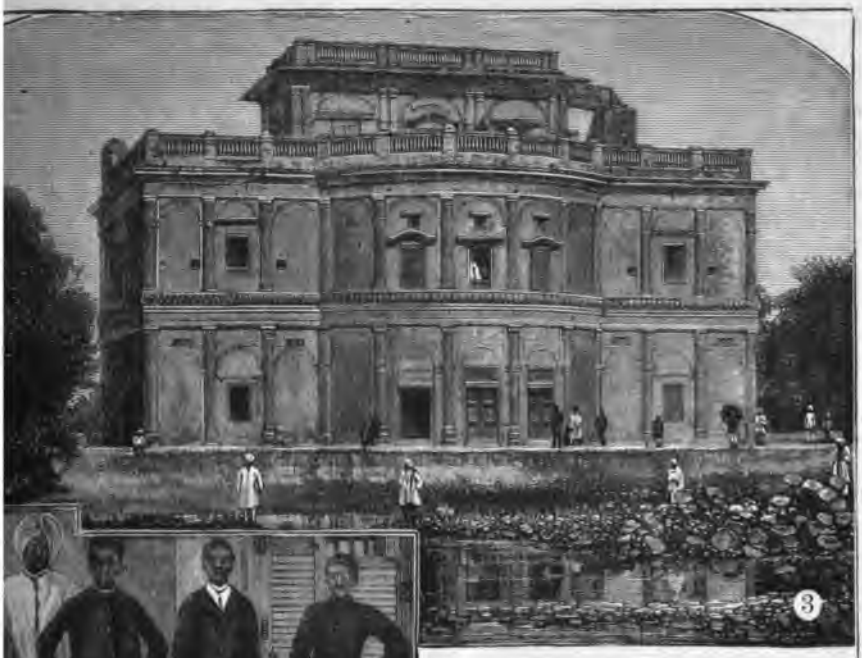
BY the Treaty of Yedo, a bloodless victory appeared to have been obtained; but the fruits of it were not reaped without bloodshed. The first British Minister to Japan was Sir Rutherford Alcock; and the Japanese merchants seemed delighted to avail themselves of commercial intercourse with the foreigners. Even the rulers and ordinary inhabitants of Japan were friendly; but the Samurai (or military portion of the people) were angry at representatives from distant nations being allowed to live on the sacred soil of Japan, and consequently they did their best to keep the foreigners always in a state of alarm.

In 1861 a widespread terror was occasioned by the murder of the American Secretary of Legation. The same year the Samurai assaulted the British Embassy, and badly wounded several members of it. The next year an English gentleman, Mr. Richardson, was travelling quietly along the high road, when he was suddenly attacked by the followers of Shimadzu Saburo, a very powerful chief, who possessed lands in the south of the island of Kiushiu. He was at once overpowered and killed; but in vain the British minister asked for justice against Mr. Richardson's murderers from the Shogun! As the offenders belonged to the powerful family of Satsuma (of which Shimadzu Saburo was chief), the Japanese authorities were afraid, and refused to interfere, and the Satsumas defied the Shogun! The British Minister at last finding that it was useless to hope for redress from the Japanese, the British fleet was ordered to sail for the chief city of the Satsuma country, which was bombarded and taken.

Shortly after, another great feudal chief, called Chosiu, of Nagato, whose country overlooked the western entrance to the beautiful inland sea, fired on an American ship. In consequence, the allied squadrons of England, France, Holland, and the United States had to humble him too, by taking his forts. These two defeats made a great impression on the Japanese, and since then no more fighting has taken place between them and the foreigners.



1. Bishop French, of Lahore. 2. View of part of the City of Amritsar. 3. Desert
5. Missionaries and



TALA.

Mission House and Boarding School. 4. A Tower of the Golden Temple at Amritsar.
Rev. Imad-ud-din, of Amritsar.

Until this time, all Europeans had supposed that the Shogun was the real Ruler of Japan, and that the person called "Mikado" was the spiritual or religious head of the State. It now began to be discovered that the Shogun was but the Mikado's prime minister, and that he had no power whatever to make treaties; and that the treaties already made had been signed without the Mikado's consent at all! When, therefore, Sir Harry Parkes arrived in Japan (to replace Sir Rutherford Alcock, who had returned to England), the first thing he had to do was to get the "Treaty of Yedo" taken to Kioto, for the Mikado himself to sign. The Mikado did so: but Sir Harry Parkes was not allowed to see the Mikado, nor even to go near Kioto, the Sacred City of Japan.

## ROUND THE WORLD;

### OR, FLYING VISITS TO MISSION LANDS.

### BATALA.

THE following very interesting account of the visit of the Bishop of Calcutta to Batala has kindly been sent to us by a friend. It is taken from a paper called *The Indian Churchman*, which is published weekly in Calcutta.

"No visit to Amritsar Mission would be complete that did not include Batala, and accordingly the two Bishops (the Metropolitan* and the Bishop of Lahore), with Mr. Clark and Mr. Deedes, drove there in dâk-garies on Monday, November 21st. Batala was a city of importance before Amritsar (from which it is distant twenty-four miles) was known to fame, and is still a large town, with the remains of fine old palaces standing in their extensive gardens and grounds about the suburbs. Here Mr. Baring, of the Amritsar Mission, established some few years ago a Christian Boys' Boarding School, renting for the purpose the grand old palace of Shere Singh, well situated in pretty grounds, and in the immediate neighbourhood of a fine tank, used by the boys for swimming and boating. Since Mr. Baring's departure for England on furlough two years ago, the only European resident at Batala has been Miss Tucker, well known alike in India and at home under the *nom-de-plume* of A.L.O.E., who presides over the whole institution with all the tact and grace of a benevolent fairy. To see her, indeed, among the boys, now by the sick-bed of an invalid, now leading the singing at the daily worship in the little chapel, now acting as private tutor to a candidate for the Entrance Examination, now setting her own words to stirring tunes as "Batala songs," to be sung in schoolboy chorus; sharing the meals, the interests, the joys and sorrows of each and all, and withal insensibly forming and elevating their character, raising the tone and taste of the boyish society as only the subtle influence of a Christian lady can do, and to older and younger the object of a warm personal affection and a chivalrous deference; to see this is indeed to realize, as it has probably seldom been realized, Charles Kingsley's beautiful conception of the Fairy Do-as-you-would-be-done-by among the Water-Babies. And in this case the Water-Babies are swept together from a range wide enough to satisfy even Kingsley's world-wide sympathies. The oldest boy in the school is an Abyssinian lad, picked up during the war as an orphan baby, to be made the soldier's pet, and then to find a home at Batala. Of the remaining forty boys, of ages ranging from five to eighteen, six are Afghans, two or three are from Calcutta, two from Lucknow, the remainder

* "Metropolitan" is a title of the Bishop of Calcutta.

mostly from one or other of the races and tongues found in the Punjab. The school is Anglo-Vernacular; the teaching is carried up to the F.A. standard. The head master, Babu Singha, is a man of exceptional governing powers and ability; and the boys have the advantage of the ministrations of a resident pastor, the Rev. Mian Sadiq, who has also the charge of a small resident Christian population, and conducts Missionary operations in the neighbouring town. Batala has become in some respects a haven of refuge for young converts held under restraint, or persecuted by their heathen relatives, and more than one interesting story of constancy, under extraordinary difficulties, is told of those who now live there in peace and security. The school stands in a large wide terrace, apart from the main building being a dormitory for the younger boys. In the palace itself the ground-floor supplies hall, schools, chapel, and quarters for one or more masters. The first floor is in Miss Tucker's occupation, while a large room on the roof is the dormitory for the elder boys. The clean sheets and tidy rezais on the beds, and the well-decorated walls, were remarked as novel features in a native school. As one instance of the brotherly and kindly feeling en-

## PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

25. Missionaries have often to go to obscure places. What insignificant place did Jesus live in a long time?
26. Give *four words* which tell us that Jesus was *in the habit* of keeping the Sabbath.
27. A messenger must deliver the message he is given to tell. Which of the disciples said so? Name the words.
28. What miracles of our Lord were done on the Sabbath-day?
29. A Missionary tries to bring men to Jesus. Give an instance of one of the disciples doing so.
30. What parables of our Lord are recorded by St. Luke alone?

NOTE.—Please *write the verses* which you give in answer out fully.

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13. "He was with the wild beasts."
14. St. Matt. iv. 17.
15. "Walk before Me, and *be thou perfect*."—Gen. xvii. 1.
16. Choosing disciples.—Mark iii. 14.
17. Luke i. 17, and Acts xviii. 25; xix. 3, 4.
18. St. John i. 51.

## ANSWER TO MISSIONARY ACROSTIC No. 3.

| | |
|---|---|
| Gourd. | Hyssop. |
| Olive. | Ishmael. |
| Israel. | Gopher. |
| Nuts. | Hazael. |
| Thistles. | Well. |
| Oak. | Algum. |
| Thorns. | Youth. |
| Hemlock. | Sycamore. |
| Elijah. | |

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Those deserving Honourable Mention are—Mary Maclagan, Susie Elizabeth Hooper, F. C. F. Stallard, and C. E. Sands.

on our memories as kno
country is like where thes
happened.

We hope shortly to v
Land in our tour "Roun
and trust you will now tr
not only very neat m
deavour to impress on yo
you mark the names on
where each place is.

We remain, dear Chi
Your sincere
T

We are requested to acknowledge the fol
Eastbourne: Holy Trinity Juvenile Associa
ending March 31, 1882.

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|---|---|
| Boys' Sunday School | |
| Girls' ditto | |
| Infants' ditto | |
| Missionary Boxes | |
| Miss O'Malley's Sewing Class | |

Miss Nunn, Stanstead, Kent (Missionary
Miss Morrell, Flat Farm, Nydd Bridge
sionary Box and Sunday Scholars' Penni
Mrs. Emery, Wolverhampton
Mrs. A. Robinson, Warrington (from "A
rington Juvenile Society")
A Birthday Gift to the C.M.S.

*London*: Church Missionary House, Salisbury Square; Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday, 54, Flee

leaving you to read the rest in the full Report. He said a Moslem came to him one day, and said that the Christian religion was better than his religion. "Why do you think so?" asked Canon Tristram. "Because," was the answer, "your religion teaches you to love your fellow-creatures and do them good; our religion teaches us to hate them and to do them evil." Was not this a wonderful answer for a Mohammedan to make?

The Bishop of Victoria pleaded so earnestly for another Missionary for the poor heathen Chinese, that, if you had been there to hear him, you would have been thrusting your hands into your pockets in search of every coin you could find to give to help him. He said they had so few clergymen in China, that it was as if we had one clergyman in the Isle of Wight, one in London, and a third in Edinburgh! Fancy what a distance the poor people would have to walk to get to church! and many would never reach it at all.

Sir Bartle Frere described most vividly how he had met poor Mr. Rebmann (that blind Missionary who toiled on so long in East Africa in loneliness and sorrow) some time ago, when there was nothing to see for all his labours; while now, at the very place (Mombasa) where he had worked so bravely, a large Mission had sprung up.

Then Mr. Bruce, from Persia, gave a truly thrilling account of how he first went to Persia, on his way back to North India; and was detained there by a terrible famine. He told how earnestly he and Mrs. Bruce had prayed for help for the poor, starving people; and how, in answer to their prayers, God sent them help in so many different ways, from different people and places. Now, he said, he *must* have another Missionary to help him; for how could *one* man [illegible] all over Persia, where *travelling* is very difficult and tedious? And though his noble wife was willing to go all the way to Ispahan without him, that he might carry the Gospel to Bagdad (do look up the places on your maps!), yet he could not let her be exposed to so much danger; as several times before she had nearly met with bad accidents on the journey. So you see, dear children, that there is still every need for earnest efforts to be put forth by young and old to increase the Society's funds, that more men may be sent out, not only to strengthen Missions already existing, but to found new ones in regions where the Gospel has not yet been preached.

When Bishop Crowther stood up to speak, all the people were so pleased to see him, that they clapped him most vigorously. He did not say anything about having been a little negro slave boy when he was young, because he must have felt sure that we knew all about it already; but he told us how wonderfully the Gospel message is spreading up the Niger—and it might spread much further and faster if English people would help more. Bishop Crowther does not need to speak to us through an interpreter, for he can speak English as well as we can, and has come all the way from Africa to ask us to help him. If you had seen his good old face looking round the crowded hall, claiming our sympathy, you would have determined, there and then, that he should see what English boys and girls can do! Do not let him go back to his people with this sad story: That English people like to hear tales of Mission work, but they do not care to help! They *talk* much, but they *do* little!

The Earl of Chichester, who was in the chair, told us of one farm in England where the cows yielded so much milk, that a gentleman asked the farmer's wife what caused it. "Oh," she said, "we milk our cows three

times a day instead of twice!" This fact the Earl of Chichester turned into a parable, showing us how C.M.S. friends should go and try and collect money more frequently than many of them do now, and that, if so, we should have much more delightful results.

"Ah!" said Mr. Billing, who gave the last speech, "it is not that we clergymen object to asking our people to give to Missionary objects, but it is the people who object to our asking them more frequently than we do."

Dear children, when you are asked to help, we hope you will be ready, not only to give frequently yourselves, but to try to induce others to help the great cause also.

## WORKING FOR JESUS.

"The night cometh, when no man can work." John ix. 4.

WILL you not work for Jesus?
Who did so much for you,
He died upon the Cross for us,
His pains none ever knew.

Will you not work for Jesus?
Work while the day shines bright,
Work with an earnest spirit,
Work from morn till night.

Will you not work for Jesus?
Though briars bestrew your way,
Though dark clouds gather o'er your path,
Will you not work to-day?

Will you not work for Jesus?
Though cares disturb your breast,
Though your hopes with gloom enshrouded,
You seek in vain for rest.

Will you not work for Jesus?
And wait and trust the rest,
In quiet patience saying,
"For Jesus knows the best."

C. ETHEL J. CHAFFER,
Nelson in Marsden,
September 8th, 1881.

We are requested to acknowledge the following:—

| | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| L. S. and Friends, West Clandon | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Runcorn: Holy Trinity Juvenile Association, 1881 | 13 | 8 | 0½ |
| Tebay Sunday School Missionary Box | 0 | 7 | 6 |
| Miss Kemp (Birthday Gift) | 0 | 6 | 9 |

## PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

31. When Jesus taught His disciples to God as "Our Father," what verse in t Testament did He quote from?
32. A Missionary must continually pray. *five words* in which Jesus tells us t should be continually praying.
33. Jesus said, "Ask, and it shall be give Give instances in the Old Testament the New Testament of prayer being an
34. Where have we Christ's first miracle rec and what special result followed it?
35. What was the difference between t first miracle and the first miracle performed, to bring a plague on Egyp
36. A Missionary often receives inquire truth. Give an instance of Jesus doing

NOTE.—Please *write the verses* which you give in out fully.

## MISSIONARY ENIGMA. NO. 4.

1. Who guarded was by angel hosts unse
2. Name if you can a fair and beauteous
3. To whom was said Christ Jesus sai whole?
4. Who named her child as pass'd aw soul?
5. Satan's first word to Eve can you now
6. The animals she water'd at the well.
7. Who did the counsel of old men forsak
8. Who ask'd for water and a little cake?
9. Who was stirred up to evil by his wife
10. Who from a child did know the W Life?
11. A faithful servant to his faithless king.
12. In faith she all her kindred home did
13. More noble far—his brother he forgave Who was both mean and grasping— brave.

To whom should we the Gospel preac
To whom, say, was it meant to reach
Should we, then, daily silent stand,
Knowing the Master's plain command

## ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTION APRIL.

19. Matthew iv. 4, 7, 10.
20. "Resist the devil, and he will flee fro James iv. 7.
21. "Ye sent unto John . . . he bare t John v. 33.
22. "I must be about My Father's bu Luke ii. 49.
23. "Filled with wisdom." Luke ii. 4
24. "The spirit of wisdom and under . . . the spirit of knowledge." Isa

*London:* Church Missionary House, Salisbury Square; Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday, 54, Fle

JULY, 1882.] [Price One Halfpenny.

# THE Church Missionary Juvenile Instructor.

"WHAT IS TRUE HEROISM?"

## TRUE HEROISM.

"JUST fancy, grandmother!" cried little Ralph, "the *Church Missionary Juvenile Instructor* has offered a prize for the best story of True Heroism in Missionary Life. What is true heroism?"

"Why, my boy, it means a truly brave action. I will give you an instance:—

"When our brave soldiers were retreating from Kandahar, and many of them were falling under the fire of the enemy, your Missionary, the Rev. George Maxwell Gordon, gallantly went to help to bring in the wounded. As he was doing this, a bullet struck his wrist, which, though inflicting but a slight wound, gave such a shock to his system that he died in a few hours.

"Dear child, wherever the war against the evils of heathen darkness is raging, you must try and help those who are fighting the Lord's battle.

"You can do this in three ways,—

First, by your prayers.
Second, by your money.
Third, by your sympathy.

"Remember that neither your prayers nor money will do by themselves. You must give your sympathy too, to make your prayers real, and your money truly acceptable. And if you give your sympathy *first*, I am sure your prayers and money will quickly follow."

## A GOOD EXAMPLE.

WE have been much pleased by receiving the following letter from a friend in the country:—

"I enclose a P. O. Order for 8*s.* 6*d.* for the C.M.S., which is the proceeds of a little Bazaar got up by our two little boys (aged eleven and twelve) during their Easter holidays. The idea was entirely their own, and nearly *all the articles* were of their own making or procuring. They held it on the beach Tuesday afternoon, under a small tent. T were helped by two of their schoolfello both in making and in selling. One es cially was an ardent helper, and got mother and sisters to become purchasers.

Now it is an uncommon thing for *boy* be first in the field to *work* with their ha We hope their bright example will be lowed, not by other boys only, but by gi girls also.

Suppose some of our young readers w to get up a similar bazaar for the summ vacation. You would enjoy your own ho days much more if you devoted some of the to working for others.

## "HALF AS MUCH AGAIN."

A VERY interesting paper has jus been published by your Society called "Half as much again," in which you are told that ou venerable President, the Ear of Chichester, and several othe gentlemen, have agreed this year to give *ha as much again* as they gave last year.

Perhaps you could not understand all thi paper, as some of you are so very young and so a kind lady has written a separat copy expressly for you (one of which is pu into each number of the JUVENILE IN STRUCTOR for this month), to explain al about it. We are quite sure that if you rea it you will be so delighted that you will wan all your friends to see it too; for the bes part of a pleasure is to be able to share i with some one else.

Now we are sure you will want to than this lady for all the trouble she has taken please you, and there is just one way in whi you can do it, and that is by answering h appeal in the way she asks, and giving the C.M.S. little packets containing "ha much again" as you gave last year.

Do you think you could do this? It seem a difficult task, but it is wond how much we can do if we only try. An excellent clergyman used to say to us we were young,—"Dear friends, yourselves, do exert yourselves!"

## RY THOUGHTS ON THE RD'S PRAYER.

t into temptation, but deliver us from the glory, for ever. Amen.

AD *us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.*"

This prayer is prayed, expecting an answer. God sometimes lets us be tempted, to anner of men and children we e no power to help ourselves ; so when we are tempted, our in looking to the Lord Jesus, uered Satan already, and will in us if only we will let Him. metimes a special reason in be tempted, but too often it is nto temptation ; like Peter, we at," that is, outside in the dark ead of "going in with Jesus," , where there will always be ength. Can we expect God's utside"? He lets us fall that n our own weakness, and our ys leaning on Him. But He for "though we fall we shall vii. 8), if only we look to Him. in in being tempted. Our Lord yet "He did no sin." The sin

Here again we must remember nt lands who are beginning to of sin. We must pray for them y be delivered from evil, from read it Evil One—from Satan. nd bound with the chain of sin Deliverer sets us free.

shall be the glory." "Without lo nothing," so we have nothing The glory of delivery is His, as ing and helping—for ever and ecause this is a *daily* prayer, we taught to *praise* Him when we say, "Thine is the Kingdom and the power and the glory." * And throughout eternity we shall praise Him ; this our song, "Unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood, to Him be glory for ever and ever. Amen."

How are we to be kept out of temptation?

Is there any promise to those who do not yield to temptation?

Who only can deliver?

(Please write the verses in answer in full.)

## CLARKABAD, THE CHRISTIAN VILLAGE.†

BY A. L. O. E.

"CALL for a stable-boy, none comes ; call for a teacher, fifty appear!"

This is an Indian proverb, which, freely translated, might be, "Call for a loaf of bread, and you get none ; call for an ivory-handled knife, and fifty are on the table!"

Let us explain the meaning of the proverb.

The Indian Government is now educating tens of thousands of poor boys (without giving them any knowledge of religion), and when the lads grow up they naturally wish to be clerks or teachers, and think it hard to have to dig and plough like their ignorant peasant fathers. But though clerks and teachers, like ivory-handled knives, are well enough in their place, in a world where we need bread, we cannot do without peasants. A book is useful, but so is a

* As David says: "Daily shall He be praised." Ps. lxxii. 15.

† The population are by no means all Christians.

plough; the finest written copy will not fill a garner with corn. We want Christian labourers even more than Mohammedan Munshis; and if all wish to be clerks, where shall we find the peasants? The ivory-handled knives are being manufactured by tens of thousands, but we cannot use an unlimited supply, however sharp they may be.

It was a capital thought to move the Christian Boys' Orphanage from the city of Amritzur to the rural village of Clarkabad, so that the children will not only be taught to read their Bibles, but to dig and plant; not only to furnish their brains, but to make good use of their hands. A.L.O.E. is now on a visit to Clarkabad, which may perhaps be called the first Christian village in the Punjab. Come with me, gentle readers, come to this out-of-the-way spot, cultivated by those who, though as yet but ignorant, yet acknowledge Christ as their Saviour and Lord. The air is fresh and pleasant, and the sun as yet not too hot, though ere this little paper be published the Punjab will probably be glowing with fiery heat.

The first object which strikes the eye, and may be seen from afar, is the beautiful little white church. It is quite unlike any English church; and I could not help thinking how elegant an ornament a marble model of it, under glass, would make for a lady's boudoir. The building has a spire with a cross on the top, and around this is a cluster of elegant pinnacles—I think as many as sixteen—which greatly add to its beauty.

The church-building cost wonderfully little, for the Rev. Rowland Bateman directed the work, saw that no money was wasted, and laboured with his own hands. Texts painted by him in two Oriental characters adorn both the inside and outside of the building. There are no rows of benches to sit on (peasants *can sit on the floor*); there is beauty without extravagance, ornament without a superstition.

But let us not linger long at the our business to-day is with the Or boys, of whom, perhaps, some of our are supporters. It does one's heart saunter out and see the scene of useful labour. The work just now needed one of planting trees. Mr. the excellent Principal, has during thi planted about *fifteen hundred*, and before the hot weather comes, to many more. See him there, with his kindly face, and vigorous arm, la away, with some of his boys to he Bravo, little lads! one rejoices to work with a will. May you eat of of the trees which you plant, and b selves like trees laden with fruit, the fruit of the Spirit!

We turn our steps towards the house: just outside are a dozen boy little fellows, quite too young for fie They are seated on the ground, bu something, certainly not a game of Let us see what they are doing. The are separating seeds from husks, fully speckled seeds, which look f strung together for a necklace. Al readers! if I tell you the name of w be drawn from these seeds, perh would not care to wear such a These are the seeds of the *castor o* which yields a medicine valuable and elsewhere.

I have only written of out-door tion, but you must not suppose not other teaching also. Mr. and his pious wife are above desirous to lead the orphans t have dwelt less on mere

* His address is Clarkabad,

ıe one regards this in a Mission school matter of course. Mrs. Beutel has l a promising little school for girls in ndian village, and she herself is the r. No Europeans except this German nd their mother live in the place. day we had an examination of this ly planted school, and gave away some

The peasant children are very poor. Beutel thinks that in the bitter Punjab there is *not one warm dress* amongst r girls. How nice it would be if a collection were made in some English or Sunday-school, to give one cosy nt to each of the little maidens at mas. Warm stuff could be bought in ınjab, and to procure it there would ss than sending heavy material from nd. I think that two pounds would be ı to give a thick skirt to each of Mrs. 's seventeen school-girls. How welcome be a post order to be cashed at Lahore! ne forty or fifty yards of strong, warm olling out of the envelope of your letter, ıe delight of the peasant-children at useful gift! If one set of subscribers for the Clarkabad girls, might not ır take pity on the orphan boys? spent money would it be, bestowing aving a blessing, thus sent, from love Lord, to the

RISTIAN VILLAGE OF CLARKABAD.

## THE MUTINY AT AGRA.

### A WORD OF APOLOGY.

very sorry to have made a mistake in the little n the March number, "A Noble Act." The story ıe Missionary who is now Bishop of Lahore was not te correctly. The Native Christians were not inside but outside, and were asking to be taken in. The inside objected, partly from fear of treachery, and ecause provisions were scanty, and there might not gh for all. Mr. French, the Missionary, said that were not admitted he would go out and risk his life em; and then the English said, "Then they shall ." So there were two noble acts: there was Mr. s, and there was this act of the English people in

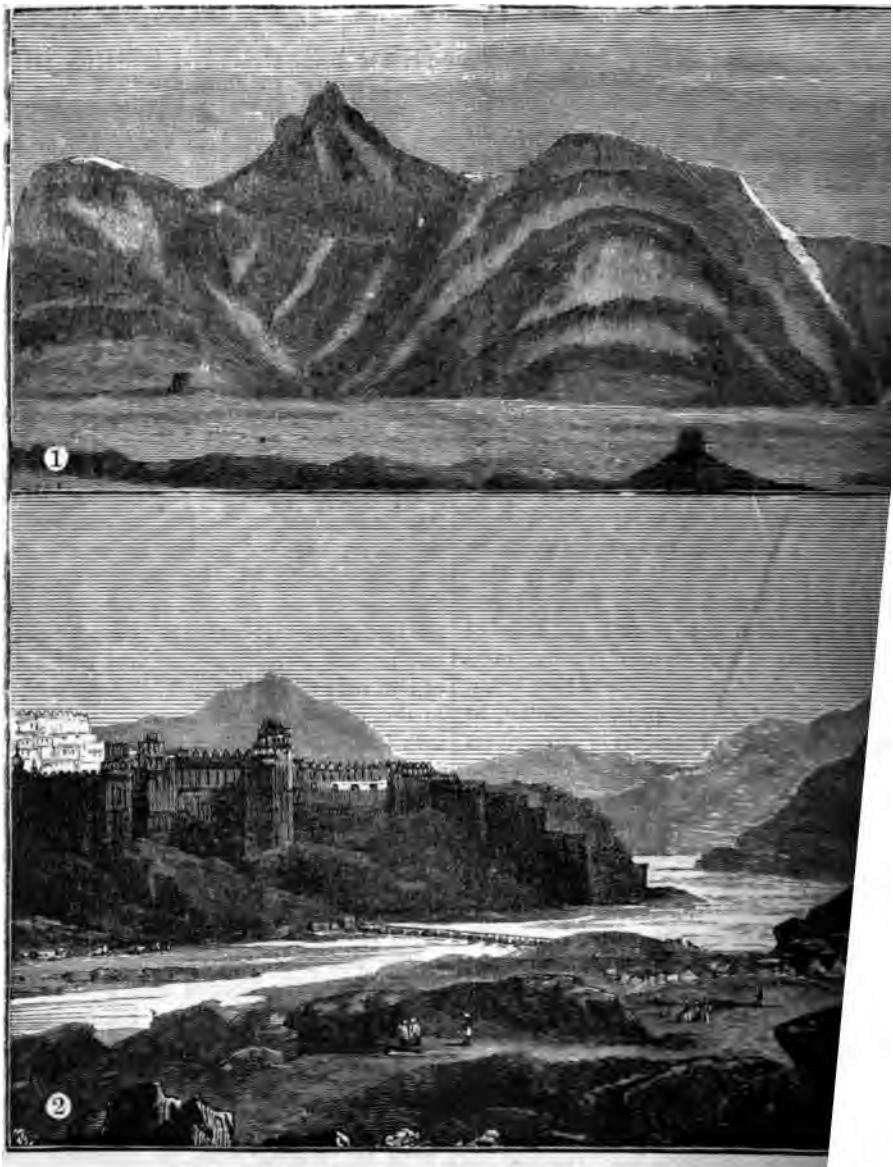
## THE LAND OF THE RISING SUN.

### CHAPTER VII.

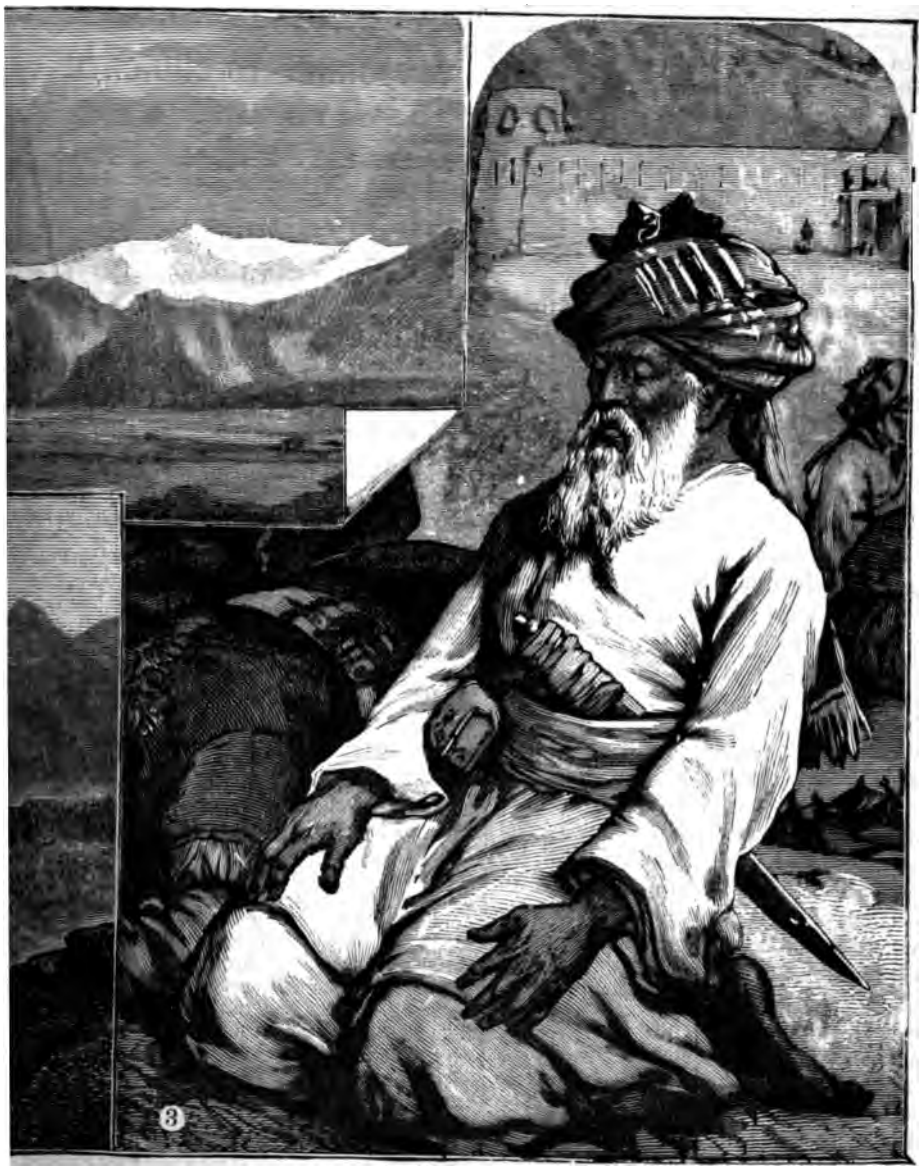
### ANOTHER CHAPTER OF JAPANESE HISTORY (*Continued*).

IN the year 1868 a great revolution took place in Japan, which ended in the office of Shogun being abolished, and the Mikado assuming the reins of government himself. This change, though it seemed very sudden, was really the result of many years of silent preparation. The Daimios (or Chiefs of Japan) had always hated the Shogun, and were very jealous of the power of the man, whom they looked upon "as one of themselves." Consequently they were only too glad to seize the first opportunity of deposing him—an opportunity which was afforded by the signing of the foreign treaties by the Shogun; for these treaties with foreigners were very unpopular at that time with most of the Japanese. Also, at this period, Chinese learning came much into fashion, which gave the Japanese very lofty ideas of the reverence they ought to pay to their Sovereign, and which (during the 700 years of the Shogun's rule) they felt they had not given to the Mikado. These two reasons principally, but others also, which we have not space to give, were the cause of the revolution in Japan.

The foreign treaties had not been long signed when the Shogun who signed them died under very suspicious circumstances. His successor was also murdered; and then a regular civil war commenced. Another Shogun was appointed by the Government of Japan, but he had scarcely begun to rule, when the Mikado died on February 3rd, 1867. He was succeeded on the throne by Mutsuhito (then eighteen years of age), who



1. Hindu Kush Mountains, looking North-west from Peshawar.



Entrance to the Peshawar *Valley.*

3. Mohammedan at Prayer.

joined the popular party, and within a month totally defeated the Shogun and his supporters, and made himself the ruler of Japan in reality as well as in name. When he saw fighting was of no avail, the last of the Shoguns submitted himself quietly to his fate, and retired into private life. The other rebel leaders, on submitting to the Mikado, were also freely forgiven.

The young Mikado now stood forth in quite a new position. In addition to governing his kingdom himself, he proclaimed that "the uncivilized customs of former times should be broken through," that "impartiality and justice" should be shown to all, and that "intellect and learning should be sought for" to establish his kingdom. The first outward token of the new changes was shown in the removal of the capital from Kioto to Yedo, which henceforth changed its name of Yedo to Tokio, by which it is now known. Mutsuhito entered it in state on November 26th, 1868, and six months later he did so again with a young Empress at his side.

The Mikado is most anxious that "wisdom and knowledge" should be the "stability of his times." He has introduced into his Empire railways, telegraphs, steamers, and lighthouses; and, more remarkable still, the observance of the Sabbath as a day of rest. The minds of the Japanese are opening out wonderfully, and it is to England they principally look for learning the improvements of the day. May it be ours to give to Japan not only earthly knowledge, which "shall vanish away," but that "secret of England's greatness," which "is able to make them wise unto salvation"—the Word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever! "The fear of the Lord is the *beginning* of WISDOM."

## A JOURNEY TO CHU-CHEE.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR ELWIN.

I LEFT Hang-chow on Tuesday, September 20th, 1881, with fair wind, about 1 p.m., in an ordinary Chinese boat, which can be hired any day on the banks of the great river which flows past Hang-chow. Our party consisted of four persons, viz., the foreign Missionary; the catechist, Matthew Tai (whose pictures in the *Gleaner* were a source of much interest to its readers); a Christian Chinaman to carry my bedding, books, &c.; and a man to cook my food. We stopped at (Dande) Pond-head about 4 p.m., to visit the catechist at our station there. But time being precious, we were soon on our way again. Tea, prayers, and conversation made the hours pass rapidly, so that it was soon time to retire to rest—that ever welcome hour in a Chu-chee trip. Our boat was about 6 ft. wide, and 36 ft. long, the top being covered with a circular covering made of bamboo. If you could have stood in the front of our boat, you might have stooped down and looked through the long tunnel, it being only 5 ft. from the flat-bottom of the boat to the top of the circular covering. By the light of the hurricane lantern suspended from the roof, you would have seen the Missionary quietly reposing in his Ashantee hammock, being gently rocked to sleep by the peculiar rolling of the boat caused by the men rowing. Beyond the hammock might have been seen the catechist and servants fast asleep, rolled up in their comfortable wadded quilts, and beyond them, again, in the dim distance, the boatmen, three sleeping and three engaged in propelling the boat. By seven o'clock the next morning we reached Sin-ding-bu, where we had to leave the boat and begin our travels on foot. Having walked for five or six miles through a rather uninteresting country, we reached our first stopping place, viz., San-tu (third division). This place I visited two years ago, with the Rev. Arthur Moule, we being the first foreigners who had ever walked through that out-of-the-way place.

(*To be continued.*)

# ROUND THE WORLD;

## OR, FLYING VISITS TO MISSION LANDS.

### PESHAWAR.

PESHAWAR is a large town on the eastern frontier of Afghanistan. It belongs to the British, but most of the native inhabitants are Afghans. The Afghans are a fine, manly race, very brave; and great admirers of courage in people of other nationalities. In a battle which took place in 1863, a youthful English officer was deserted by his native soldiers, and left to fight alone in the midst of the enemy. For some time he defended himself gallantly, but at last fell covered with wounds. When he did so, his Afghan foes were the first to bear testimony to his courage. They raised a united shout of "Bravo! bravo! there's a brave young fellow."

But though the Afghans are brave, they are also very revengeful and jealous. Almost every chief has an enemy; and they have a sacred law that if one man murders another, the nearest relation of the murdered man kills the murderer.

This law is called the "Avenging of Blood." Sometimes even women carry it out. A few years ago a murderer was caught, and tried by the elders of his village.

They condemned him to death, and gave him over to the nearest of his kin for vengeance. As the murdered man had no near male relation, the dagger was put into the hands of his daughter, who, without hesitation, plunged it into the heart of her father's murderer.

The Afghans are very hospitable, and in every village they keep a public "Hujrah," or guest-room, where travellers are supplied with beds, quilts, and pillows, and with the usual meals. When a stranger arrives he is expected to give the common Mohammedan salaam, and say, "The peace of God be with you;" to which his hosts reply fervently, "May you ever come; may you ever come."

When the guest departs the next morning they bid him farewell with the words, "To the protection of God we commit you." This hospitality, however, only lasts while the stranger is within the village boundary. Once beyond that, the unprotected traveller may be robbed, and even murdered by those who only a few minutes before bade him a kind farewell with every appearance of truth.

The Afghans are very religious, and (no matter where they are) when the hour for their worship comes, they spread their rugs and commence their devotions. They appear to be quite absorbed in their prayers; but this power of seeming to forget all present things is often only put on, and is the result of habit and education.

A traveller in the East (Dr. Thomson) tells us that the Arab children in Syria imitate their Mohammedan elders to perfection.

Would you like to know how they pray? Let us pause for a few minutes, and watch a Mohammedan at his prayers. First he raises his hands till his thumbs touch his ears, exclaiming aloud as he does so, "Allah-hu-Akbar" ("God is Great"). Then after repeating to himself a few short petitions, he brings *down* his hands again, folds them together, and recites the first chapter of the Kor— and two or three other short bits out of same book. Now he bends forward repeats three times, "God most Gre— after which he stands erect, and cries (a— the beginning of his prayers), "Allah— Akbar." Then he falls forward on ground, bending so low that both his and forehead touch the earth, whil— mutters the same short sentences of pr—ayer and praise. His next movement brings *him* again to his knees; then settling ba*ck on* his heels, he mumbles over several *small* petitions, which prayer he accompanies *with* grunts and exclamations according to taste.

He has now gone through his prayer *once*. If he is very religious he will go through it all again a second time; and if especially devout, perhaps even a third time.

Unfortunately this practising of the outward form of religion is not usually accompanied by any improvement in the morals and life of the professor; nor do the Moslems themselves expect holier living from those who pray most. Rather, they are afraid of a man who is given to repeating a great many prayers; and they are still more suspicious of him if he has been on pilgrimage to their holy city of Mecca. The Mohammedans have a proverb which says, "If your neighbour has made a pilgrimage to Mecca once, watch him; if twice, avoid him; if three times, move into another street." And certainly (to quote Dr. Thomson again) "no one acquainted with Mohammedans will feel his confidence increased in an individual by the fact that he is particularly devout."

The Mission at Peshawar was started in 1853, and was helped forward very much at its commencement by a great and good man, Sir Herbert Edwardes, who was Commissioner of the Punjab at the time. Some people were afraid that preaching Christianit

onghold of Mohammedanism as Peshawar ght bring danger to the English; but Sir erbert Edwardes said, "We may be quite re that we are much safer if we do our ty, than if we neglect it; and He who s brought us here with His own right m will shield and bless us if, in simple liance upon Him, we try to do His will." nd God has fulfilled His promise to him, Them that honour Me, I will honour." t that very country, during the terrible utiny of 1857, Sir Herbert Edwardes (the lvocate of Mission work) was enabled to ep the Indus territory quiet, and to make yal soldiers out of Afghan levies!

Peshawar is a very unhealthy place, and the twenty-five Missionaries and their ives who have been stationed there during e last twenty-seven years, six have died at eshawar, and seven have had to leave from ckness. But their work has not been in ain. A small Native Church has been athered, which meets several times every eek for service in the little Mission chapel; nd this congregation is committed to the are of a Native pastor, the Rev. Iman Shah.

It is hoped before long that a regular hurch may be built in one of the principal treets of Peshawar, to stand as a constant lent witness for the truth of Christianity; nd for this church friends of the Peshawar lission are now collecting money.

## "LOOKING BACK."

HE Rev. W. G. Peel, in his Annual Letter, dated Masulipatam, Dec. 1st, 1881, writes about a young man who *could not give up all* for the Lord Jesus, and though story, it shows us some of the trials and disappointments which belong to Missionary life.

This young man, after many years of struggling against doubts about our holy religion, openly acknowledged that he wished to become a Christian, and offered himself for baptism to Mr. Hodges (Superintendent of the Noble High School). His relations soon followed to prevent him carrying out his intention, and there was the usual sad scene of tearing their hair, beating their heads, and wringing their hands. The cries of the women were loud and piercing. The young Brahmin was firm, and said the time had come when he *must* confess Christ in baptism. But alas! it was not for long; he said he would go home, have one meal, and return in two hours' time. We all know too well if once a convert returns home what will happen. This young man was warned and entreated, but could not be persuaded, neither could he be forced to stay. Sorrowfully did the Missionaries watch him depart. In spite of his loud and constant promises to return in two hours, he went—and came back no more. When once in the presence of his wife, and in the power of his relations, hope died away. Yet has he the Gospel in his heart; he knows the truth; let us pray that that truth may make him free—free from the fear of man—and that ere long he may become a faithful servant of the Lord Jesus Christ.

### ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR MAY

25. Nazareth. Matt. ii. 23.
26. "As His manner was." Luke iv. 16.
27. "We cannot but speak." Peter and John. Acts iv. 19, 20.
28. Mark i. 21, 27; iii. 1-5; Luke xiii. 10-15; xiv. 1; John v. 9; ix. 14.
29. John i. 41-46.
30. Luke vii. 41; x. 30; xi. 5; xii. 16; xiii. 6; xv. 8; xv. 11; xvi. 1; xvi. 19; xviii. 2; xviii. 9; xix. 12.

## NOTICE.

A PRIZE will be given for the best account of a brave act in Missionary life. Competitions to be sent in by August 1st.

*Note.*—Competitors must be under their seventeenth birthday.

## MISSIONARY ENIGMA. NO. 5.

1. Who seven days in unbelief did spend?
2. Whom did an angel back to duty send?
3. Who did from pulpit preach from ages past?
4. Shall Israel be saved first or last?
5. A place of weeping, idols, and of prayer.
6. Who, for her faith, did God in mercy spare?
7. On what was writ "The Lord our God is One"?
8. Who always brought him food when day was done?
9. Who walk'd with God through life and saw not death?
10. The name she gave her babe with parting breath.
11. Least of his house, who question'd God's command?
12. A symbol named when crush'd by kingly hand.
13. Whom do we read was told to make his bed?
14. Who on a prisoner's life sweet comfort shed?
15. One who, at thought of death, wept bitter tears,
    So to his life God added fifteen years.

    'Tis true in the present,
    It was true in the past,
    And true in the future,
    From the first to the last.

## BIBLE QUESTIONS.

37. What Parable of our Lord's is mentioned by St. Mark alone of all the Evangelists? And give a verse from the Psalms that explains the passage in a Missionary point of view.
38. Did Jesus call any of His disciples to follow Him while they were doing their daily work? Where have we a similar event recorded in the Old Testament?
39. A Missionary must be compassionate. Give instances of Jesus being compassionate.
40. A Missionary must obey God. Give two instances of direct disobedience mentioned in the Bible—one in the Old Testament, and the other in the New.
41. Which of the Evangelists give us the Lord's Prayer? And is there any difference between the accounts?
42. Each of the Evangelists gives a promise of Jesus to answer prayer. Name the passages.

ANSWER TO BURIED TEXT ON THE MISSION OF THE LORD JESUS, ON P. 48.

"Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."

## THE PRIZE MAP COMPETITION.

WE have received 113 Maps, many of them beautifully done that it has been extremely difficult to award the Prize. Daniel Baxter would have won the Prize, but he was over age; so the

PRIZE

has been awarded to

WALTER TEASDALE, aged 14;

who was, however, so closely followed by

FRANCES BAXTER, aged 15,

that a friend, much interested in the Competition, has supplied a Prize for her also.

### SPECIAL COMMENDATION.

Charles Ashe Smith, Agnes Beatrice Chettle, Beatrice M. Bigg, George R. Johnson, Harriet Pattrick, Henry G. Irwine, Harry C. Newlyn, Frederick W. Hammond, Alfred L. Follard, Frederick B. Hollis, Edwin Fanshaw, Celia Collins, Emily Peacock, Elizabeth Pegram, and Herbert Henry Willoughby.

### HONOURABLE MENTION.

Susie Hooper, E. C. Monckton, Annie Fox, Emily Fox, Septimus G. Andrews, May Lewis, R. H. Chaplin, Alice S. Kelk (from Jerusalem), Ernest L. P. Kempson, M. E. Jowett, Jessie B. Wood, Edith M. Corbett, E. C. Stuart, Ella Blackall, Sybil Gorman, E. P. Graham, L. Macpeth, Emma Cooke, P. N. Goodwin, Florence E. Hill, Fanny Winter, Edward Thomas, G. G. C. Storrs, C. T. Rogers, Lucy C. Brown, W. Robinson, Catherine E. Brown, B. M. Chaplin, J. E. S. Stooke, Edward B. Cornford.

Some very young competitors who have done their Maps very carefully, though not well enough for a Prize:—

Mary Ethel Briscoe, aged 8 years; Katie Scone, aged 8 years; Rose E. Sneyd, aged 9 years; John Chapman, aged 9 years; Alice G. Martin, Frank H. J. Hewlett, Barnard C. Boddy, Jane Linton, Lilian Roworth, Esther Sconce, Mary Symes, Fanny Brotherton, Arthur Hitt, H. Church, Edwin Bosworth, F. C. F. Stallard, Edward Foster, James Geffrey, Arthur Finedon, Ernest Owen.

Several very neatly done Maps have reached us, but unfortunately the ages of the senders have been omitted, which puts them out of the competition. Also some by competitors who are over age, and therefore cannot be mentioned by name.

*London: Church Missionary House, Salisbury Square; Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday, 54, Fleet Street, and*

1882.] [Price One Halfpenny.

# hurch Missionary
# Juvenile Instructor.

WHAT CAN I DO?

## WHAT CAN I DO? OR, HOW CAN I SPEND THE HOLIDAYS?

"OH, dear!" cried Agnes, looking sadly out of the window. "What am I to do this rainy day? I wish the summer holidays were over!"

"You need not be dull if you would only read this delightful paper," replied Jack, looking up from the August Number of the C.M.S. JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. "See, there is a prize offered in it for the best done illumination. I mean to try, and I advise you to do so too."

Agnes was delighted with the plan; and in a few minutes the brother and sister were quite absorbed with their painting. But the task was not quite so easy as they expected; and though they worked hard all day, they had not half finished when tea-time came. No; nor for many days after, for they only did it on rainy days, when they could not get out; and, besides, they were so anxious to win the prize that they had to be very particular over it. Nor was this all that resulted from their reading that August Number; for after they had finished their painting, they saw on the first page of the July Number the "Good Example" given by two little boys, and they determined to follow it if possible.

"Suppose we paint some little text-cards, and sell them for the C.M.S.," suggested Jack.

"And the money thus got would help to make our Missionary-box '*half as much again*' this year as last," added Agnes.

What busy little folk they were for the rest of the holidays! for they did not stop at doing cards. Day after day they trudged down to the seashore to gather shells, seaweed, and pebbles; and during their walks they were always on the look out for fl to press, or varied grasses to make winter bouquets.

By the end of the holidays they had a supply of things ready for sale; and they spread on their dining-room tabl a small bazaar, as the weather was r wet, and invited every one they could of to come and buy.

And the results made up their "*Ha much Again*" Fund; for their father bo the shells and pebbles for his cabin curiosities, and their mother took the pr flowers for her album, and Aunt Louise c some of the text-cards to distribute i hospital where she visited, and nurse go toddy-grass to deck her mantelpiece at h

Oh, how happy the children were; faces looked perfectly wreathed in sm So that when grown-up people saw they exclaimed: "We must get the C JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR for our childr they may look like sunbeams, too!"

## CLOSING THOUGHTS ON LORD'S PRAYER.

Our Father, which art in heaven: Hall Name: Thy Kingdom come: Thy will be do it is in heaven. Give us this day our da forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive thos against us; and lead us not into temptation from evil: for Thine is the Kingdom, the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

NOW just a few last wor dren, on this beau You have said you I hope, have pr don't jump up a or begin to talk. Wait a minu "Be still and know." Know say? Know what God, y heaven, would say to you.

*you*, can you not stay a little
*listen to Him?* He cannot speak
u are restless, impatient, or talking.
till, small voice, and you must be
i wish to hear it. Suppose I was
:o one of your happy nurseries, and
I I tell you a story?" I can fancy
e of the happy faces, and hear
ces saying, "Oh! please do."
go on with your games, laughing
;? I am sure you would not; you
g your little chairs and stools and
se to me, so that you might hear
. Some of you would, I daresay,
ing instead of listening, because
like to be quiet; but I should not
ıy story. I should tell it to the
So it is with God. He speaks
His children who wish to listen.
ean He never speaks to the others,
re so taken up with other things
annot hear what He says to those
ho are listening. His *word of*
an be heard where there is much
above many voices, but He could
ere. So it is He says first, "Be
:hen, if you are wishing to be still,
lp you. He has something to say
us; oh! how many things, if we
hear Him. We are so taken up
ing or another, that we forget that
i we pray it is like knocking at
but instead of waiting till He
us, we run away, so that when
with hands full of blessing, we are
you say, How are we to listen?
i sit or kneel, and do nothing?
know how to put it in words; but
ve you say, when your prayer is
'Speak, Lord, for Thy servant
hat means, is listening. I do not
vill find it so difficult to listen if
want to hear, and it will be easier
every time you try. We shall not learn much till we are still, any more than you would know much of my story if you kept on playing at your games; but you will not be still long without learning something. No one can teach like God. Ask Him to make you "know His voice," just as you know your earthly father's voice, and then to help you to listen. And as you grow older and listen oftener, you will know more and more of those "many things" which now you cannot understand. J.

[All answers to the questions on the Lord's Prayer must be sent in by Oct. 1st. We are disappointed at so few of our young friends trying for this Prize. We hope in a future number to give a short paper on the answers.]

## THE FIVE-POUND NOTE.

BY A. L. O. E.

WHAT a delightful surprise it was for Ina to receive, for the first time in her life, a registered letter! She was in such a state of joyful excitement, that she could hardly at first be made to understand by her daily governess, Miss Jay, that she was to sign the paper which came with it. Ina could write, and very nicely, but her "Ina Weakes" was penned so badly by the shaky little fingers, as to call forth an exclamation of surprise from the mild Miss Jay.

But the paper was signed, and sent away; and Ina was free to drag off the string, and break the big black seal, and tear—not draw off the thick envelope, which was also edged with black. The letter inside was very short and formal, and Ina scarcely knew what it was all about, her attention being greatly taken up by a crisp bit of engraved paper which fell out upon her lap.

"Oh, Miss Jay!" she exclaimed; "is not—is not this a real *five-pound* note?" The little girl was quite breathless, as if she had been running a race.

"Yes, indeed," was the teacher's reply.

"But how came it here—who sent it?"

"If you read the letter in your hand, you will know."

By Miss Jay's assistance Ina soon made out that a distant relative whom she had never seen, nor even heard of, had left her a legacy of five pounds.

Ina went dancing about the room. When she had thus given a little relief to her feelings, she came back to her seat.

"Oh, dear! I was never so rich in my life! My guardian has never given me more than a shilling at a time, and much more often a fourpenny piece."

"Remember, my dear child, that all you have you owe to your generous guardian. Has he not for these ten years fed you, lodged you, clothed you, never let you feel a real want?"

"I know that," said Ina hastily; "but what shall I do with my *fortune?*"—she laid a proud stress on the word.

"That fortune would not cover your present expenses for one month."

Ina looked grave; she had never before thought of being an expense at all. How many five-pound notes her guardian must have bestowed on her in ten long years!

"What shall I do with my money?" she said, in a tone more subdued.

"My advice would be that you should ask your guardian to take care of it, and let you have a little at a time, and that the first thing which you should do with any of it should be to show your gratitude to him."

"Certainly," said Ina readily; "I shall buy something very handsome for my *guardian, something* worth ten shillings at *least.*"

"He would far rather you should put the money into your MISSIONARY BOX," said Miss Jay, glancing at that on the mantel-piece. "It was his own gift to you on your birthday, and how eager, during the first month, you were to fill it! The second month there was a sad falling off; and I fear that this month a spider, undisturbed, might might make her web over the hole!"

"Oh! I'll put in plenty!" exclaimed Ina; "silver, and perhaps a bit of gold, too! I know *that* would please my guardian, for he loves the Mission cause dearly. But I don't want him to take charge of my money. I have a box with a lock, and can take care of it myself. Ah! there—it is twelve o'clock!" and she looked up eagerly at the clock, which was just beginning to strike; her daily two-hours' lesson was ended.

Miss Jay saw the look, and understood it. Ina wanted to be left alone with her treasure; so after a few more words of advice, to which Ina scarcely listened, the teacher took up her umbrella, put on her gloves, and departed.

Ina was delighted to be left to herself. "I have hardly ever even *seen* a five-pound note!" she cried; "I never dreamed of having one all my own. Five pounds, why that is *one hundred shillings!* How shall I spend so many? I know what I'll do; I'll fetch my pencil and ruler, and make a hundred little squares on the back of my note, and then write over them what I will do with each."

Soon Ina was ruling as if for her life. She was so eager that she blundered in her haste. Ten lines were ruled, and that, she found, would give the wrong number of eleven intervals, and when she crossed them to make them into squares, Ina calculated distances so badly, that fourteen appeared instead of ten.

"Oh, dear! how stupid I am," cried the girl; "I have made out that I have a

many more shillings than I have. Eleven times fourteen, eleven times fourteen, what does that make!" It took Ina minutes before she could make out the number, 154.

"I'll just write big O's over fifty-four of my squares, and that will leave one hundred," said Ina. In her flurry she found it difficult even to mark the fifty-four O's.

"Now I can set to work at last. I have exactly as many squares as shillings. And oh! don't I know how *forty* will go! That lovely, lovely doll's cottage; I shall actually be able to buy it." The thought was so delightful that Ina had another skip round the room.

This cottage was a beauty indeed; no brick doll-house, prim and formal, but like a real cottage, with a porch, and moss and tiny roses half over it. The prettily shaped windows were of real glass, and inside there was everything suitable for a well-furnished cottage. There were shelves with tiny pots and pans, a broom and a wash-tub, a kettle and bellows, even a toy mangle in a back room! It was a wonderful model, indeed.

So Ina scribbled "Cottage" over forty of her squares, for the splendid toy was marked £2 in the shop.

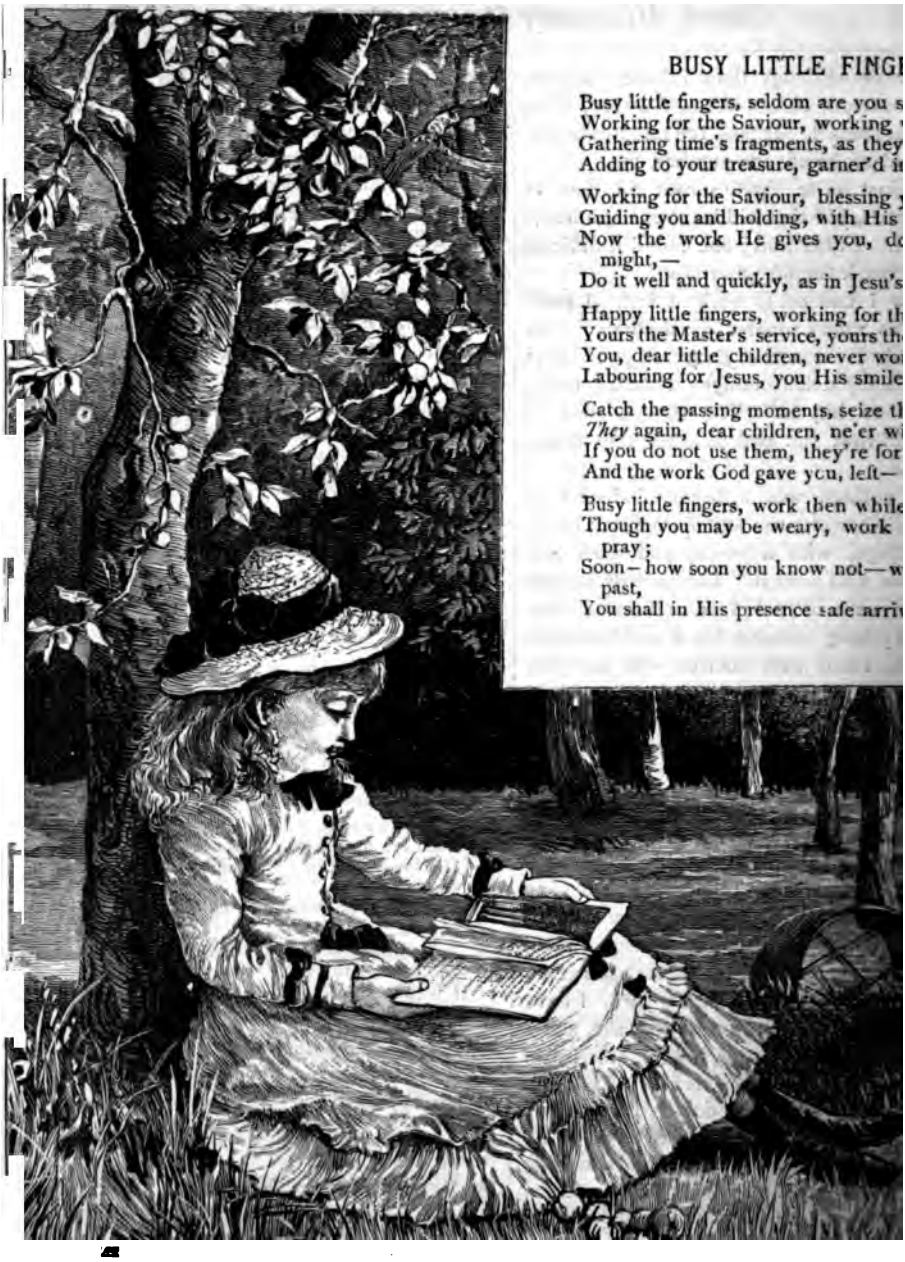
"What shall I write next?" Ina's glance fell on her neat stuff frock. "I must say that my guardian dresses me shabbily. I have never worn a scrap of silk in my life, except a plain ribbon, and the butcher's daughter has a green dress which cost five shillings a yard. I have a better right to such things than she, and I should like, of all things, a blue silk frock. There's nothing so pretty as blue. Let's see, what would a silk dress cost? I must have six yards at least. Six times five, that's thirty shillings, and lining and trimming would be five more. If Miss Jay would cut it out, I might manage to do the sewing myself." But Ina spoke a *little doubtfully*; she had been taught to make up a print dress, but had her fears about a silk one. However, thirty-five more of her hundred squares were scribbled over with "blue silk."

Ina was quite puzzled about the rest of her shillings. She made the back of her bank-note quite untidy with writing, and then rubbing out. There were presents to be given to her companions, and sweetmeats and cake to be bought, enough for a feast for them all. Then to have a hen and chickens would be so delightful, and a small set of cups and saucers. Ina had almost quite filled up her hundred squares before she so much as gave a thought to her guardian or her Missionary-box.

(*To be continued.*)

## ENIGMA ON THE TITLES OF CHRIST. NO. 1.

1. Prince of what precious gift did Jesus come to give?
2. His Name who did the Ransom pay by which we live?
3. And which that He is Father—present—future—past?
4. That He is our Beginning, End; our First and Last.
5. The Mighty God - yet Man—in this great Name we see,
6. What He was we must also daily strive to be.
7. The Way, the Life; what other Name remains untold?
8. What priestly Name as Offerer doth "the Christ" unfold?
9. And this—that He though God with man doth deign to dwell.
   It is the Holy Name which we at Christmas tell.
10. Who leads His sheep and tender lambs in pastures fair?
11. Who did the many sins of *every* sinner bear?
12. On His last night on earth, He took what humble name?
13. Yet in His wisdom told what would be—and it came?
14. What Name of Christ speaks of an endless Day?
15. What title tells us He has borne our sins away?



## BUSY LITTLE FINGE

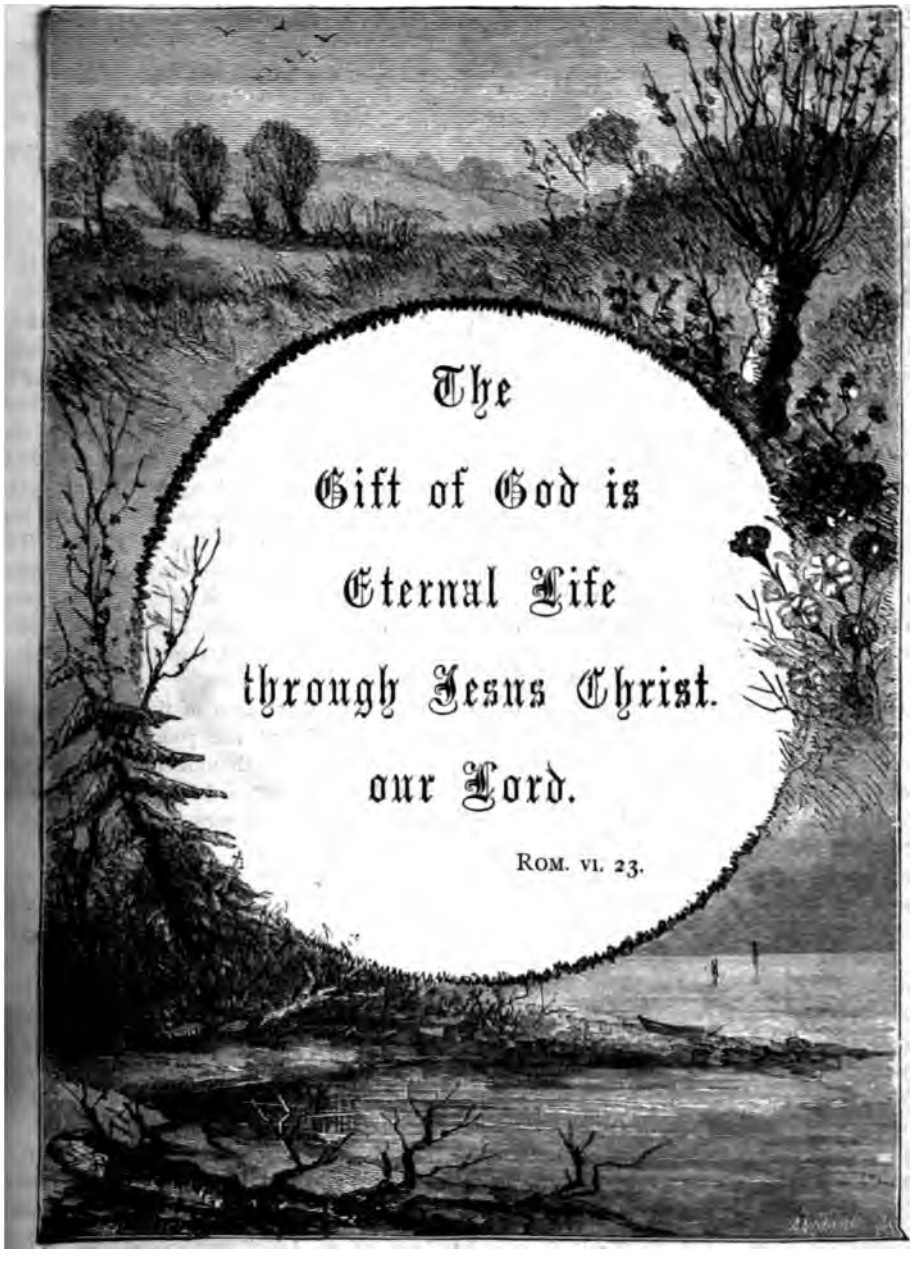
Busy little fingers, seldom are you s
Working for the Saviour, working
Gathering time's fragments, as they
Adding to your treasure, garner'd i

Working for the Saviour, blessing
Guiding you and holding, with His
Now the work He gives you, d
might,—
Do it well and quickly, as in Jesu's

Happy little fingers, working for th
Yours the Master's service, yours th
You, dear little children, never wo
Labouring for Jesus, you His smile

Catch the passing moments, seize t
*They* again, dear children, ne'er w
If you do not use them, they're for
And the work God gave you, left—

Busy little fingers, work then while
Though you may be weary, work
pray;
Soon—how soon you know not—w
past,
You shall in His presence safe arri




*PATTERN FOR PRIZE TEXT COMPETITION.* (*See page 96.*)

# ROUND THE WORLD;

## OR, FLYING VISITS TO MISSION LANDS.

## PERSIA.

THE first Epiphany, or manifestation of Christ, was to the Wise Men from the East. When the Holy Ghost descended on the disciples at the Feast of Pentecost, we are told that they preached first to the "Parthians, Medes, Elamites, and dwellers in Mesopotamia." These converts returned to Persia, where they preached the Gospel, and till the early part of the fourth century a Christian Church flourished there.

But about that time the Wise Men of Persia persuaded their king, Sapor II., to crush the new Church; and he did so in such a thorough manner—killing man, woman, and child—that not a single Christian was left in the country.

We have been told (and in most cases it is true) that the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church; but in Persia it was not so. And why? We think the reason was, that though the Persian converts had faithfully *preached* the Gospel to their fellow-countrymen, they had been content to do so without giving them the Bible, that Word of which alone it is promised, "it shall not return void."

The Christian religion was perfectly stamped out; and for more than 1500 years it never re-entered Persia. But at the beginning of this century the heart of Henry Martyn was filled with pity for the poor Mohammedans. Throwing up his chaplaincy in India, he entered Persia, where he devoted himself to translating the New Testament into Persian.

*Though very* ill at the time, he pressed *forward alone into* the country; and none who have not tried travelling in Persia can have any idea of what that brave man endured during that long, lonely journey.

But he did not live long; and his death added another to "the noble Army of Martyrs."

As he lay dying, he rejoiced in God that he had been permitted to carry His Word to Persia. It was well for him that he had this comfort; and it was partly realized, but not for many a long year. The Bible he had translated at the cost of his life was brought to England, and thought so valuable that it was kept there; and only a few accidental copies were carried back by occasional travellers to the land for which it was intended.

In the year 1869, a Punjab Missionary, the Rev. Robert Bruce, was in England, and met a friend who spoke to him of Persia. The wish to visit that long-neglected country seized him, and he went at once to the head of the C.M.S. (the late Rev. Henry Venn), and asked if he might return to his station in India through Persia.

Tears filled the eyes of the venerable old man as he heard the young Missionary's request. "I am so thankful for this opening," he said. "It is one of those things we looked for in vain in times past, but which God is giving us now."

The Committee gave their consent, and soon Mr. and Mrs. Bruce were on their way to the East.

They spent several months in Ispahan, the capital of Persia, where Mr. Bruce studied Persian. But when the time came for them to leave, a letter arrived from the C.M.S. to say that if Mr. Bruce could make an improved copy of Henry Martyn's New Testament he might stay a year longer in Persia.

He resolved, with God's blessing, to try; and he was strengthened in the impression that he was acting right by the fact of nine Mohammedans coming forward for baptism

time. He felt he could not leave
fall back into ignorance. The New
nt was finished; and again the
of returning to India seemed not
it. But again the way was closed.
e famine came. Hundreds of poor
died for want of food; and what
. and Mrs. Bruce do but stay to aid
nd dying, and comfort the bereaved?
day Mr. and Mrs. Bruce prayed
l would send them money to help
sufferers; and the first answer to
iyers came from Calcutta, where
Haig offered to collect money for
ie. The offer was joyfully accepted,
o was the result of the collection.
: Bruces had 7000 poor, starving
i their list, this sum was soon spent,
began to ponder what they would
do; but again God was better to
in their fears. Another telegram
is time from Germany) from Pastor
Stuttgart, to say, "Draw on me for
Mr. Bruce did so. Then Pastor
ote, "Draw again for a second
and Mr. Bruce drew. When that
t the Pastor said, "Draw for another
id when that is finished I have yet
ore for you." He also stated that
l the money to be distributed with-
iction among Jews, Christians, and
iedans; for, he wrote, "We know
ied taught his followers to hate
s, but Jesus taught us to love our
"

uce also received at this time £3500
London Committee for the Persian
and £1500 from Sir M. Montefiore.
Bruce received £16,000 to distribute.
inter of the famine was a bitterly
; but at last, in April, "the winter
" and things began to look brighter
Pastor Haas sent Mr. Bruce the
remaining £1700 to start the Orphanage with; and the Missionary and his wife, thinking this was a direct call to enter on school work, at once engaged a house, and started an Orphan School.

In five months another letter came from Pastor Haas, to say that since he last wrote to Mr. Bruce he had heard that he was only a visitor in Persia: "This being the case, it will not be possible for you to continue the Orphanage. We have therefore given the £1700 to the Basle Missionary Society."

This was not pleasant news, as Mr. Bruce had been feeding and clothing the orphans for five months in the expectation of receiving the £1700; but he was comforted by unexpectedly getting a letter from his sister in England, containing £300 for the famine, and £200 for the orphans. This enabled him to carry on his school.

After nearly two years of trying, the Basle Missionaries failed to get up an orphanage, and the £1300 remaining from Pastor Haas' £1700 was paid over to Mr. Bruce.

About this time Mr. Bruce was asked to take charge of a school of Armenian boys, and consented, on condition that the school should be next door to the Mission-house, with an entrance between the two buildings, so that Mr. Bruce could go in and out easily.

At first only twenty children attended, but the number soon increased to 130.

In 1874 Mr. Bruce was very ill for several months; but again good came out of seeming evil. Mr. Carapit Johannes (an Armenian, of Persia, who for eleven years had been head of the C.M.S. School at Nasik, near Bombay) came to Ispahan to visit his mother. When he found Mr. Bruce was ill, he offered to help him; and the Missionaries at Nasik were kind enough to consent to his staying on in Ispahan.

The C.M.S. also agreed to pay the expenses

PARSEE CHILD.

GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

PERSIAN WOMAN.

of the school. Mr. Johannes took such excellent care of the school that it soon increased to 150 scholars, several of whom became Christians, and are now employed by the Bible Society to sell Bibles.

In 1877 the work had grown so much that it became quite necessary for Mr. Bruce to find another Missionary to help him. He had now got not only an Orphanage, but boys' and girls' schools, an industrial school, and a Mission hall, where divine service was held in Persian, with a congregation of about 150 members. But as the C.M.S. had at that time neither men nor money to aid him, Mr. Bruce wrote to a Mr. Edmond, of Edinburgh, to look out a Medical Missionary for him. This he not only did, but kindly promised £100 a year for three years towards his salary. Two other friends promised the rest of the money; and in 1880 Dr. Hoernle arrived in Persia.

He at once began to learn the language, and with such good success, that in about nine months he not only was able to write sermons in Persian, but was able to help Mr. Bruce by criticizing his translation of the Book of Common Prayer.

Since then the C.M.S. has determined to send a third Missionary to Persia.

As we look at the size of the country in our Atlas,

thousands of inhabitants, and think of Mr. Bruce and his two fellow-helpers there, we feel inclined to ask: "What are they among so many?" Not much, certainly, to the human eye. *Nothing like* the army of Missionaries which we would gladly see there if the friends of the C.M.S. would give not only "half as much again," but twice as much! But we must not to "might" nor "power," but to the Spirit of the Lord. HE shall lift up the Ensign; He shall "set His throne in Elam;" and we are confident the knowledge of Jesus, "the Light and Morning Star," shall yet cover Persia, "as the waters cover the sea;" and of the modern Persians it will be said, as was said of the Magi of old, "When they saw the STAR, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy."

## JOURNEY TO CHU-CHEE.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR ELWIN.

(*Continued from page* 80.)

THE next morning I set off to walk to the city of Chu-chee, about seven miles distant, and a most miserable walk it was. It rained all the way. The path, generally only eighteen inches wider more than three feet, was in parts a stream of water; but this was in the rice-fields up the side, a foot deep in mud and water. But ended at last; tired out, wet, and cold that I could hardly move, I for room at Chu-chee. There a little cocoa, and dry clothes refreshed and led me not a little. I mention now you that these Missionary life not always so pleasant as you see. At the city of Chu-chee there Christian, our chapel-keeper. There often an inquirer here, but from a few miles off several. Many Missionaries tried to gain a footing in the city; the door was opened to the first success. *At present there is* no other society working within many miles of the place. The house we rent is in a good position. The lower part of the house has been fitted up as a preaching-room; the upper part we reserve for our own use. The view from our windows is very lovely. At the back we look out on the swiftly flowing river, beyond which rises the lofty hill, on which stands an old pagoda, which is supposed to bring good luck to the people in the city. From the front window we look upon the city, surrounded by its fine old wall, which, at the point nearest to us, climbs a short distance up the hill, rising almost perpendicularly some hundreds of feet behind the city. Out of the same window, a little to the right, we catch sight of a bend in the river, and of another old pagoda.

On Friday, September 23rd, I woke to find the sun shining brightly. The walk the day before had not only destroyed my boots, but also, for a time at least, deprived me of the use of my feet, one foot being so sore that I could hardly move a step. I hired the only available vehicle in these regions, a sedan-chair, and started at ten for our longest day's journey, about seventeen miles. At about two o'clock the sun disappeared; at three it began to rain; at four to pour in torrents; but being in a sedan-chair I got on better than the day before. We reached the Great Valley at half-past five o'clock. Do you know what the so-called "Great Valley" is like? A valley there is—it is true—but I have never seen a smaller one. From a crystal mountain-stream the hills rise, one each side, to a great height. The village called the Great Valley, or, more properly, the Great Valley Stream, is built on the sides of the hills; a more romantic place it would be difficult to find. And how secluded! Well might Luke Chow's enemies say to him, "If you had not brought the foreigners, how could they have found this place?" Although hidden from the eye of the hated foreigner, we rejoice in the thought that God's eyes were upon it, and that it is His will from this little village the light should shine forth, so that now there are Christians in more than thirty villages in the Chu-chee district. The Great Valley began well; but I am sorry to say the work has been at a standstill for four years.

(*To be continued.*)

ANOTHER PRIZE will be given for the best illumination on the words "The Gift of God is Eternal Life, through Jesus Christ our Lord," sent in by October 1st. We give a specimen illumination on page 91, which our young friends can copy if they like; but if they prefer to do so, they can either draw or paint an entirely different design, only the WORDS must be the SAME, and the illuminations are not to be larger than the one given in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

We have offered this Prize a month earlier than we intended to do, so as to enable the children competing for the Prize to paint or draw their illuminations during the summer holidays.

A good copy and an original design will stand an *equal* chance of winning the Prize, as the Prize will be given to the BEST DONE ILLUMINATION.

*Note.*—We omitted to mention in our last Number that "Those Holy Fields" was the Prize awarded to W. Teasdale, and a Reference Bible with maps to Frances Baxter for the best two Maps of Palestine.

## ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR JUNE.

31. "Thou shalt call Me, My Father." Jer. iii. 19.
32. "Men ought always to pray." Luke xviii. 1.
33. Abraham, Gen. xviii. 23-33. Ishmael, Gen. xxi. 17. Abraham's servant, Gen. xxiv. 14, 15. Jacob, Gen. xxxiii. 26-29. Israelites, Exod. ii. 23. 24. Moses, Exod xxxii. 11-14. Samson, Judges xv. 18, 19. Hannah, I Sam. i. 27. Solomon, I Kings iii. 9-12. The *man of God*, I Kings xiii. 6. Elijah, I Kings [illegible] Elisha, II Kings iv. 33-35, [illegible] II Kings xiii. 4. Hezekiah, II Kings xix. 20, [illegible] Isaiah xxxviii. 1-6. Asa, II Chr[illegible] xiv. 11-13. Jehoshaphat, II Chr[illegible] xx. 5-18. Nehemiah, Neh. iv. 9[illegible] Job, Job xlii. 10. Jeremiah, Lam[illegible] 55-57. Zacharias, Luke i. 13. Jes[illegible] John xi. 41, 42. The blind [illegible] Luke xviii. 38, 41-43. Two lepe[illegible] Luke xvii. 12. Centurion, Luke vii[illegible] Disciples, Matt. viii. 2-5. Peter, Ma[illegible] xiv. 30. The thief on the cross, Lu[illegible] xxiii. 42, 43. Apostles, Acts iv. 29-3[illegible] Cornelius, Acts x. 4-31. The Church, A[illegible] xii. 5-17. Paul, Acts xxviii. 8.
34. "His disciples believed on Him." John ii. [illegible]
35. "Water into wine." John ii. 9. "Wa[illegible] into blood." Exod. vii. 17-25.
36. Nicodemus. John iii. 1-21.

## BIBLE QUESTIONS.

43. Give parallel instances in the life of our Lord and that of Joseph.
44. Which of the Apostles is named as being afraid in a storm? Do we read of any one being afraid in a storm at sea in the Old Testament?
45. Who came to Jesus by night? and where is he again mentioned in the New Testament?
46. A Missionary often teaches people by the wayside. Give an instance of Jesus doing so.
47. Give an instance of bathing being used as a means to cure illness in the Old Testament and New Testament.
48. Give an instance of children being cursed in the Old Testament, and blessed in the New.

## ANSWER TO ENIGMA No. 4.

"EVERY CREATURE."

1. Elisha.
2. Vashti
3. Eneas.
4. Rachel.
5. Yea.
6. Camels.
7. Rehoboam.
8. [illegible]
9. A[illegible]
10. T[illegible]
11. [illegible]
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Seeley, Jackson & Halliday, 54, Fleet Street.

SEPTEMBER, 1882.] [Price One Halfpenny.

# THE Church Missionary Juvenile Instructor.

*A POLISH JEW AT JERUSALEM.*

## A DAY'S RIDE FROM JERUSALEM.

IT was on a Thursday morning in the spring of last year that we started for an excursion to Bethlehem, the Dead Sea, and Jericho. Perhaps you would like me to tell you our first day's experiences. Our party was composed of four Englishmen, with a Syrian dragoman whose duties were to guide, interpret, and provide horses, tents, food, &c.; his brother-in-law, who waited on us, made our beds, and looked after the baggage; a cook, who managed to produce with a little portable stove and a few pots all sorts of nice things for breakfast or dinner; and five or six muleteers. Seven horses, five mules, and three donkeys were sufficient to carry us, our tents and baggage. All the luggage was sent away by the Kedron Valley, and ordered to meet us at Mar Saba, about nine miles east of Bethlehem. We, with our dragoman, mounted our horses, and made for Solomon's Pools. We rode past the Jaffa Gate—which is guarded by Turkish soldiers, and has almost always a row of lepers sitting beside it—and alongside the city wall till we came to the Lower Pool of Gihon, where we crossed the Valley of Hinnom, ascended the opposite side, and rode on to Rachel's tomb (Gen. xxxv. 19; I. Sam. x. 2).

We turned to the right to visit Solomon's Pools. There is hardly a road in all Palestine, so before you visit the Holy Land, you must learn to ride. A great deal of the way we had been travelling over a rough path, but now we came to some grassy plains, and were able to have some good gallops. There *are three pools,* one below the other, and an *aqueduct was made* from the lowest all away to the Temple on Mount Moriah. Ride along this aqueduct, we soon came in si[ght] of Bethlehem. Its white houses crown [the] summit of a hill, while the slopes of the h[ill] are planted in terraces with fig-trees, and [the] the hollow runs a belt of dark green oli[ve]. Here we stopped for lunch, at the house of friend of our dragoman, putting up our ho[rse] in a stable which brought to my mind the account of Christ's birth in Luke ii. The stable was an open court with three arched recesses, and in each recess was a ledge a foot or two from the ground. No doubt the attendants would sleep on these ledges, while the animals stood or lay down in the open space. We went for lunch into an upper chamber, having an entrance door on one side and a window on the other. There were no chairs, but one or two raised parts of the floor were covered with rugs and pillows, and we made ourselves very comfortable. There had been some heavy showers, and some of us had got rather wet; so they brought two earthen jars full of live charcoal (there was no fireplace), and we dried our clothes over them. We spent some time walking about Bethlehem, and seeing most of what was interesting, and then mounted and rode eastward through beautiful valleys, perhaps the very ones in which David tended his father's sheep, and where "Shepherds watched their flocks by night." These valleys seemed almost deserted, but the fierce Arabs are no doubt a source of fear to shepherds. There is little law or justice in Palestine; you see the rulers are Mohammedans. How important it is to teach them the Gospel, that they may "cease to do evil" and "learn to do well!"

F. H

## NEY TO CHU-CHEE.

REV. ARTHUR ELWIN.

*tinued from page* 95.)

iaturday afternoon, September 4th, I started for Si-dan. We ntered the Great Valley at the wer end, and we left it at the pper end. From the Great alley to Si-dan took about two alf. On the way we met a an, who begged that some one er now and then. She said could not climb the mountain the Great Valley, and very miss the services. I told see what could be done. I le an arrangement with Luke r Simon, that he shall look in woman when on his way to es on Sunday at Si-dan. We before dark, tired and weary. and conversation made the dly, and thankful I was when h myself on my comfortable mock for the night. Sunday lan, walking in the afternoon u, to hold a service with the ere. Wang-kao-wu is com- by lofty hills on every side; ed it a foreign foot had never tain paths, but, as a young t Wang-kao-wu said, "God's ere there, and the Great Shep- d the under-shepherds to seek and to bring the wandering fold."

, the 26th, I started at 10 a.m. very beautiful was the walk in mn air. It was 3 p.m. before little church at this mountain aneroid about one thousand city of Chu-chee. When we ristians were most of them at they came in, one by one, we sual hearty welcome, which is teristic of this station. After ined the candidates for con- was particularly pleased with o my questions. There is a estness at this station which ed me to rejoice, although for three years now there has been no baptism. Here, as at other places, the fear of persecution seems to keep people back. Persecution there will always be, and it is "through much tribulation" that God's people "enter the kingdom."

On Tuesday, the 27th, at about 10 a.m., we left for Bu-li-wu and Wang-do-fang. Here (at Bu-li-wu) we found the old man, Mo-en (grace at eventide), and his wife, Van-kwang (light at eventide), awaiting our arrival. The old man is seventy-five years of age, his wife seventy-two. Two of his sons have been baptized, but one has relapsed into heathenism. There has been no baptism at Bu-li-wu for three years. Having rested for about an hour, we started for Wang-do-fang, a short walk of about one mile, but a particularly difficult one. At the outskirts of the village I met Luke Chow, who took me to see the village schoolmaster, a very influential personage. We found the venerable old man enjoying an evening stroll outside his door. He welcomed us kindly, and was at last persuaded to return with us to the room where the evening service was to be held. The old man listened most attentively while we addressed the heathen and Christians present, and when we knelt in prayer he knelt with us. It was truly a touching scene to see this old man with his long flowing white beard thus kneeling for the first time while prayer was offered to the true God, through Jesus Christ the Saviour. The next morning early we were on our way. Matthew Tai, with Luke Chow, went direct to Maple Bridge to sell books and preach to the people. I branched off to San-k'e (Hill Mouth) to visit our out-station there. I was very much encouraged at Hill Mouth. Yoh-in Kwu-nyang, of whom you have heard, who has been so much persecuted by her friends and relations, met me with a smiling face, and was able to tell me of God's goodness to her. I saw also her old father-in-law, who asked me in a friendly way to step in and take a cup of tea. 'O Kyien-sin, who has charge of this station, told me of alterations he wished to make to the room in which the Sunday services are held. He said he wanted to whitewash the room, add more forms, buy a communion table and two chairs, and make the place generally more

neat and comfortable. I asked him whether he had the money; he said, "No." At the same time he gave a hint that it might come out of the Missionary's pocket. I, of course, told him that if he and the Christians liked to subscribe and make the proposed improvements, I should be very much pleased; but I was afraid, considering the circumstances of the case, I could not help them. I promised to present them with a cloth for the communion table, which I would send from Hang-chow. At 5 p.m. I was once more on my way, and after a three-hours' walk I reached the boat. Here, finding all ready to start, it was not long before we were on our way to Hang-chow, where we arrived about 3 p.m. the next day.

## "OUR FATHER WHICH ART IN HEAVEN."

HOW often, dear young friends, have we prayed that beautiful prayer, "Our Father which art in Heaven." I wonder if *we* have found it "beautiful"? I am going to tell you in a few words of some one who *did*.

It was in far-off India, some years ago, that prayer was taught in the Mission schools to the Native boys, and this boy had learned and repeated it before he became a Christian, before he enlisted under the banner of the cross as a soldier of Christ Jesus. He still went to the temple of his dumb idol with his parents, and still went through the formal repetition of prayers and praises to that image that had been made by human hands, and which could neither hear, nor speak, nor move, much less could it *answer* prayer. As time went on this boy began to repeat the Lord's Prayer in his heathen temple, so that, though outwardly worshipping that idol, he was really *praying to "Our Father* which art in Heaven."

I dare say this brings to your mind a story in the Bible not unlike this. When Naaman the Syrian was healed of his leprosy, he recognized that the Lord God of Israel was the only God "able to save or destroy," and so when he bowed his head in his idol temple, it was not to "Rimmon" he prayed but to the God who had healed, who had cured him of his leprosy (see II. Kings v. 18).

But not only in the temple did this Native boy I am telling you of repeat our Lord's Prayer, in the still silence of the night his *lips* said "Our Father," and his heart went with the words right up to "heaven," for there, he now was beginning to know, was the God who could read and understand his heart and his very thoughts, so that not a whisper even need be uttered. That was the beginning of that boy's conversion; a small beginning, perhaps, but "who hath despised the day of small things?" certainly not *God;* small beginnings often have great endings, and lead to great results; if begun in Christ, and begun in faith and prayer, we need not fear but that the "receiving" of the "end" of our "faith" will be the "salvation of our souls," through Jesus Christ our Lord. Well, I must tell you that after a time that boy came to his Missionary teacher, and begged to be shown how he could become a Christian, and worship the only true God, and the Missionary knelt down and prayed with him then and there; for you must not think that the Christian's path was an easy one to that poor boy—he knew, and the Missionary also knew, that as soon as he owned himself to be a Christian, as soon as he confessed his faith, his persecutions would begin; but down the roughest and darkest path a child of God can tread—he is never alone; he walks in the footsteps of his dear Lord Jesus, and God says, "When thy father and thy mother forsake thee, then

ll I take thee up." And Jesus kept that boy thful through all the sad time that followed. see his dear parents in such grief was rder to bear than the very hardest blows it they could inflict. "Do you not see our rs?" they said. "Oh, yes," he answered, "I ep with you, not because I am a Christian, t because I wish, oh! how I wish, that l *all* were Christians too." When prayers d tears were seen to be utterly useless, ielties and ill-treatment followed. "Oh, sus," prayed the poor boy, "Thou hast ffered far worse agony and shame for me; re me grace to confess Thee, and oh! let e never, never deny Thee,"—such prayers e never prayed in vain: St. Peter's "Lord, ve me," as he was sinking in the wild aters, was enough, Jesus was at hand; the aviour's ears are ever open to hear the intest cry from sinful, faithless lips, His e can see the upward look for pardon and rgiveness,—He is only "waiting" for that, st "waiting to be gracious." Oh, dear young ends, when your lips utter again our Lord's rn prayer, think of the blessing it *has* oved to that Native boy, and *never* repeat thoughtlessly or lightly; remember your or heathen brothers and sisters when you y, "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done earth as it is in Heaven"—God's "kingdom" not "come" till His Gospel has been eached as a "witness" to *all* nations. If l *really* mean what you say when you pray Thy kingdom come," you would do all you ild to help the Mission cause; you may t be able to do much, but remember that d does not despise "little things." He ught the widow's "two mites" a great al; He looks to see, not only what we give, t what is left to us after we have given any- ng to Him. Sometimes we give one penny, d have a whole shilling left, either in our rse or at home; remember the poor widow when she gave her two mites gave "all that she had"—she had nothing left. I wonder if you know how much use God can make of a "prayerful penny"? By this I mean a penny given in faith, and with an earnest prayer for God's blessing on it, we might call it a "penny *full* of prayer."

Now a few words about the other Missionary sentence in our Lord's Prayer, "Thy will be done in earth *as it is* in Heaven." How do you think the angels would have done Missionary work, and the helping it forward, if God had given it to them to do, instead of entrusting *us* with it? We read in Psalm ciii. 20 that *they* "Do His commandments, hearkening unto the voice of His word." Can this be said of us, have we each and all "done what" we "could," and has it been "well done"? These are solemn questions, dear young friends, which we must ask ourselves very often. I am sure you will agree with me in thinking that an angel would never hesitate and say, "I have a penny at home, but I can't well spare it, I will give to the Missions another day, a penny is such a little thing, it can't matter much whether it is given to-day or next week." Oh! believe me, this is not an angel's way of doing God's will, *they* love to cast their very crowns at the feet of their Lord, they long to be used by Him. It is Jesus who asks you to help His "kingdom" to come; He only asks you to do *all* you can, and to do it in faith and prayer, leaving results in His wise and mighty hands, resting assured that though you may not see much fruit of your steady, patient sowing, "thy work *shall* be rewarded," for "He is faithful" that gave us this grand promise, "To him that soweth righteousness shall be a *sure* reward." Though "the reapers are the angels," God often gives His precious seed-corn into the hands of children to sow. Q.

ARABS OF THE DESERT.

## ROUND THE WORLD;

### FLYING VISITS TO MISSION LANDS.

### PALESTINE.

[redacted]E now bid farewell to Persia, and cross the great Syrian desert. We must travel on horses, with an escort of soldiers to guard us, for the Bedouin tribes which r about these desolate *lands* would be only too glad to fall upon, and rob and kill any solitary wanderer. These wild hordes especially inhabit the Hauran, called in the Bible Bashan, which you will remember was the country of Og. The Hauran abounds with relics of those wonderful giants, and the cities they built are still to be seen. Some houses have walls five feet thick, and with rooms many of which would be called large even in England. But they are all deserted now, and afford capital hiding-places for robbers.

Palestine is divided from Bashan by the Jordan—a wonderful river, and quite unlike any other in the world, for instead of rising high up in the mountains and flowing down to the great ocean, like streams usually do, it rises at the *level* of the Mediterranean, and flows down, down through a great fissure, or crack in the earth, till it empties itself into the Salt Sea, 1300 feet *below* the level of the ocean.

We cross the Jordan a little south of the Waters of Merom, by the Bridge of Jacob's Daughters; and now we are treading "those holy fields." As we wind along the western side of the Lake of Gennesaret, every spot recalls Bible stories to our minds; but we must not stay now to think about them. Our object at present is to see the C.M.S. Mission stations.

The first, in the north of Palestine, is Nazareth. There are 420 Native Christians here, and Mr. Huber is their Missionary.

Our second station is Nablous, the ancient name of which was Shechem. There are about 120 Christians in Nablous. A long, bright street runs through the town, which contains about 20,000 inhabitants. Nablous is the stronghold of Mohammedanism in Palestine, but gradually Mr. and Mrs. Fallscheer (the C.M.S. Missionary and his wife there) are overcoming the bitter feelings of the followers of the false prophet by their kindness. A nice new Christian church was opened there in April, and both Prince Albert Victor and Prince George of Wales (who were travelling in Palestine at the time) were present at the first service held in it. The bell which hangs over the portico, and which now every Sunday summons the Christians to church, was the gift of some of Mr. Fallscheer's friends in Germany.

Under the church are beautiful school-rooms. Here the children do their lessons, squatting on the floor in long rows. Each child carries a brass ink-horn in his girdle, and uses a reed pen and a tin slate.

On leaving Nablous the road winds round the mountains of Benjamin, till, at a place called Colonia, we suddenly find ourselves almost at the gates of Jerusalem. There lies before us the Holy City, and a little to the left the hill where the Lord first gave His disciples the command, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."

Very different is Jerusalem now from what it was then, when the Temple, with its glittering pinnacles, flashed brightly in the glorious blaze of an Eastern sun; but it is still, and ever must be, "beautiful for situation" to those who gaze at it from one of the surrounding hills.

Inside (like all Eastern cities), it is very dirty; and to reach the girls' school, in the heart of the city, you have to pick your way through many a dirty street. But once in the school, everything is bright and clean, and the children are well taught and look happy. Most of the Christians, numbering about 415, live outside the city, in the Protestant quarter, and attend St. Paul's Mission church. The Europeans go to Christ Church, within the city walls.

There is a large Diocesan School and Missionary Printing-press in Jerusalem, and also a Preparandi Class for training Native Teachers. The German Deaconesses have also an Orphanage.

We have not space in this paper to mention the interesting and promising Missions at Salt, Jaffa, and Gaza—we shall hope to do so another time—but enough has been said to show that the C.M.S. is endeavouring to "prepare the way of the Lord" in the promised land of the chosen people.

The Jewish people are for the most part

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DIOCESAN SCHOOL AT JERUSALEM.

y see that glorious day
roned on Zion's brow,
hall rend the veil away,
ds the nation now.
o more beneath His feet
ebuke shall lie,
shall cease, and every tear
l from every eye.

thou shalt no more mourn
the heathen's chain,
f splendour shall return,
e new again.
of Life shall then be quaff'd
by all that come;
wind that blows shall waft
g-lost exile home.

## JONAH.

A Disobedient Missionary.—Give his history in five sentences, each beginning with a letter of his name.

**J**ehovah sent him to Nineveh "to cry against it."

**O**bstinately refusing to go, he fled to Tarshish, and took ship from Joppa.

**N**eglecting to pray with the sailors to God for deliverance, he was cast into the sea.

**A** great fish, prepared by God, swallowed him up. Having prayed and repented, he was "cast up on the dry land."

**H**e went to Nineveh, and preached as God had bidden him. Became very angry because the Ninevites were forgiven.

Will our readers give us something similar on the life of Enoch?

# THE FIVE-POUND NOTE.

By A. L. O. E.

(*Concluded.*)

"DEAR, dear! there is only one shilling left, and I really cannot spare any of these things. I ought to give a feast to my friends, and they would be so delighted with my cottage, and then I would wear my silk dress in their honour." Ina sat by the fire for several minutes with her head on her hand, trying to contrive how she could give a little more to her box, but the longer she thought the more unwilling was she to part with any bit of self-indulgence which she had marked down. Oh! if those fifty-four O's were only good squares! Ina had never felt so covetous as now, when richer than she had ever been before in her life. She was vexed that she had *only* a hundred shillings.

Ina was not a particularly stupid little girl, but she had never handled a bank-note before, and she had heard of such being divided for safer transmission by post. It is, therefore, not surprising that she arose and went for her scissors, and to make sure that conscience should not interfere with her buying the cottage, cut off forty of the squares, with the four marked O below them. This Ina considered to be an act of decision. In the same way she cut off thirty-five squares, with surrounding O's, for the silk frock, with an uneasy feeling that her guardian might think her a vain, silly child. Ina had scarcely given the dividing snip, when the door was suddenly opened, and in came her guardian, and a good blast of March wind with him. The bits devoted to the cottage and the frock were whirled into the fire, and became black

[illegible]aders in a moment.

[illegible]screamed aloud at the sight.

[illegible]maining bit of her note, which happened to be the middle one, and gazed with horror at the cinders, as if she saw her beautiful cottage and blue silk [illegible] burnt to ashes before her eyes.

"What is all this?" asked the guardian, quietly taking from the poor girl's hand the scrap of paper all ruled and scribbled over. He read "feast," "tea-things," &c., then turning the paper round, saw the remains of engraving on the note, of whose arrival [illegible] had heard from Miss Jay.

Ina sobbed as if her heart would break. But one thought of comfort arose. "I have twenty-five shillings left," she said weeping; "I will put half into my Missionary-box."

"It is too late to think about that," said her guardian gravely; "the numbers on *both* sides being destroyed, it will be quite impossible to recover one farthing of the money."

It was a terrible shock to Ina when she found that as she would not do good *when she could*, she could not do good *when she would*. Miss Jay showed her on the following morning that the whole incident had been a parable. As everything we have, yea, [illegible] itself, we owe to our Heavenly Guardian, we should joyfully commit to His care time, our talents, our money, considering that all are really His. God will take no good away; He keeps all safe for his children. But of what He deals out to us by week, and day by day, shall we give nothing for an offering to Him, or a *hundredth part!* A hundred farthings, two shillings and a penny, and probably many of my readers have had as much in the course of half a year, or much more. *have you marked out your squares?* if most of what you have, be it much be spent on *self*, on pleasure, folly, be sure that at the last *all that* will be burnt up by fire and lost, like bank-note.

## ND OF THE RISING SUN.

### CHAPTER VIII.

### E GOSPEL IN JAPAN.

N the 23rd of January, 1869, the Rev. G. Ensor, the first C.M.S. Missionary to Japan, landed at Nagasaki.

One of the first things which on his arrival were the notices the notice-boards forbidding in Japan; and as, of course, this im from having a public service, fear if any Japanese would come n him at all!

ed not have feared, for the people very curious; and soon he had isitors anxious not only to learn ıce, and art, and England, 'but o hear about the forbidden reli-. These last, however, came by y; and as the Government watched who called on the foreigner, very ever returned to see him again rst visit, and after a time none

very disappointing work, and was almost beginning to despair, vening, as he was sitting alone in his study, he heard a knock at He went himself to open it, and him the figure of an armed

l him in, and after begging him , the Missionary inquired what was.

ed,—"A few days ago I had a Bible in my hands, and I wish to ian."

or reminded him of the risk he but he said,—"Yes, I know. Last night I came to your gate, and as I stood there thinking of the terrible step I was about to take, fear overpowered me, and I returned. But there stood by me in the night One who came to me in my dreams, and said I was to go to the house of the Missionary, and nothing would happen to me; and I have come."

This man was afterwards baptized by the name of Titus.

During the next four years Mr. Ensor had the privilege of admitting ten or twelve Japanese into the Christian Church. But then his health failed, and he was obliged to return home to England, and his place was taken by the Rev. H. Burnside.

The Japanese Government now began to be not quite so strict in carrying out their rules against the Christians, so Mr. Burnside started a little Mission service at his house, and then set about building a regular Mission church.

Of course such a thing would not be allowed in the native town, but he obtained leave to have one in the little island of Deshima, which is in the middle of Nagasaki harbour; and there, in course of time, he built a neat little church, of which Bishop Burdon, of Hong Kong, says:—"It is quite a prominent object at the head of the beautiful bay."

Thus, after more than 200 years, Christianity has again raised its head in Japan!

God grant that this time Christians may try their utmost to carry to Japan not only the outward forms, which are but the *casket* of religion, but the jewel of God's Holy Word *itself;* and thus hasten the day when the "knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth, as the waters cover the sea."

## SITTING IN THE DARK.

N a quiet village far away in the country there lived a very old and almost destitute woman. She loved God, and as long as she could get there, went regularly to His house of prayer. When entirely confined to her bed, her kind pastor visited her regularly.

One day when he called she produced a sixpence, which she gave him for Missionary work. Knowing how poor she was, her clergyman did not like to take it. She told him she had long given "*sixpence a quarter*" when able to go to church, and she could not now spend it on herself, *because* she had *given it to God*. On being asked how she could manage to give so much, she said,—"Well, sir, if you must know, I sit in the dark in the long winter evenings, and what I save in candles I give to God." This dear old woman had a map, and each day laid her finger on some special place, and, as she said, "pays the Missionaries and their people a little visit," prays a prayer for them, and asks God to bless them.

The sixpence never failed faithfully to be given each quarter, and at her death the sixpence for the next quarter was found wrapped up all ready in a piece of paper under her pillow.

Who can say, after reading this story, "I am too poor to give? I have no time to pray?"

Work! while to-day is thine,
Ere the dark night draw near.
Work! that God's Light may shine.
Love's light dispels our fear.
Work! little children, while you may,
The Saviour says, "Go, work to-day."

J.

### BIBLE QUESTIONS.

49. Missionaries are often doctors too. On what occasion did Christ refer to Himself as a physician?
50. Of whom was Jesus speaking when He said, "I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel"? and which of the Evangelists gives the story?
51. How many instances are given of Jesus restoring the dead to life?
52. Missionaries are often surprised at what they see and hear. Give the only two instances in which we are told that Jesus "marvelled."
53. To whom did Jesus say, "Thy sins are forgiven"? and which of the Evangelists tells the story?
54. Jesus twice called death a "sleep;" give the instances.

### ANSWERS TO PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR JULY.

37. Seed springing up, Mark iv. 26-30. "He that goeth forth," &c., Ps. cxxvi. 5.
38. Simon and Andrew while fishing; James and John while mending nets, Mark i. 16—21. Elisha called by Elijah, I Kings xix. 19.
39. "Jesus wept," John xi. 35. "And when He saw Mary weeping," John xi. 33. "When the Lord saw her He had compassion," Luke vii. 11—15.
40. Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, Gen. iii. The leper, Mark i. 40.
41. Matthew gives the doxology extra, Matt. vi. 13.
42. "All things," &c., Matt. xxi. 22. "When ye pray . . . ye shall receive," Mark xi. 24. "Ask, and it shall be given you," Luke xi. 9. "Whatsoever ye shall ask . . . that will I do," John xiv. 13.

### ANSWER TO ENIGMA No. 5.
### "THE LORD REIGNETH."

1. Thomas, St. John xx. 25—28.
2. Hagar, Gen. xvi. 9.
3. Ezra, Neh. viii. 4.
4. Last, Zech. xii. 7.
5. Olivet, 2 Sam. xv. 30; 1 Kings xi. 7; St. Luke xxii. 39.
6. Rahab, Heb. xi. 31.
7. Doorposts, Deut. vi. 4, 9.
8. Ravens, 1 Kings xvii. 6.
9. Enoch, Heb. xi. 5.
10. Ichabod, 1 Sam. iv. 21.
11. Gideon, Judg. vi. 15.
12. Nehushtan, 2 Kings xviii. 4.
13. Eneas, Acts ix. 34.
14. Timothy, 2 Tim. iv. 9.
15. Hezekiah, Isa. xxxviii. 3, 5.

We are requested to acknowledge the following:—

Monmouthshire: Newport C.M.S. Juvenile Association (being the amount collected from June 24, 1881, to June 24, 1882, the first year of its existence) . . . . £8 9 1

*London: Church Missionary* House, Salisbury Square; Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday, 54, Fleet Street, and 8

TOBER, 1882.] [Price One Halfpenny.

THE

# Church Missionary Juvenile Instructor.

DOT'S LAST SHILLING.

## DOT'S LAST SHILLING.

"HOW tiresome, Dot! I just wanted to consult you how we should spend our shilling from grandpapa; and here I find you busy with your lessons."

"I am not doing lessons, Victor. I was thinking how to spend my shilling, like that girl in the story of '*The Five Pound Note*,' in last month's C.M.S. JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. These twelve squares on my slate mean the twelve pence that make the shilling; and I am putting on each square what I am going to do with each penny."

Victor eagerly scrambled on to the seat his sister had just quitted, and investigated the squares.

"*For C.M.S.*," he read over six of the squares. "What's that?" he asked.

"Oh, Victor! that's the Church Missionary Society. You know the story mother told us of the lady who always gave half of all the money she spent to the Missionary-box, and I want to do the same."

"And what are on your other squares?" asked Victor.

Dot hesitated a moment; but she never had a secret from Victor, and was soon reading the things marked on the remaining squares,—

"An elastic band for mother's purse (you know hers is worn out); and a pencil with ink eraser at the top for father; and a crochet hook for Miss Bede (as she broke hers yesterday); and—and a ball of string for you!"

How the blue eyes danced as she looked up smilingly into Victor's face, to see his pleasure at the surprise she had thought of for him!

Dear little Dot! All her shilling portioned out, and not a thought of getting anything *for herself with it!*

* * *

Only one week after;—and bright, rc cheeked Dot lay in bed, so pale and t that you would not have known her to be same little girl.

For days she had been tossing about i raging fever; but now it was gone, and lay motionless in her little crib.

All day long her mother has sat bes her, holding her tiny hand, or shaking up pillows, or giving her sweet whey to drink

The doctor had come and gone; looked very sad when he went away: despite all his care and skill, he knew lit Dot had not long to live.

Her father came in and out of the room see his darling, but he could not stay watch his child die.

Presently she roused herself—"My sl ling! Mother, where is it?

Oh, how often had her mother looke that shilling lying on the slate, with twelve squares marked on it, since little had been taken ill!

"It is quite safe, darling," she answere a choking voice.

"Because," continued Dot with difficu "I want it spent exactly as I have marke not a thing altered."

Was it her mother's tears, or her fathe sorrowful gaze, or the doctor's "Good-by my little one," that had put into the chil mind that she was dying?

"Mother," she said softly, "you must no of you cry because I am going to leave yo I have been so happy here with you, and fathe and Victor, and baby, and all of you—b *Heaven is happier*, and I shall soon be the

Dear little Dot! her dying words were parents' truest comfort. Her last "w was not forgotten,—and the slate wi with twelve squares was always kept j she had left it. But no one could spend precious shilling, and so it was dropped

the Missionary-box in remembrance of her oft-expressed wish: "Heaven is such a happy place for us to go to, mother: and I should like all the poor heathen to go there too."

## A DAY'S RIDE FROM JERUSALEM.

(*Continued from page* 98.)

SOME of the valleys were rough, and had caves which David may have used when he was hiding from Saul. At last we reached the Kedron Valley, which runs from Jerusalem to the Dead Sea. Its sides are very high and steep, and as we rode along the top we got a lovely view right up the valley to the Mount of Olives. Palestine abounds in wildflowers, and numbers of them—pink, blue, yellow, white, crimson—quite carpeted the ground in places. Descending to the valley, we found our tents pitched near the convent of Mar Saba. The animals grazed; the cook prepared dinner; and Joseph and John arranged the beds, and set out the table for our meal. The muleteers, I must tell you, wore a very picturesque dress—a loose gown of blue, with a red or variegated shirt underneath. The mules have their head-stalls ornamented with beads and tassels, and some carry bells; when there are a number, the leading mule has sometimes in addition a couple of stuffed parrots on its back. You can always tell when a troop of mules is approaching by the tinkling of the bells. They find their own way down the steep and rocky hill sides, and are wonderfully sure-footed, seldom slipping, although they carry immense burdens. Just after dinner there was a tremendous storm. The thunder was deafening, and the lightning so vivid that while all was darkness at one moment, at another the whole valley was brilliantly lighted up; the wind came in furious gusts, the large cooking-tent was blown over, and our sleeping and dining-tents were only kept up by the men running about and driving in the tent-pegs as they got loosened; all the while the rain poured down in torrents. In a short time, however, it was over, the storm ceasing as quickly as it began. Then we went to our tent, fastened its canvas door, and having offered our evening prayer to our heavenly Father, were soon fast asleep. F. H.

### What a Juvenile Association can do.

THE following circular letter, giving an account of the progress made by the Winchester Juvenile Association, has lately been issued by the Rev. A. Baring-Gould, Winchester, and shows how much can be done by diligence and united effort in God's strength.

"MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—We are now entering on the eighth year of our very blessed and happy work of helping to send the Gospel to the perishing heathen, and I think it may be a suitable time to remind you that while we all have many shortcomings to deplore, for which we must ask God's pardon, we have nevertheless many tokens of His blessing to encourage us for the future.

(1) *The number of collectors* has increased. At our first collectors' meeting only six families were enrolled; now we have sixty-three on our list, besides three young ladies' schools, and two Sunday-schools. This may seem a large number, yet we cannot but believe many more parents will be glad to join when they realize the advantage of training up the young in habits of self-denial and usefulness.

(2) *The financial result.* The amount collected in 1876 was £40 10*s.* 6*d.*, and last year (1881 and 1882), £135 4*s.* 5*d.*

Let me congratulate you especially on the success of your *summer sales of work*. The preparation has afforded you enjoyment during the long winter evenings, and thus when the sale of such work has taken place, you have had the gratification of seeing your diligence and perseverance rewarded. For those who have no other opportunity of joining a working party, the "Bee-hive" has been opened, where a large number of useful articles of clothing have been made, and are now ready for sale.

While we have had so much encouragement in our work for others, *have we not received considerable blessing ourselves?* Have *you* not, dear children, been greatly interested by reading the publications of the Society? Have not many of you received real spiritual help? I have always believed our Association, if worked in a right spirit, will under God be a direct *means of grace to our own souls.* God will fulfil His promise: "The liberal soul shall be made fat, and he that watereth shall be watered also himself."

In conclusion, may we all endeavour so to live and so to labour, that we may at last receive through God's grace that sweet word of approbation, which was once addressed to a warm-hearted and grateful woman, "She hath done what she could." ALEX. BARING-GOULD.

Christ Church Vicarage, July, 1882.

# THE LAND OF THE RISING SUN.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE GOSPEL IN JAPAN—(*continued*).

A MISSION was opened by the Rev. C. F. Warren, at Osaka, on the last day of the year 1873; and in February, 1874, the Rev. John Piper started another station at Tokio, the Mikado's capital.

Mr. and Mrs. Piper had a great deal of difficulty in getting a house to live in at Tokio; for though, of course, there are a great many houses in such a large city, no foreigner is allowed to hire or buy one without the leave of the Japanese Government, except in a small suburb called Tsukji. This leave has never yet, we believe, been given to a Missionary, so Mr. Piper engaged half a house in Tsukji for himself and his wife to live in. It was a funny little house, quite low, and not at all comfortable; but as there did not seem to be any other place "to let," they had no choice but to take it. As the rooms had no chimneys, their house was constantly full of smoke whenever they lighted a fire; and in summer their home was almost equally unbearable with the heat and closeness—so much so, that Mrs. Piper often wonders now how they ever managed to live in such a place for a whole eighteen months!

Mr. Piper had to look a little after all the different Mission stations in Japan, and consequently he had not so much time to go about preaching as the other Missionaries had at Osaka and Nagasaki; but he helped the American Missionaries a good deal in translating the Bible into Japanese. Also a large shop which was close to the Mission-house was engaged, and fitted up as a small *chapel; and this* was used for service till a *church was built* in Tokio in 1878.

The year 1876 was a very important one to the Mission, for in it took place the first baptism, the first confirmation, the first communion, and the first Church Council in Tokio. The Christians there are very regular in attending the Sunday services, and the Bible class which Mr. Piper holds on Thursday evenings; and they visit each other, too, because (as they belong to the same Church) they think they ought to know and love each other.

The husbands and wives in Japan generally agree to become Christians together, and thus they are often able to help each other in their religious duties. As an instance of this, one young man told Mr. Piper that if he forgets to say "grace before meat," his wife looks at him and says, "You have forgotten."

There are not many converts yet in Tokio, but "one by one" God is surely gathering a Church there for Himself. That they are really what they profess to be, we think is shown by the better lives led by many, and by the liberal way in which they have contributed towards the building of a place of worship for themselves. Indeed, most of the money necessary for the church has been raised by the Christians of Tokio; the remainder of the sum was given by English and American friends. Amongst these gifts one must be especially mentioned. It was an order for £20 sent by a British seaman, who, having been led to Jesus through the means of a Bible class held by Mrs. Piper, thought he could not do better to show his gratitude to Almighty God than by helping His cause in the land where he had himself been shown the path of eternal life.

Thus the Missionaries have been, and are "planting;" Christian friends have been and are "watering." May God give "the increase"!

## BISHOP CROWTHER.

BISHOP CROWTHER was once a little heathen boy in Africa. Adjai, as his name was then, was of the Yoruba tribe, a native of Oshogun (a town 100 miles inland from Lagos), which in 1821 was utterly destroyed by the warriors of Eyo. His mother and two sisters were captured with him; his father, it is supposed, was killed fighting in defence of his home. After being driven twenty miles with cords round their necks, Adjai and his sister were separated from their mother and baby sister; but the same day the poor little boy was bartered away for a horse, but, not suiting, he was again exchanged and taken to Dadda, where he found his mother and infant sister, and was able to see them sometimes. For three months he was tolerably happy, though a slave, but he was then sent in chains to Ijaye, to be sold at the slave-market there.

His fourth master took him to Eko, and sold him to a Portuguese who came there to buy slaves. Iron fetters were fastened round their necks, and a chain passed through them, fastening them all together. How they trembled at the smack of the whip and sound of the driver's voice! After a weary imprisonment of four months, Adjai and his fellow-slaves were taken on board a slave-ship, and stowed away in the hold, to go to Cuba or Brazil.

But deliverance was near. God had work for Adjai to do among his own people; a wonderful work, which, thank God, he is still spared to carry on. The British squadron stationed off the coast to stop the slavers had to be passed, and on the second day the ship Adjai was in was captured by H.M.S. *Myrmidon*, and the "cargo" landed at Sierra Leone (so called because its hills somewhat resemble the shape of a lion). So ignorant was the poor, frightened little boy, that he thought the English were going to kill him and his countrymen, and dye their soldiers' coats red with their blood, and use their carcases as baits to fish cowries with from the sea.

The rescued slaves were as usual distributed among the different villages, and little Adjai found a home at Bathurst. (The C.M.S. had in 1816 undertaken to teach these poor freed slaves, so schoolmasters and catechists were placed in the different villages.) Here, among 200 boys and girls, Adjai learnt; and so eager was he at the end of the first day's schooling, he ran off to the town and begged a halfpenny from one of his countrymen to buy an alphabet card for himself. Mrs. Davey, the schoolmistress, was so pleased with him, that she used to teach him out of school-hours of an evening, together with a little girl, Asano, a captive from the same tribe. In six months he could read the New Testament well, and was then made a monitor, for which service he received sevenpence halfpenny a month.

Adjai not only learnt lessons out of books, but also learnt the use of plane and chisel under Mr. Weeks. Strange as it may seem, the future Bishop of the Niger was learning from the future Bishop of Sierra Leone. It was at Bathurst young Adjai learnt to know the one "true God, and Jesus Christ whom He hath sent;" and after four years he was baptized on December 11th, 1825, by the Rev. J. Raban, by the name of Samuel Crowther. In 1826 he came to England with the kind schoolmaster and mistress under whose care he had been placed, but he returned early the following year to Africa.

Crowther's was the first name on the list of students at the Fourah Bay College, which was started in the year 1827. In 1829, Bishop

Crowther married the little girl who had learnt with him in those happy evenings at Bathurst. She had been baptized by the name of "Susanna;" and in 1879 they celebrated their *golden wedding*, and lived to see their children's children to the third generation; but in 1880 Mrs. Crowther went home to be with Jesus. The Bishop, in a private letter, says: "Though I am surrounded by a large family, yet the gap made by the absence of one who was a fellow-companion for upwards of fifty years cannot easily be filled up—but we shall one day 'meet to part no more.'"

In 1829 he was appointed schoolmaster at Regent's Town. In 1832 Bishop Crowther is mentioned as schoolmaster at Wellington; and in 1837, assistant at the Christian Institution—again "reflecting no little credit on the course of instruction and discipline by which he himself was elevated to his present position." In 1841 he was appointed to the *Soudan* in the Niger Expedition (though still a catechist), as chaplain. In 1843 he was ordained both deacon and priest, in London ("crowned a minister," as it is called in Africa), by Bishop Blomfield. On his return to Sierra Leone he went as a Missionary to his native country, Yoruba, and was the means, through God's mercy, of bringing his mother to the knowledge of the truth. After years of Missionary labour in Abeokuta and the regions beyond, we find him in 1857 commencing the new Mission of the C.M.S. on the Niger. This Mission is quite different in one thing from all the other Missions of the Society:—until lately on the Niger *all the Missionaries were black men*, natives of the country, with a black Bishop, Samuel Crowther, at their head; but the Society has recently sent out an English clergyman, the *Rev. T. Phillips*, who will act as Secretary of *the Mission.*

At the principal Mission stations up the river (Bonny, New Calabar, Brass, Akassa, Osamare, Alenso, Onitsha, Asaba, Gbebe, Lokoja, and Kipo Hill, the last-mentioned being 300 miles from the coast),* there are Native Missionaries, Christian converts, churches, and schools. Only one white Missionary has visited the Niger since it has been formed; the whole work has been done, under God's blessing, by natives, proving that Africans can be raised above their first condition.

There Bishop Crowther is still labouring—the first Native Bishop of the West African Church, a Missionary of no ordinary ability—a living wonder to those who denied the possibility of raising the African races, and would, had they been able, have extinguished the zeal of Christians in England. "Let us not be weary in well-doing; we shall reap, if we faint not." "Let us arise and build" (build up the Church of Christ), "for the night cometh when no man can work."

Twelve chiefs and one king, with their people, have invited Bishop Crowther to send them teachers, themselves agreeing to pay a certain part of the expense, namely, thirty puncheons of palm oil (£300) in three instalments. Shall *we* not help them? Would not many dear children like to give their pennies to help the good Bishop, that the work may not be hindered for lack of funds? "Could these ten places" (the Bishop says) "opened to us be occupied, Christianity will achieve a bolder aggression into the interior: more than ever now we have well-disposed communities in our favour to support and further its establishment."

J.

* These are placed in order as one ascends the Niger. The branch or out-stations are not in this list.

# ROUND THE WORLD;

## OR, FLYING VISITS TO MISSION LANDS.

## FRERE TOWN (EAST AFRICA).

FRERE TOWN is the new colony for freed slaves on the East Coast of Africa.

When this colony was first thought of, great difficulty was expected in getting any Arab to sell his land to a European. The Arabs said it was quite contrary to all their ancient customs to do so; and when they found out that the land was wanted for a place of refuge for released slaves, they resolved to do everything they could to prevent the Missionaries getting any. It happened, however, that the nicest site for the Mission station belonged to an Arab gentleman called Khamis bin Sād (see portrait), who, unlike his countrymen, was friendly to the Europeans, and was quite willing to sell his property for a reasonable price. His neighbours were very angry with him for doing so, and persecuted him in various ways; but this unkindness did not make Khamis bin Sād draw back from completing the sale; and a few months later, when a riot took place on the coast, and Frere Town was threatened with an attack, he actually came with fifty of his men to help the Missionaries, and though suffering from fever, stayed day and night for a week with them, till the danger was over.

KHAMIS BIN SAD.

The ground sold for the Mission station by Khamis bin Sād is about fifty feet above the sea, and divided from the island of Mombasa by a channel of water so deep that the largest ships can sail in it. The shore looks very pretty as your ship casts anchor in the harbour; and some of the first curiosities of Frere Town which you see on landing, are some huge baobab trees, one of which is fifty-six feet round the trunk.

There are now several hundred freed slaves living in Frere Town. When they first arrive they are generally very weak and ill from having been tightly packed together in a hot and bad-smelling dhow (which is the name given to small sailing-vessels on the East Coast of Africa); but as soon as they have recovered their health, the Missionaries tell them they are free, and that those who are able to work must try and win their own bread. The work they do is usually something for the

benefit of Frere Town, and they are paid according to what they do. When they have earned some money they build for themselves little houses to live in, and look after their own affairs.

A police force has had to be instituted in Frere Town, not to take up the released slaves for disorderly conduct, but to guard the little colony from wicked traders, who would like to catch the poor slaves and sell them again.

The climate of East Africa is very hot, and Europeans generally suffer very much when they first arrive there. This was especially the case with the Missionaries when the slave colony was first started. They had no proper houses to live in, and being exposed to the heat brought on fever, of which one out of the four Missionaries died, and another had to be sent home to England at once, as the only hope of saving his life. It is, therefore, quite necessary for Europeans living in Africa to have good houses to protect them from the hot sun.

As soon as the land on which Frere Town is built was bought, three Mission-houses were planned. The first was called Hutchinson Cottage, and is intended to be the house for the schoolmaster. It is built on a knoll, and has a lovely view of the harbour and town of Mombasa, with its tall, cool-looking cocoa-nut-trees.

The second building is Wright House, where the Missionary lives. This dwelling is two stories high, and is surrounded by palms and spreading mango-trees.

The third house is a large meeting-room, where classes and services are held.

Since these buildings have been built, the Europeans have suffered much less from fevers than they used to do. The cost of them has been paid by a special East African *Fund.*

## THE SPORTSMAN BLACK OX

[Extract from the Rev. Arthur Elwin's Annual L... from Hang-chow, China.]

"BLACK OX" was baptized ... the Rev. A Elwin in ... tember last (1881), in a ... preaching-room, together ... "Cedar Pine." The ... given Black Ox at his baptism was "... (which means "Desiring Righteousn... ss Eight inquirers came forward at the san time, most of whom had first heard the goo news from the sportsman Black Ox. When the Bishop and Mr. Elwin were at San-tu last May, Black Ox pressed them to accept a fine pheasant which he had shot; but *now*, instead of wild birds of the field, he presented living men—precious souls whom he had been the means of awakening, through God's mercy, to a sense of their sin and danger. He preached to and prayed with these people until they were willing to forsake all and follow the Lord Jesus, whom they now knew had done and suffered so much for them. One man interested Mr. Elwin particularly. He asked him, "What made you first think about the Lord Jesus?" He answered, "I was digging in the fields with Black Ox; no one else was near. Black Ox said to me, 'Have you heard of the doctrine of Jesus?'" He answered, "No." Black Ox preached the doctrine for him to listen to, and in consequence of what he told him that man applied for baptism.

WORK while the morning's yours,
Noon you may never see;
Best are the morning hours,
So let them Jesu's be.
Work, little children, work and pray,
And pray and work while yet you may.

## LITTLE JAKHA.

E have received the following letter from Mrs. Binns, wife of our Missionary in East Africa, which we hope will interest our readers :—

'I received to-day a short letter from a ng African boy, who came to live with us Kisulutini, about eighteen months ago. his story is interesting, I thought you ght like to hear it, together with a trans- ion of his little note, to publish in the een Book if you think fit.

'My husband has a large class every nday morning, for men and women who sh to be baptized. One day he noticed little heathen boy come in, and take a ce among the grown-up people. He haved very well, and repeated texts with others, until he knew them quite well. continued coming Sunday after Sunday. length my husband asked him something out himself. 'Where did he come from? hat was his name? Why did he end the Sunday morning class so regu- ly?' He answered that his name was kha,' and that he came from a village out five miles off. He came to the class, he wished very much to learn the Book ible); as the texts he had already learnt erested him so much.

'But he was in great trouble that Sunday rning, and the reason was this. His father l mother had been dead some years, so he d with his grandmother and uncle, and made their drudge, having to tend cattle goats all day, and in the evening to g wood and water, and also to climb ty or thirty cocoanut-trees to draw bo (a sweet juice like honey and water). When he was at his work, his grandmother d him repeat the texts he had learnt at Kisulutini. This made her very angry, for she did not like to hear any new words in her house; she liked her old customs and sayings best. So she spoke harshly to Jakha, and told him if he was tired of the ways of his father, and wanted to take to new things, he must leave the village, or else forget those words that he had learnt.

"As Jakha told the story he looked very sad indeed, and said that he really wished to learn the Book, and that he could not forget what he had heard at class. As his grandmother was so angry with him, he did not wish to return to his native village; so now he had no friends, and nowhere to go for food and shelter. My husband sent him into our kitchen, to stay there until he had visited the grandmother, and heard the story from her lips. He found that all Jakha had said was correct; so he asked the old woman to let him come and live with us at Kisulutini, to which she readily consented, saying she did not want to see his face again. He has lived with us ever since, and a more trustworthy, good-tempered boy could nowhere be found, I believe. He quickly learnt to read, and now he teaches a class of adults in the night school. I have often heard him tell his young heathen friends about Christianity and its privileges; about God and all His goodness; and about Jesus, how He came into the world to save poor sinners. And his little heathen friends answer that they too would like to live with the Missionary, and learn the same as Jakha, but their parents and guardians will not let them do so, for they like their own old customs best.

"'*Translation of Jakha's note.*

"'Rabai.

"'My dear Bibi (Mistress or Lady).

"'Master and I are quite well. I want to write a little word, Bibi. I hear that you Bibi want to come soon. Master and I like

you to come, and we pray to God that you may come in safety. Bibi salamu (peace) very much, and baby with you, salamu. Now the little words that I write to you Bibi all these, with my love, our Bibi. Now I have finished.

"'I am your servant,

"'JAKHA.'

"This letter is his own composition.

"ANNA K. BINNS."

## THE PRIZE

Offered in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR for July last, for the best Story of a Brave Act in Missionary Life, is awarded to

ETHEL WILSON (age 13½).

SPECIAL COMMENDATION.

Thomas A. O'Neill. Margaret Wood.

HONOURABLE MENTION.

W. E. S. Holland, 9 years. M. H. M. Symms, 10 years. T. H. Sugden. Caroline Brown.

We are sorry to say that very few indeed of our young friends have competed for this Prize. We cannot think it was because they lacked the ability. What, then, was the reason?

### ANSWERS FOR AUGUST.

43. Jesus, *beloved son*, Matt. iii. 17.
Joseph, *loved son*, Gen. xxxvii. 3.
Jesus *sent*, John vii. 29.
Joseph *sent*, Gen. xxxvii. 13.
Jesus *hated*, John xv. 25.
Joseph *hated*, Gen. xxxvii. 18.
Jesus *stripped of his robe*, Matt. xxvii. 28.
Joseph *stript*, Gen. xxxvii. 23.
Jesus *sold*, Matt. xxvi. 15.
Joseph *sold*, Gen. xxxvii. 28.
Jesus *falsely accused*, Mark xiv. 56, 57.
Joseph *falsely accused*, Gen. xxxix. 7—20.
Jesus, *God with him*, John xvi. 32.
Joseph, *the Lord with him*, Gen. xxxix. 23.
Jesus *numbered with transgressors*, Luke xxiii. 32.
Joseph *in prison*, Gen. xl. 1—4.
Jesus calls, *Come unto Me*, Matt. xi. 28.
Joseph, *Come ye near unto me*, Gen. xlv. 4.
Jesus, *He shall save His people*, Matt. i. 21.
Joseph, *To save your life by a great deliverance*, Gen. xlv. 7.
Jesus *forgives*, Luke xxiii. 34.
Joseph *forgives*, Gen. l. 17—21.
44. Peter, Matt. xiv. 29, 30; Jonah, Jonah ii. 2, 7.
45. Nicodemus, John iii. 1, 2; John xix. 39.
46. John ix. 13, 14.
47. 2 Kings v. 14; John v. 4.
48. 2 Kings ii. 24; Mark x. 16.

### ENIGMA No. 6

One sermon preach'd by Him who came
From heaven, and the Baptist's—was the same;
It tells *how* we must ready stand,
Because the Kingdom is at hand.

Who, though a heathen, said, "The LORD is GOD"?

What priest—"Thy prayer be granted of the LORD"?

One of two sons; both did in battle die.

The healing word Christ spake with heavy sigh.

Who pray'd to GOD, then spake before the king?

When the LORD reigns, what do we read "shall sing"?

### ANSWER TO ENIGMA ON THE TITLE OF CHRIST. No. 1.

"PREACH THE GOSPEL" (Mark xv. 16.)

1. Prince of Peace. 2. Redeemer. 3. Everlasting Father. 4. Alpha and Omega. 5. Christ Jesus. 6. Holy One. 7. The Truth. 8. High Priest. 9. Emmanuel. 10. Good Shepherd. 11. *Our* Lord Jesus Christ. 12. Servant. 13. Prophet. 14. Eternal Life. 15. Lamb of God.

### BIBLE QUESTIONS.

55. The story of the Prodigal Son illustrates our heavenly Father's forgiveness. Give an instance in the Old Testament to show how differently man forgives.
56. Name a woman who "received" Christ into her house.
57. Give an instance in the Old Testament of a woman taking a good man into her house.
58. Give an instance of a child being the means of doing good in the New Testament, and in the Old Testament.
59. In which of His parables does our Lord mention Abraham?
60. Give a similar event to that mentioned Matt. iv. 21, 22, in the Old Testament.

*London: Church Missionary House, Salisbury Square; Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday, 54, Fleet Street, and*

NOVEMBER, 1882.] [Price One Halfpenny.

# THE Church Missionary Juvenile Instructor.

## ICE-BOUND.

BRAVELY onward sailing
See the good ship go,
Forward to the regions
Of perpetual snow!

Till the Northern ice-fields
Close her tightly round,
Where no human dwelling
Ever has been found.

Bears are prowling fiercely,
Watching for their prey,
Lest some hungry sailor
Leaves the ship to-day,

Oh, how cold and hungry
Are the famished crew!
In that icy region
What are they to do?

Then the Missionary
Steps upon the deck,
For he knows the vessel
Is a perfect wreck.

"Brothers, pray," he urges;
"Sink upon your knees."
And a prayer most solemn
Wafts upon the breeze.

Lo, a swift deliverance!
For the Esquimaux
Hasten forward gladly
O'er those fields of snow.

Gifts they bring right gladly—
Meat, and oil, and fish;
Give the ice-bound wanderers
All that they can wish.

And the Missionary
Calls them to his side,
Telling the old story
Of Christ crucified,

That on them the glory
Of Eternal Light
May arise, dispelling
*All their* heathen night.

Perhaps, dear children, you do not think how very degraded these poor heathen of the Arctic seas used to be. Well, I will tell you a sad story, to show you what darkness they were in before Missionaries went to them.

One day one of them came to the Missionary, and asked to be baptized.

"No," said the Missionary, "I can't baptize you, for the Bible tells us we must only have one wife, and you have twelve. I cannot baptize you while you have so many wives."

The man stood thinking awhile, and then went away; and the Missionary did not see or hear anything of him for a long time.

At last the man again appeared.

"Baptize me," he said; "I have only one wife now."

The Missionary was surprised.

"What have you done with your other wives?" he asked.

"I have eaten them up," replied the heathen.

## MISSIONARY THOUGHTS ON HOLY SEASONS.

### ADVENT.

ALL the Holy Seasons of the Christian year teach us something about the life of the Lord Jesus upon earth. He was the greatest and only perfect Missionary that ever lived; our example in this as in all things. The New Year's Day of the Christian year is the first Sunday in Advent. Advent means "coming." *What* is coming? The day of His appearing. *Who* is coming? Jesus Christ. If He is our Lord and

(and He was "called Jesus, for He should save His people from their sins"), we shall be looking forward to His coming; our earnest prayer, "Thy Kingdom come," for we know when that Kingdom comes, He will come as our King and Saviour. Lovingly has He hidden from us the day and hour of His return; He only says, "Behold, I come quickly." "If we knew He would not come for many years we might grow careless, and if we knew He was coming to-morrow we could not calmly do the work of to-day. Let us watch earnestly and wait patiently for His coming, so that whenever the cry is heard, 'Behold, the Bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet Him,' we may be like the wise virgins, 'ready.'"

But there is something more for us to do than to get ready ourselves; we must each do our part in getting the world ready. Christ's last command has not yet been fully obeyed: "Go ye into *all the world*, and preach the Gospel *to every creature*." There are thousands who have never yet heard the Gospel message, "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners;" and any moment He may come, or we may die, summoned to give in our account to God of the talents entrusted to us. (Talents are those things which God has given us *to use for Him*.) Let the uncertainty of His Advent make us careful never to do anything or go anywhere where we should not like Him to find us.

We want, dear children, to *welcome* Him when He comes; do you know the secret of gladness at the thought of His coming? First, take Him as your Saviour, then as your King. If it is your Saviour, your King, who comes in power and glory, what need you fear? We want so much to tell the poor heathen of this loving Saviour, and so many are waiting and longing to hear the message. How can they hear without a preacher? How can they preach except they be sent?" Let us pray that God would prepare many of His own children to be willing to go forth into distant lands, and make those who cannot go glad to do all they can to send them forth.

Try to remember as you rise each morning, "He may come to-day." It may be the last day you will be able to work for Him; the last day you will have the opportunity of giving your penny or sixpence to help forward the Missionary cause. J.

## ANGELS.

TWELVE hundred years ago England was a very different place from the England we live in now. All the people were heathens, and worshipped (like the poor heathens we send Missionaries to) sticks, and stones, and trees. They knew no better; for no one had then been sent to tell them what *we* can happily call "the old, old story." And there was no king or queen who ruled them, as Queen Victoria does now, belonging to the same nation, and living in the same country as ourselves. The greater part of this beautiful island had been conquered by those stern, strong soldiers the Romans; and their emperor, who lived at Rome, governed not only England, but Spain, and France, and Italy, and a great many other countries too.

The Romans, whenever they won an important battle, took a large number of their enemies prisoners, and sent them home to be slaves, and to walk in the grand triumphal procession in honour of the victory. You must know that the English were not called English then, but Angles, and they were treated as all their fellow-subjects had been

before them, and the strongest and handsomest were sent away from their own dear country by the victorious Romans to be slaves all their lives in a foreign land. We are told that among all these poor people, so cruelly treated, there were once two beautiful little boys put up for sale—as meat, and vegetables, and crockery were and are—in the market at Rome. As they were standing there, waiting to be bought, and feeling very sad to lose their parents and friends and homes, the Emperor of Rome passed by. You may suppose that he was used to see a great many such boys, and that they were not likely to get much pity from him, as they would now from you or me. But yet he stopped to look at them, and was so pleased with their lovely faces and bright golden hair, that he said they were "not Angles, but angels." In a very old church at Canterbury, not far from the great Cathedral, and even older than it, there is a painted window to illustrate this touching anecdote. It is very fitting that it should be there, for it is supposed that where this old church stands the first Christian church in England was built by that good Missionary St. Augustine, who came from Rome after the people there had been turned to the true God. We think of angels as both beautiful and good. Of course, the emperor only meant that these boys were like angels because they were beautiful; they could not be really good then, because they knew nothing about Jesus Christ. Missionaries came to bring us the Gospel; and ought not you boys and girls to be like angels in the truer and higher sense of goodness? You can show this in many ways, but it is not right for you to forget how much you owe to Missionaries; and you must try to show your gratitude by helping others who are still heathens to obtain the same blessing. "Freely ye have received, freely *give.*"

A. F. R. B.

## ROUND THE WORLD;

### OR, FLYING VISITS TO MISSION LANDS.

### VICTORIA NYANZA.

IF you look at an old map of Africa, printed thirty years ago, you will see all the middle of it quite blank, with the one word "Desert" written right across it. In those days, when children learnt geography, and were asked what was in the middle of Africa, they used to answer, "A desert."

But this idea of nothing but a huge plain of sand is now found to be quite a mistake. Since that time a number of travellers have visited the interior of Africa, and have seen that instead of dreary deserts, the middle of Africa is as full of beautiful trees, and large lakes, and high mountains as any other continent in the world.

One of these travellers was Mr. Stanley, the famous discoverer of Livingstone, and it was in a great measure owing to him that what we now call the "Victoria Nyanza Mission" was started.

In his journeyings in East Africa in 1875, Mr. Stanley went to visit a king called Mtesa, to whom belonged the northern shore of the lake. He found that (persuaded by an Arab trader) Mtesa had given up worshipping idols, and had become a Mohammedan. But Mr. Stanley had a better religion than Islamism; and during his visit to Rubaga (Mtesa's capital city) he could not rest till he had told Mtesa about the Christian Faith. When he left Rubaga (in order that the king might not forget what he had taught him), Mr. Stanley left with Mtesa a Christian negro boy, who every day read the Bible aloud to the king. Then Mr. Stanley wrote home to England to tell Christian people here that there was a

poor ignorant king in the middle of Africa who was longing to hear about the true God, and who would teach his people all the wonderful things in the Bible, if we would only teach him. The result of this letter was that the C.M.S. began to think about sending Missionaries to the Victoria Nyanza country; and to pay for part of the heavy cost of the Mission, a generous friend of the African people sent a gift of £5000. Soon after, another present of £5000 was given by some one else; and £4000 was collected in little sums, besides more afterwards.

As the Victoria Nyanza is a very large bit of water, the Missionaries would want a vessel in which to sail about on it, so as to enable them to visit the different countries which border the lake. For this purpose, a nice little steam-launch, called the *Daisy*, was provided, and taken out to Zanzibar with the Mission party. It was made up of a number of small bits, which could be pulled to pieces, and put up again quite easily, so as to enable the Missionaries to carry it across country. Of course, they could not carry it themselves; and one of the greatest troubles in leaving Zanzibar for the interior was the getting together a large enough band of Pagaazis, or porters, to bear the baggage of the expedition.

At last, however, they were got. The *Daisy* was then divided into a hundred pieces, and put on their shoulders. The porters also carried bundles containing large supplies of cotton, cloth, and brass wire; for in Africa, instead of paying for what you want in money, you have to do so in various kinds of useful or ornamental articles.

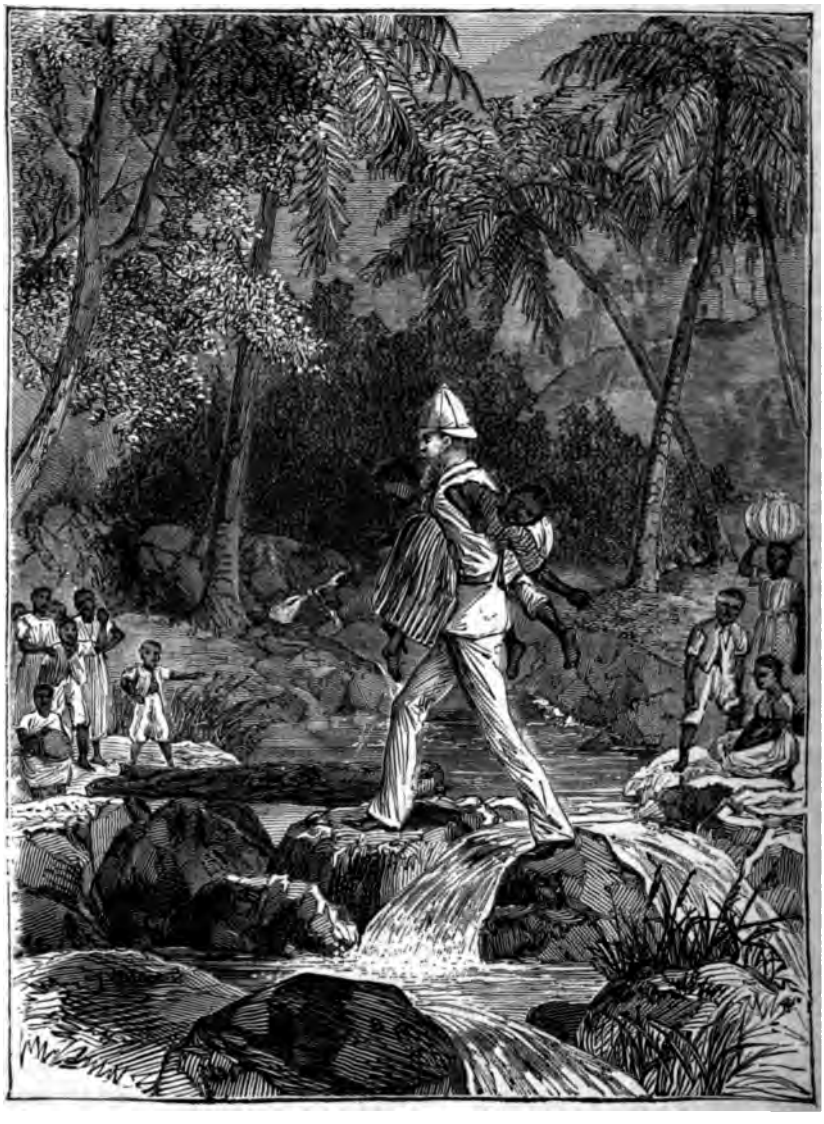
The porters were given a penny a day each, with which to buy cassava root and some coarse grain, which is the food Africans on the east coast generally eat. The Missionaries ed on beef, fish, curry, fruit, and milk,— it sometimes, as a treat, had a little coffee!

The Mission party was composed of eight Englishmen and about 800 porters; and as it would be difficult to get food for such a large number if they travelled together, it was decided they should divide, and travel to Victoria Nyanza in four companies.

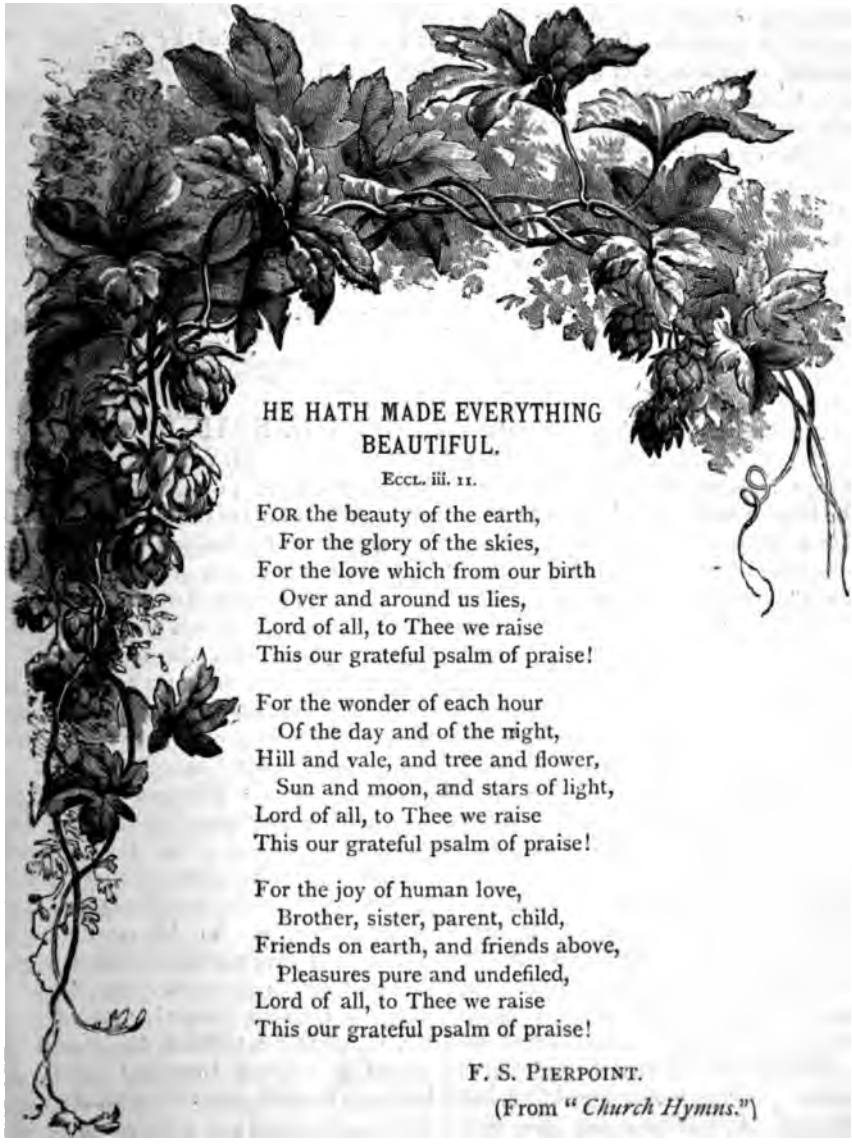
The marching was very tiring work, as they often had to cut their way through a perfect jungle of small trees and underwood. But the most tiresome delays were those made by the porters. They often refused to travel for one or two days together; and said, as an excuse, that they were sick, when they were not ill at all! Another kind of delay was that made by the few donkeys which accompanied the expedition. They were very wild, and would constantly fly off at a tangent, and break the ropes which tied them together. At other times, when they had to cross streams or swampy ground, they would insist on lying down, and had to be unladen, dragged through the water or mud, and reladen again on the other side. But all these difficulties were at last overcome, and the Missionary party reached Nguru.

But here they met a new trouble. All the porters declined to go any further. They "put down their loads, dressed themselves in their best clothes, and taking their arms and spears, came and said good-bye." After they had gone, there was nothing for it but to wait at Nguru till one of the party (Lieut. Smith) could walk ninety-six miles to another town, Unyanyembe, and get fresh porters. This he hoped to do in a few days; but the people at Unyanyembe kept him six weeks waiting before they would finally settle that they would come and work.

On reaching the lake, which only four were permitted to do, the rest having been obliged to return through illness, the *Daisy* was put together; but before the Missionaries could set sail, God was pleased to take one



ON THE ROAD TO VENN'S TOWN. (See page 128.)



## HE HATH MADE EVERYTHING BEAUTIFUL.

Eccl. iii. 11.

FOR the beauty of the earth,
For the glory of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies,
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our grateful psalm of praise!

For the wonder of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon, and stars of light,
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our grateful psalm of praise!

For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above,
Pleasures pure and undefiled,
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our grateful psalm of praise!

F. S. PIERPOINT.
(From "*Church Hymns.*")

of their number (Dr. Smith) to his home in heaven. The others were very sorry to lose this dear companion, but they laid his mortal body to rest by the shore of the great lake, "in sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection."

At the south of Victoria Nyanza is the island of Ukerewe. Lukongeh is the king of it, and some of the Missionaries went to pay him a visit. While they were there, they saw a dhow (sailing-vessel) lying half-finished, which was being made for an Arab called Songoro. This dhow Lieut. Smith bought to carry all their heavy goods in; and to finish building it, the C.M.S. party removed to Ukerewe.

By illness and death they were now reduced to three Missionaries; and Lieut. Smith was just thinking of leaving Mr. O'Neill at Ukerewe, Mr. Wilson at Karaguè on the west coast, while he himself went on to Rubaga to carry the Bible to Mtesa, when a letter came from Mtesa begging his "dear friend white man" to come to him quickly. Accordingly, Lieut. Smith and Mr. Wilson both sailed at once for the north of the lake; but they did not reach Rubaga without an adventure.

In order to do some cooking, Lieut. Smith and Mr. Wilson were putting into a small bay, when they saw some natives standing on the shore uttering loud musical cries. These were war-cries; but the Missionaries thought they were shouts of welcome, and were steering straight into the land, when suddenly Lieut. Smith saw a rock just before them, and it was only by turning the boat sharply round that he was able to avoid it. This probably saved their lives, for the next minute the savages began throwing arrows and flinging stones at them; and it was with difficulty that they got out to sea again. But though none were killed, four *were injured.* Mr. Wilson was shot by a poisoned arrow in his arm, and Lieut. Smith was badly hit on the eye with a heavy stone. Notwithstanding he was suffering great pain, and was quite blinded by the blood that flowed from his wound, Lieut. Smith with "true heroism," forgetting his own sufferings, bravely sucked the poison from Mr. Wilson's arm. Lieut. Smith could not see for some weeks afterwards.

The Missionaries arrived at Uganda safely, and were well-treated by Mtesa; but we have not space at present to tell you of what happened afterwards. We hope to do so some future day.

## ON THE ROAD TO VENN'S TOWN.

VENN'S TOWN is in the principal island of the Seychelles, a group in the Indian Ocean about 1000 miles east of Zanzibar. Large numbers of freed African slaves have for several years past been landed there by the English ships which rescued them. More than 5000 of these poor creatures and their children are scattered over these islands, where they are employed in the sugar plantations. In 1875, Mr. Chancellor, at that time one of the Society's Missionaries, succeeded in getting together some of the children—freed slaves or the children of freed slaves—in order to give them a Christian industrial training; the English Commissioner giving him much hearty assistance. In the same year the Government gave a piece of land, in a good situation, on the principal island, Mahé, on which to form an Industrial School. This Mr. Chancellor set about doing, and succeeded in erecting large and comfortable buildings in which the African children could be trained to read and write to do all kinds

of useful work, and, above all, taught to love the Saviour, of whom, alas! they knew nothing. When the place was finished, Mr. Chancellor sent us an account of the removal to the new home, which we think our young friends will like to hear about, as well as a sketch from which our centre picture is prepared.

"The children," he wrote, "were all excitement at the prospect of the move, and were very busy, as children usually are, 'packing up.' They were to start at five o'clock in the morning, but they were all on the way at half-past four—a noisy but happy little company, talking at the top of their voices. Some of these poor little children got very tired, as the hill was very steep. One little fellow could hold out no longer, and returned the way he had come, head over heels. Mercifully he was none the worse for his tumble. But this was not the only hill to be mounted, and when the little travellers saw these steep bits before them, they began to despair of ever reaching the new home. So they all stopped and rested a good while, after which they started again in better spirits." When they came to the river, Mr. Chancellor kindly carried two of the smaller children (as you see in the picture), one under each arm, as they were too tired to go further without another rest. After the children had washed their hands and faces in the beautiful cool water, they started again; but the smallest little traveller soon found a rest on Mr. Chancellor's shoulders, as he kindly carried her. Fortunately some good-hearted prisoners overtook them on their way to work, and each very kindly took a child; and right glad were they all to reach the end of their long walk.

Since the institution was built Mr. Chancellor has returned home, but his place has been taken by Mr. and Mrs. Warry, who love the little African children, and delight in taking the place of father and mother to them. Their task is not an easy one by any means, for African children are very like English children as regards a love of good things to eat, a weakness for tearing their clothes, and a fondness for playing in the dirtiest places, and they require a great deal of patient teaching before they can be made to do what is right. Last year Mr. Warry was able to show some little kindness to the officers of H.M.S. *Ruby*, some of whom reached the island suffering severely from fever. When they recovered, the captain, in return for what Mr. Warry had done, invited him and all the members of his black family (nearly fifty in all) to spend a day on board; "which we did," wrote Mr. Warry, "and enjoyed it very much indeed, though some of the little children were rather frightened at the salute of twenty-one guns, as they had never heard or seen anything like it before."

## THE LEGEND OF THE TWO SACKS.

HERE is a beautiful ancient legend that tells of an old man who was in the habit of travelling from place to place with a sack hanging behind his back, and another in front of him.

What do you think these sacks were for? Well, I will tell you.

In the one behind him he tossed all the kind deeds of his friends, where they were quite hid from view—and he soon forgot all about them.

In the one hanging round his neck, under his chin, he popped all the sins which the people he knew committed, and these he

was in the habit of turning over and looking at as he walked along day by day.

One day, to his surprise, he met a man wearing—just like himself—a sack in front, and one behind. He went up to him, and began feeling his sack.

"What have you got in here, my friend?" he asked, giving the sack in front a good poke.

"Stop, don't do that!" cried the other; "you'll spoil my good things."

"What things?" asked number one.

"Why, my good deeds," answered number two. "I keep them all in front of me, where I can always see them, and take them out and air them. See, here is the half-crown I put in the plate last Sunday; and the shawl I gave to the beggar girl; and the mittens I gave to the cripple boy; and the penny I gave to the organ-grinder; and here is even the benevolent smile I bestowed on the crossing-sweeper at my door; and—"

"And what's in the sack behind you?" asked the first traveller, who thought his companion's good deeds would never come to an end.

"Tut, tut," said number two; "there is nothing I care to look at in there! That sack holds what I call *my little mistakes.*"

"It seems to me that your sack of mistakes is fuller than the other," said number one.

Number two frowned. He had never thought that though he had put what he called his "mistakes" out of his sight, every one else could see them still! An angry reply was on his lips, when happily a third traveller—also carrying two sacks, as they were—overtook them.

The first two men at once pounced on the stranger.

"What cargo do you carry in your sack?" *cried one.*

"*Let's see your goods,*" said the other.

"With all my heart," quoth the stranger; "for I have a goodly assortment, and I like to show them. This sack," said he, pointing to the one hanging in front of him, "is full of the good deeds of others."

"Your sack looks nearly touching the ground. It must be a pretty weight to carry," observed number one.

"There you are mistaken," replied the stranger; "the weight is only such as sails are to a ship, or wings to an eagle—it helps me onwards."

"Well, your sack behind can be of little good to you," said number two, "for it appears empty; and I see it has a great hole in the bottom of it."

"*I did it on purpose,*" said the stranger; "for all the evil I hear of people I put in there, and it falls through, and is lost. So you see I have no weight to drag me down backwards!"

Dear children, which of these travellers would you rather resemble? I think the last of the three was the happiest, and made most other people happy.

"But," you ask, "what has this story to do with the C. M. JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR?"

Simply this: we want your little Green Book to be like a large sack full of good things, hanging constantly before you, so that you may continually turn over the treasures it contains to make yourself happy, and to make your friends happy also!

## THE TWO THREEPENNY-PIECES.

WHAT a little thing a threepenny-piece is! I am going to tell you about two threepenny-pieces.

Once upon a time there was a threepenny-piece lying on the floor. An idle little boy saw it and picked it up. He knew it was not his, and yet he slipped it into his pocket, and determined to spend it on himself.

The money was soon gone, and then he wanted more; and he stole a shilling. Still he was not contented, for as soon as the shilling was spent he determined to steal another, and yet another, till he became a regular thief.

At last he grew so wicked that he actually committed a murder in one of his robberies, and in consequence was caught and hung.

When he came to die, he said that he looked back on his stealing that threepenny-piece as the beginning of all his downward course of misery and crime.

How sorry that threepenny-piece must have been to be so misspent!

Then there was another threepenny-piece. It was not stolen, but a lady gave it to a little boy, who determined to spend it on some Missionary work.

So he bought some tracts with it, and put them into a box of things that were being sent out to a Missionary in India.

Now when this box arrived at the Missionary's house, the son of a great chief happened to be staying with him, and as the lad had been taught by the Missionary's wife to read, she gave him one of the tracts.

The reading of that tract was, by God's blessing, the means of leading that young chief to become a Christian, and when he went back to his home *he took the tract and* many others with him to scatter among the people of his native place. They were read by multitudes, and in one year from that time fifteen hundred people in that neighbourhood had given up the worship of idols, and were inquiring about the religion of Jesus. And if a little boy with a single threepenny-piece could do so much good, surely nobody can be too young, or too poor, to work in God's vineyard.—*From* DR. NEWTON'S "*Best Things.*"

## WITHIN THE FOLD.

THE Rev. W. G. Peel, of Masulipatam, gives us an interesting account of a young Sudra, named Ramayya, who after an absence of more than two months suddenly reappeared.

He asked for baptism in August, 1881, and though steadily refusing to return to his relations, was enticed away and locked up, and, it is believed, drugged (that is, stupefied with a kind of medicine). In the following November, he came back looking wretched and ill. Again he asked for baptism, which he was promised if he would not be ashamed of his Saviour. Again his relations came, saying he was mad; but the doctor said he was not mad, but he was afraid the poor fellow had been drugged by his friends.

A few days after, Ramayya went to the weekly prayer-meeting, and on the last Sunday in that month, during the early morning service, he was received into the Church of Christ by baptism. Let us earnestly pray for these converts, who have so often to give up father, mother, wife, and children for the kingdom of God's sake. Of such the Saviour has said, "They shall not lose their reward." "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the crown of life."

ENIGMA No. 7.

1. How a king doth designate
   Joys this world doth generate,
   In words we should hold true.
2. First, who in a righteous cause,
   Laid his life down for God's laws,
   As far as he them knew?
3. Surname of a wretch who sold
   Master good for less than gold,
   And died in hopeless guilt.
4. One who in a foreign court
   Much about his people thought;
   And their chief town rebuilt.

THE WHOLE.

What David said of help from man,
If you the answers slowly scan,
From their first signs you'll know.

## PRIZE

Is offered for the best CHRISTMAS POEM (i.e. *a Poem on the subject of Christmas*), to be sent in by the 1st December.

### PRIZE ILLUMINATION.

The Illuminations of the two brothers, Walter and Henry Armstrong, appear of such equal merit that we have decided on dividing the Prize between them.

We have been much pleased with the variety and beauty of the Cards sent in by our young friends for the competition, and the work of adjudicating the Prize has been one of great difficulty: so three friends have given us extra Prizes for the three next best Illuminations.

AWARD OF PRIZES.

*The First Prize is divided between*

Walter Armstrong, aged 16, and
Henry Fry Armstrong, aged 14.

*Second Prize.*

S. M. Whiting, aged 14.

*Third Prize.*

John Patrick, 10 years 10 months.

*Fourth Prize.*

William Hastings Kelk, aged 15.

*Special Commendation.*

Susie E. Hooper, Bessie Fedarb, Amy G. Vallack, A. L. Follard, Alice Clarkson, Jane Cottam, C. W. Spriggs.

*Honourable Mention.*

Arthur McCheane, E. Fanshaw, M. Emmeli[illegible] Martin, Sarah H. Denham, A. J. Carr, Ag[illegible] Beatrice Chettle, Percy Cottam, Lucy J. Alla[illegible] John Linton Myres, Jessie E. Denham, J[illegible] Linton Myres, William Jarrett, Emma M. [illegible] shall, Elizabeth Ellison, A. G. Carr, Fanny [illegible] tock, Florence Mary R. C. Wyley.

### BIBLE QUESTIONS.

61. What example of humility did Jesus give His disciples on the last night before He was crucified?
62. Give instances of Jesus noticing children. Was this foretold in the Old Testament?
63. In which Gospel are we given a special prayer of Jesus for His people?
64. Give an instance of self-confidence followed by failure and subsequent repentance.
65. Missionaries will hereafter shine as stars. Does Jesus ever speak of Himself as a star?
66. Give five words in which Jesus tells us that we have each a work to do for Him.

### ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

49. Matt. ix. 12; Mark ii. 17; Luke v. 31.
50. The Centurion, Matt. and Luke give the story. Matt. viii. 5-13; Luke vii. 1-10.
51. Three. *Widow of Nain's son*, Luke vii. 11. *Jairus' daughter*, Matt. ix. 18-26; Mark v. 22-43; Luke viii. 41. *Lazarus*, John xi. 14-45.
52. Jesus "marvelled" at *unbelief*, Mark vi. 6. At *faith*, Luke vii. 9.
53. The man sick of the palsy, Matt. ix. 2; Mark ii. 3; Luke v. 18.
54. "She is not dead, but *sleepeth*," Mark v. 39. "Our friend Lazarus *sleepeth*," John xi. 11.

*London*: Church Missionary House, Salisbury Square; Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday, 54, Fleet Street.

DECEMBER, 1882.] [Price One Halfpenny.

# THE Church Missionary Juvenile Instructor.

"ALL THE EVENING HE THOUGHT IT OVER."

## WHAT CAN I DO?

A LITTLE boy, having been told by his Sunday-school teacher that we have all some work to do for God, went home full of thoughts as to what *he* could do for the loving Father above, who had given him so many blessings.

All the evening he thought it over, and next morning, as he sat at breakfast before starting for school, the same subject filled his mind.

"I wish I was a man, and then I could do great things," he said aloud.

"And why do you want to do great things?" asked his mother.

"Because teacher told us yesterday that we ought to show our love to God by our actions,—and I should like to do ever so much."

"Do the little things first, Bob, and the bigger things are sure to follow," said his mother.

"But there are so few 'little things' to be done; and besides, they are so stupid," said Bob. "There's my Missionary-box—but I have nothing to put in it; and I am sick of begging help from all my friends; and my lessons take me from morning to night, so I have no time to make things to sell like Peter and Ned."

"There are other ways of working for God, my boy," said Mrs. Ray. "If you are looking for it you will find plenty to do every day. Remember, it is not always what we *wish* to do that is the work God has chosen for us."

Just at that moment the clock struck the hour. Bob started up with a jump, and snatched up his cap, for he was afraid of being late for school; and in the hurry of the moment, all his thoughts about what his teacher had told him fled from his mind.

On, on he ran through the thick snow which clogged his boots and made him inclined to slip at every step, till just as he came to the last crossing he noticed a poor old woman with a basket on her arm, trying to make her way over. But cabs and omnibuses were running past, and after several attempts she stepped back on the pavement in despair.

"I can't do it," she said half aloud, with a weary sigh.

"I think you can if you will let me help you," said Bob, stepping forward. "If you lean on my arm there will not be such danger of your slipping."

"Thank you a thousand times!" cried the aged stranger. "My daughter is lying dying in yonder street, and I am taking her some grapes and soup, as she has no one to do anything for her. I began to fear I should never be able to get over this busy crossing to reach her, but now you have helped me I have done it quite easily. Thank you a thousand times for your kindly aid."

"You are welcome," answered Bob with a beaming smile. He had read lately a motto that had rather taken his fancy, and he was determined to act on it for the future. "*Whatever you do, do gracefully,*" he kept saying to himself whenever he was asked to do anything, and the result was that he soon acquired the name of "courteous Bob."

"Well, who is that shabby old friend of yours?" asked his school companions as he reached the school gate.

"I don't know her at all," answered Bob; "but she wanted an arm to help her across the road, and I was glad to be there to offer her mine."

"*I* would not be seen in the company of such an old creature," cried Ned. "People might think it was my mother!"

"The mistake would be theirs, not mine," said Bob cheerfully, as he walked off to put out his slate and books before lesson hour.

A strange and unexpected idea had come into the boy's mind. What if this little act of kindness rendered to a poor old woman were actually the work given him to do by God! He felt so glad that he had done it, that his face shone with the light of the happy thought. Ned happened to glance at him that moment—*his* face was as dark and dull as a thunder-cloud, for he had not only done no "little deed of kindness" that morning, but had laughed at Bob for doing it; and just as he had turned to laugh, his foot had slipped on the pavement, and he had sprained his ankle in the fall.

There was nothing for it but for Bob to carry him home on his back, that he might have the injury attended to.

"More work—more work!" thought Bob, as he ran for the doctor.

And so he found it all through life. Every day it was more work! more work! Sometimes mending a schoolfellow's pencil, or carrying a parcel for his master, or running messages for his mother. And gradually, as he grew bigger and more fitted for other work, God gave it to him. Till at last he got to the height of his wishes, and was sent to work in the Mission-field among the heathen.

Did he then regret having first had to do the little things? I think not.

Dear children, just try and do the little things God gives you to do every day; and if you do them faithfully, to show your love for Him, He will be sure to give you better work by-and-by—first here on earth, and afterwards up above in the Happy Land, where His servants shall still "SERVE HIM."

## MISSIONARY THOUGHTS ON HOLY SEASONS.

### CHRISTMAS.

HRISTMAS is a glad time to God's children. You can all tell me the blessed Christmas message, and why it makes us happy: "Unto us is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord." "Unto us"—who have sinned, who have wandered far away from the Good Shepherd—"unto *every creature*" has this Saviour been *given*. His own Son is *God's Christmas gift* to us. Have we accepted Him? or are we saying we do not want Him, that we should like something else better? Something better than the Lord Jesus Christ! Is it possible that we should like anything better than Him? When we give a present, we like it to be something that will be enjoyed, something that will make somebody else happy. So God, when He gave us that best gift, the greatest gift He could, wished us to enjoy it, wished it to make us happy.

When the angel said to the shepherds, "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy," he did not mean that that message was for the shepherds any more than for any one else, for he went on to say "*which shall be to all people.*" Are we doing as the shepherds did, first going "to see" (Luke ii. 15) for ourselves this gracious Saviour, and then "making known abroad" (*v.* 17) the saying, "Unto you is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord"? Until we have "found" (*v.* 16) Him, and accepted Him as our salvation, we cannot properly "tell it out among the heathen," nor to any one, that He has come to be "the Saviour of all men."

If it is glad news—and we know it is the best of all news—let us "tell it out" in every

way we can. We must not be selfish, and keep it to ourselves. The Lord Jesus has Himself set us a perfect example, for He was not content to enjoy His glorious Home alone, but said, "I will that they behold My glory" (John xvii. 24). He left His Throne, His Father's House, that He might take the sinner's place, and bear the sinner's punishment; so that all who accept God's Christmas gift might share His Heaven, "sit with Him on His Throne," (Rev. iii. 21), and "reign with Him" (Rev. v. 10).

How are we telling this glad news? By our holy, gentle, loving lives? By quiet words and earnest prayers? By little gifts of time or money? Another Christmas may never come to us, so let us ask God to teach us how we can best tell that He has come to save us, so that those that are "far off" (Eph. ii. 17) may be "brought nigh" (Eph. ii. 13), drawn by the mighty magnet of His love.

Dear young readers, the Lord Jesus was once a child like you, only without sin, so He can enter into all your troubles and difficulties, your pleasures and your joys. Do you tell Him all about these things, and make Him your Friend? I am quite sure of one thing, that if you truly love Him yourself, you will be trying to tell others about Him, and helping to send the glad message of His love to those who are far away in distant lands, so that poor little heathen children may have the same loving Friend to help and comfort them that you have. Let us put down all the Christmas messages we can remember, and read them carefully, not forgetting they are for the heathen just as much as for ourselves; and then let us put the question earnestly, desiring to answer it truly, "Am I giving the good tidings, as far as I can, to those to whom God has sent it, to '*every creature*'?" J.

# THE LAND OF THE RISING SUN.

## CHAPTER X.

## THE GOSPEL IN JAPAN.

IN April, 1875, Mr. Piper took a journey across Japan to visit the city of Niigata, where he heard there was an opening for a Mission. On reaching it he found the report was true, but as he could not stay himself to preach to the people, the C.M.S. sent the Rev. P. K. Fyson to carry on the work which Mr. Piper had commenced. His first effort was to have a board announcing the preaching set up, and he was very pleased to see (the very first Sunday he held a service) fifty people collected to hear him, most of whom were students from schools in the neighbourhood. Mr. Fyson felt very anxious as to how he would get through his sermon, for though he had worked hard to learn the language, he did not as yet know it very well. Consequently he was afraid he used a great many wrong words by mistake; but he must have spoken Japanese well enough to interest his congregation, for after the service several people came to talk with him about what he had said. This was a great comfort to him, and he went to preach on the following Wednesday with a braver heart.

n addition to the public services, he now rted a private class for pupils and teachers n the schools, and with them he read Matthew's Gospel for an hour every day. But Christianity did not spread as quickly t was hoped it would do in Niigata; and et only about ten converts have joined the istian Church. This, however, is not ng to the opposition of the Japanese ernment. They have done little or hing to stop the spread of the Gospel in gata, and even the priests show very little ike to the Missionaries.

One Sunday Mr. Fyson was at a village ed Komuro, and after hunting in vain for etter place, stopped at the temple gate to ach to the crowd gathering there. Mrs. son was with him, and took charge of the g of books. The Japanese ladies are as a e very small. They never wear bonnets, ave off their eyebrows, and blacken their th. When the crowd, therefore, saw the l English lady with white teeth, clearly arked eyebrows, and a hat on, they at once ncluded she was a man; and one of m remarked, "That gentleman has ved off his beard"! The congregation e about one hundred in number.

At the close of the meeting Mr. Fyson was ed if he was not going to preach again. . Fyson answered,—

I should like to do so if I can find a house oom to speak in, but I can't preach well out of doors in the evening, and in the dark." Some one standing by said, "I will lend you a room which will hold 500 people."

So Mr. Fyson went with him, and found it was a good-sized room, the upper storey of a bath-house, where he arranged to have another meeting at seven o'clock. As he walked home he told every one he met that he was going to preach at seven o'clock at the bath-house. It could not have been pleasant work, but he felt rewarded for his trouble when he saw before him at the evening service a congregation of nearly 200 persons! After the meeting many of them crowded round him to buy Bibles, and told him that he was the first foreigner that had ever preached in their town. This was the commencement of the Mission in Niigata.

In addition to the Mission stations at Nagasaki, Tokio, Osaka, and Niigata, another Mission has been set on foot by Mr. Dening at Hakodate, in Yezo, the most northern island of the Empire of Japan; and in many places where there are no Missions, Christianity is gradually gaining ground.

And now we must bid farewell to Japan; but I hope, dear children, you will not forget it. Pray for it and its people, that the light of Christ's blessed religion may grow brighter and brighter there, until the "perfect day;" and then shall Japan be in a grander, truer sense than she has ever hitherto been—

THE LAND OF THE RISING SUN.

JAPANESE PRIESTS AT PRAYER.

# A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

THERE came a little Child to earth long ago,
And the angels of God proclaimed His birth, high and low.
Out in the night so calm and still their song was heard,
For they knew that the Child on Bethlehem's hill was Christ the Lord.
Far away in a goodly Land, fair and bright,
Children with crowns of glory stand, robed in white,—
In white more pure than the spotless snow,—while their tongues unite
In the song which the angels sang long ago, on Christmas night.
They sing how the Lord of that world so fair a Child was born,
And that they might His crown of glory wear, wore the crown of thorn;
And in mortal weakness, in want, and pain, came forth to die
That the children of earth might in glory reign with Him on high.
He has put on His kingly apparel now in that goodly Land,
And He leads to where fountains of water flow that chosen band.
And for evermore in their robes so fair and undefiled,
Those ransom'd children His praise declare, who was once a Child.

E. S. ELLIOTT.

# ROUND THE WORLD;

## OR, FLYING VISITS TO MISSION LANDS.

### WEST AFRICA.

WHEN a small band of earnest and God-fearing clergymen and laymen first started the C.M.S. in the year 1799, it was with the great object of carrying the Gospel to Africa; although afterwards they hoped it would spread from there to the furthest "East."

The reason why they fixed on Africa first was, because they felt strongly what a cruel wrong Europeans had done to the poor negroes by allowing such a wicked and inhuman commerce as the slave-trade to go on; and they were anxious to atone, as far as possible, for the wrong by taking to the negroes the Bible, to tell them of that heavenly country, "where the wicked cease from troubling," and "the slave is free from his master."

The C.M.S. first entered the African Mission-field in 1804; but you must not think that England had done nothing before this to put down the slave-trade. For more than twenty years some of our men-of-war had sailed up and down the western coast of Africa to waylay slave-ships, and they were successful in capturing a great many of them. Sometimes they had fierce fights with the traders on board the slave-vessels, but the English usually were victorious; and then you can better imagine, than I describe, how glad the poor negroes were to see the British seamen step on board the miserable ships, in the holds of which they (the negroes) were packed together so closely that many of them often died for want of air to breathe! Those of them who lived were at once sent, under safe escort, to a colony newly founded by the British Government at Sierra Leone for freed slaves. Here they were taught to build houses and work for their daily bread, and those who liked were taught to read and write. All the children were sent to school, to learn from the Missionaries what every boy and girl should know.

Amongst the black-faced, curly-headed little boys that were sent to the school at Kissy in 1856 was one called John. Poor little fellow! His father and mother and seven brothers and sisters were far away from him in the heart of Africa, and did not know where their darling boy was!

But how came John to be a slave boy? I will tell you.

When he was nine years old he went to pay a visit to his aunt and his two cousins. They lived in a town, but during the day they used to work on their farm, which was in the country. One day the three cousins were walking home together, when the eldest of them said,—

"You are not walking fast enough, John, and we are far away from home, and I am afraid."

Then in a frightened voice he added,—

"I have heard the 'Diviners' say that some children will be stolen in this very way, and if I see any danger I will run away and leave you!"

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when he uttered a piercing shriek. A strong man had leaped out of the bush

caught hold of him! Another slave-trader had seized his brother, and a third ruffian rushed at John. The terrified child took to his heels and ran, as only people can run when a great fear lends wings to their speed. But it was all in vain! With giant strides the great man rapidly overtook him, and soon John and his two cousins were being marched off towards the town where the kidnappers lived. They were kept there a few days, and were then taken to a place called Sumbuyah, where the three children were sold as slaves.

The trader who bought them lived a long way off from Sumbuyah, so to reach his country he had to take a long journey first. The quickest way to do this was to travel in boats, and soon the master and his three little slaves were sailing down the river in a canoe towards the mighty ocean.

And what were John's feelings as every bend of the river carried him away further and further from his dear home and his country? He was a little heathen boy, and knew nothing of the great God above. His parents were heathens also. But John's mother was a praying woman. Often had he seen her begging the spirits of their idols to help her; and in his time of trouble the thought of that mother, and her faith in an unseen power to help, came back to his mind. He resolved that he too would ask the "spirits" to aid him by stopping the canoes from moving on, when they should come near Sierra Leone—a happy place where John had been told slaves became free, and had never to serve cruel masters again! All the way down the river he begged the "spirits" to work this miracle for him. But though (because he knew no better) he prayed to a false god, the true God heard him, and remembered His promise, "When the poor and needy seek . . . I, the Lord, will hear them; I, the God of Jacob, will not forsake them." And so help *did* come.

One bright moonlight night John was awakened by the sound of a gun and a shout of "You are free," and the next minute two Englishmen stepped on board the conquered canoe! Oh, what a cry of joy burst from the lips of the poor little slave boys when they knew they were safe. But John was more than glad. His whole heart was filled with thankfulness that his prayer had been heard and answered.

He was sent by the Englishmen to the Mission school at Kissy, where he was well cared for and taught to read and write and work. But, better still, John learnt that his prayer had not been answered by some unknown "spirit," but by a loving Father in heaven.

And would you like to know what afterwards happened to John? He became a clergyman of the Church of England, and has tried to teach to his fellow-countrymen the same blessed truths that made his own heart glad.

## HOW MUCH OWEST THOU UNTO MY LORD?

AFTER an evening service, a stranger called on a person connected with Missions, and abruptly said, "I owe a debt, I should like to pay you." He appeared poor, and it was easy to believe he was in debt, yet he owed no money to the person he spoke to. He was asked what he meant. "Oh, it is no ordinary debt, but God has been *so good* to me, and I owe Him *so much!* I thought perhaps I could pay part of my debt to Him through you," and presented a cheque for 20*l.* for Africa. The amount seemed large, considering his poor appear-

ance, and he was questioned as to whether he could rightly give so much. Had he no family, for his trade was one from which few would suppose he could earn more than a bare living. "Yes," he cheerfully answered, "I am able to give this, for I have it; it does not belong to me, I owe it all to God."

Here is a lesson for us. If we are God's children, all we have must be His too, so that all we can say is, "Of Thine own have we given Thee" (1 Chron. xxix. 14). No doubt he had not laid by so large a sum without *effort* and *self-denial*. What effort *have* we made, or *are* we making to help forward Mission work? What self-denial do we practise, so that others may hear of a Saviour's love? We cannot begin too soon, nor when we are too young. Let us each ask ourselves, What can I do? What can I do without, to help to send the Gospel to the heathen? I do not know what you can do, but God does, and He *expects* you to do it. Ask Him to show you what you can do; and when you have found out, do it heartily (that means with all your heart), so that you may please God. The Lord Jesus, knowing we could not all give money, though we can all give something, said, "Give of such things *as ye have*;" and in 2 Cor. ix. 7 we read we are not to give "grudgingly," *because we must*, for "God loveth a *cheerful giver*," one who delights in giving; one who rather sees *how much* he can give, than *how little*. And again our Saviour says, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Ere the year 1882 closes it will be well for us each to ask ourselves how much we owe to Him who gives us all we have.

I should tell you here that the Committee of the C.M.S. have decided to open a new [illegible] in Egypt, and to extend their already [illegible] in Palestine and Persia. [illegible] arms in the recent war will, it is believed, in the good providence of God, open up the Mohammedan countries more than ever to the messengers of the Gospel, and your Society is anxious to enter in, and to point the followers of the false prophet to the one only Way by which they can obtain pardon and peace. In order to do this without using the money required for our other Missions, an Appeal has been issued inviting subscriptions towards a *Special Fund*, to be called the EGYPT, PALESTINE AND PERSIA FUND. Here, then, is an opportunity for you.

The first day of this year was on a Sunday and the last day will be on a Sunday. Would it not be a specially suitable day to give *something extra* into God's treasury as a thankoffering for that "goodness and mercy" which has led us not only as individuals but as a nation; for the love which hath been with us and guided us even until now?

J——

## THREE HUNDRED LADIES.

A SHORT time ago a meeting was held in Calcutta, at which 300 Indian ladies were present, a Native lady being taking the chair.

It is only quite recently that Indian ladies have been permitted by their husbands to come out of their own private homes or zenanas, so that this meeting of 300 ladies in Calcutta is the largest of the kind that ever been held in India.

Think how happy they must be! Instead of shut up within the four walls of their own houses, unable to write, or read, or visit friends, but allowed instead to learn all we can do—learning themselves and one another!

Are you not glad that you can help them to this blessed change?

## A DIFFICULTY.

YOU must not think that a Missionary's work is all easy. Indeed a great deal of it is often very difficult; and one of his first difficulties is learning the language of the people to whom he is sent.

Some time ago a young Missionary arrived at the place where he hoped to teach the heathen. He set to work to learn the language, and for the purpose engaged a moonshee (or Native teacher) to instruct him.

For six months he laboured with this man, till at last he thought he knew enough to preach to the people in their own language.

With great care he prepared his first sermon, and then went down to the bazaar part of the town to preach it.

When he began speaking, one or two Natives paused to listen, then two or three more, and then others—more and more, till quite a crowd gathered round the Missionary.

"They seem wonderfully interested," thought he, as he looked in their surprised and wondering faces; and on he went with his sermon with fresh vigour.

Presently one of the group made a move towards him. The Missionary paused, thinking that the man had some question to ask.

The Indian advanced a step forward, with some hesitation, as if he were the spokesman for the rest of the people,—

"Sahib," said he, "there is no use your speaking to us in *English*, for none of us understand it."

In *English!* Why he thought he had been speaking fluently in their own language! Had not his moonshee been teaching him day after day for nearly half a year, till he felt he could speak almost like a Native? Why did they not understand him?

The mystery was soon explained. The Native moonshee had been *much too polite* to correct the sahib when he made a mistake either in pronunciation or grammar, so the Missionary had been learning wrong from the very beginning; and there was nothing left him to do but go over the whole again with another moonshee, who had courage to tell the sahib his faults!

## A MAGIC LANTERN.

YOU all know, dear young friends, how much pleasure a magic lantern gives. What fun it is to see the pictures changing, and to guess what is to come next! Some kind friends in England sent the Rev. T. R. Hodgson (until recently the Missionary at Jabalpur, North India, but now transferred to the new Mission at Bagdad) a magic lantern, and in his letter not long since received he says it was a most welcome and valuable addition to the stock of Missionary "apparatus."

Mr. Hodgson took it with him on his Missionary tour last year (1881), and it was a sight to remember, the wondering faces of crowds of honest rustics, as bright visions of far-off cities passed before them, more especially when the sun, moon, and stars were brought by some mysterious magic within their very reach. Afterwards there were pictures of the life of the Lord Jesus, the "true Avatar." This gave an opportunity of telling of His love, His sacrifice of Himself, His power and willingness to save. Mr. Hodgson adds, "We could not but feel an impression had been made." Let us pray that it may not pass away, but that God may use even a magic lantern as a means of spreading the knowledge of Himself.

## A LETTER FROM THE EDITORS.

DEAR CHILDREN,—This number will complete the volume of the Little Green Book for 1882. We began our January number with a little letter, and we should like in our last number for the year 1882 to say a few words to you. It has pleased God to permit us to go through the year together. We have spoken to you from month to month through our pages, and you have spoken to us, many of you in a more direct way, by writing letters to us and in sending your answers to our Bible Questions so regularly. If we have entertained and instructed you, you in return have helped us by giving us your confidence, and by showing that you have been interested in what we have done.

We hope our numbers for next year will be even more interesting than the past twelve have been. We have many more precious lessons from the Bible to teach you; much more Missionary news from all parts of the world to give you; many more Missionary stories to tell you, and we hope to be able to offer several more prizes. So you may expect a good deal of pleasure from the pages of our next year's numbers. We always want the C.M.S. JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR to be a River of Delight to you—however much you take out of it, there is always more to follow.

In conclusion we wish you, dear children, a very merry Christmas, and hope that the New Year may find you more than ever determined to do your best in the position in life to which God has called you. THE EDITORS.

### ANSWER TO ENIGMA No. 6.

"REPENT."—Matt. iv. 17; iii. 2.

1. Rahab, Jos. ii. 11.
2. Eli, 1 Sam. i. 17.
3. Phinehas, 1 Sam. iv. 17.
4. Ephphatha, Mark vii. 34.
5. Nehemiah ii. 4, 5.
6. Trees of the wood, 1 Chron. xvi. 31-33.

### ANSWER TO ENIGMA No. 7.

"VAIN is the help of man."—Ps. lx. 11.

Vanity, Eccl. i. 2.
Abel, Gen. iv.
Iscariot.
Nehemiah.

### ANSWERS TO PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR OCTOBER.

55. David's conduct to Absalom, 2 Sam. xiv. 24.
56. Martha, Luke x. 38.
57. Shunammite received Elisha, 2 Kings iv. 8.
58. Old Testament: "*a little maid*," 2 Kings v. 2. New Testament: "*a lad*," John vi. 9.
59. In the parable of the rich man and Lazarus, Luke xvi. 22—30.
60. 2 Kings iv. 43, 44.

### BIBLE QUESTIONS.

67. Did Christ foretell His own death? Give the words.
68. Give an instance, in the Old Testament, of a man being forewarned that he would commit a sin, and one in the New Testament.
69. What feast in the Old Testament was a type of Christ's death? and in what words does St. Paul explain this?
70. What prophet was a type of Jesus lying three days in the grave? and does Jesus mention the fact?
71. Give a verse in the Psalms which speaks of Christ's Ascension.
72. Give an instance of a disobedient Missionary in the Old Testament, and an obedient one in the New.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WE wish to draw the attention of our young friends to the ANNUAL VOLUME of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, now ready. It is bound, as in former years, in dark green, red, and blue cloth, with a picture printed in colours on the front of the cover. The price is 1*s.*: gilt, 1*s.* 6*d.* Postage 2½*d.* extra. Cases for binding the year's numbers may also be had. Price, plain, 6*d.*: gilt, 9*d.* Postage 1*d.* extra.

We should also like to say here that the CHURCH MISSIONARY ALMANACK is now ready, on a sheet for hanging up. It contains, besides much useful information, a text for every day in the year, a cycle of prayer, and six engravings—one, the centre one, showing the peoples among whom the Society's Missionaries are labouring. How nice it would be if all our young friends would each purchase a copy to hang up in their bedrooms, so that every morning throughout the year their eyes might rest upon the same text, and their hearts offer the same prayer for their heathen brethren and sisters in distant lands. The price is 1*d.*, or post free, 1½*d.*

The Society has also just published a card called "A PLEA FOR MISSIONS," showing the population of the world coloured according to religions, so that it can be seen at a glance how many Heathens, Mohammedans, Jews, and Christians are in the world. The card has a coloured border, and is well worth framing. Price 6*d.*, post free.

London: Church Missionary House, Salisbury Sq., E.C.

We are requested to acknowledge the following:—Tebay Sunday School C.M. Box, per Miss Holme, &c.

London: Church Missionary House, Salisbury Square; Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday, 54, Fleet Street, and all Booksellers.

THE

# CHURCH MISSIONARY

# JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

*NEW SERIES.* VOL. IV., 1883.

(BEING THE FORTY-FIRST VOLUME FROM THE BEGINNING.)

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS.

London:

CHURCH MISSIONARY HOUSE, SALISBURY SQUARE;

SEELEY, JACKSON, & HALLIDAY, 54, FLEET STREET;

AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY GILBERT AND RIVINGTON, LIMITED,
ST. JOHN'S SQUARE.

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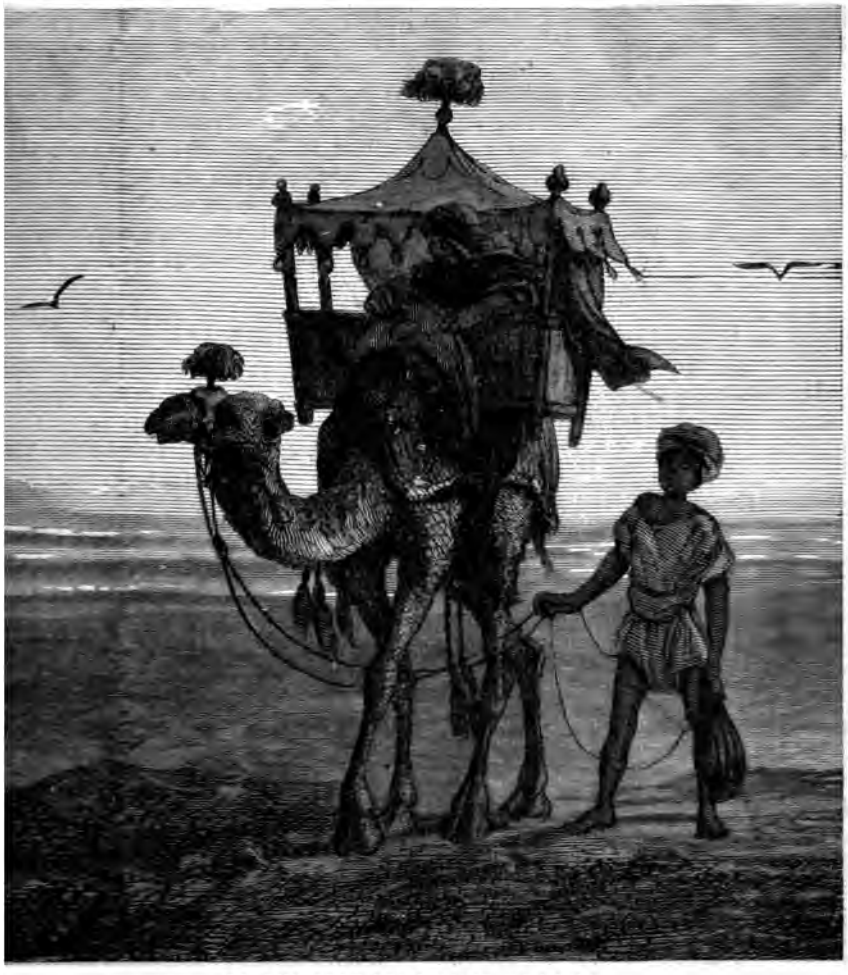
NUARY, 1883.] [Price One Halfpenny.

# THE Church Missionary Juvenile Instructor.



ON THE ROAD FROM EGYPT TO MECCA.

## AUNT LOUISE'S MISSIONARY HOUR.

AUNT LOUISE sat at her desk trying to write a letter; but somehow she could not collect her thoughts for the noise in the room overhead. At last the sound of a fall and a scream made her put down her pen, and hasten upstairs. When she opened the nursery door, a perfect Babel of voices nearly deafened her.

"I have come to see what you are making such a noise about," said Aunt Louise.

"Oh! we could not get out," cried a chorus of voices; "and nurse has gone to the kitchen to make us some toffee; so we are amusing ourselves anyhow, and it is so very stupid."

"Stupid! yes, of course it *is* stupid, if you are only amusing *yourselves*; for self-pleasing is always a failure in the end. But suppose we have a talk," she said. The children shouted for delight; for a chat with Aunt Louise was one of their greatest treats She had such a famous way of telling stories, so that even old ones sounded quite new as she repeated them.

"When I saw Frank riding on your back just now," she said to Douglas, "it made me think of a very different ride I was reading about the other day."

The children were all attention in a moment, and Aunt Louise proceeded. "It was an Egyptian princess, who wanted to go all the way from Egypt to Mecca; and as there were no railways there, how do you think she managed it?"

"She rode on an elephant, I guess," said Douglas.

"No," said Aunt Louise. "As far as I know, elephants do not live in Egypt."

"Perhaps it was a donkey," said Agnes.

"Or the back of an ostrich," said Frank.

"Wrong," said Aunt Louise, smiling. "It was a camel; and she had such a grand canopy made over her, that no one could see a bit of her as she rode along. Of course she got no good, poor thing, by her journey; for it was but a black stone, at Mecca, they were going to visit. Probably she found it was a failure, for as far as I know she never went again, though she sent her camel and the grand canopy every year."

"Why, that is the very carpet our soldiers were saluting in Egypt the other day," said Douglas.

"Mother said it was very like doing reverence to an idol," lisped Rosie.

"And father said that Sir Garnet Wolseley would have much to answer for," added Douglas.

"Well, dears," said Aunt Louise, "it is no business of ours to judge other people's actions, but rather to look to our own."

"I would never have let *my* soldiers do reverence to a bit of old cloth," exclaimed Douglas.

"Perhaps not," replied Aunt Louise quietly; "but are you not doing very much the same thing in letting the Mohammedans go on doing honour to this old relic without one attempt to explain to them the folly of what they do?"

"How could we speak to the Egyptians?" asked Frank. "We do not know their language."

"And we cannot go to Egypt, because mother would not let us," chimed in Rosie.

"No, dear, of course not," said Aunt Louise; "but there is a way for those who

want to go to do so, by sending some one else instead of themselves. We have all been thinking a great deal about Egypt lately, and now the war is over, and God has graciously given us the victory, we want to offer a thank-offering for His mercy. Egypt is an old Mission-field, where Missionaries were first sent about sixty years ago. Samuel Gobat, afterwards Bishop of Jerusalem, was among the first five men sent out. But I think it was in 1862 the Mission had to be given up: the door seemed closed. Now God is opening it; so the Church Missionary Society, knowing a number of English people would be wanting to tell the poor Egyptians of a better religion than their miserable one, has opened a special Fund, to send the Gospel to this ancient people, if the Christian people of England will pay all the expenses."

"What is their religion?" asked Douglas.

"Mohammed, its founder, lived about six centuries after Christ. There were some at that time who were more thoughtful among men, longing to know something more of God. Some years before the birth of Mohammed, four Arabs met together to tell each other of their longings. 'Let us seek,' they said, 'the pure religion of our father Abraham, if need be, in foreign lands.' Three of these men started on their travels, and were finally received into the Christian Church. The fourth stayed at Mecca, paying a daily visit to the Kaaba, or sacred temple. This was his prayer: 'Lord, if I knew in what way Thou didst will to be adored and served, I would obey Thy will; but I know it not.' He, alas! only met with persecution, and at last was murdered."

"Don't the Mohammedans worship idols?" asked Frank.

"No," said Aunt Louise. "They teach that there is but one God; but they deny that there are three Persons in the Godhead. They look on God as all-merciful, as well as all-mighty, but they know nothing of His holiness; therefore, they do not see that they are sinners, needing a Saviour. Their prayers are words with very little meaning. They repeat them five times a day in Arabic (whether they understand that language or not), give alms to the poor, and keep the fast of Ramazan, when they feast all night to make up for fasting all day. This is the principal part of their religion. I forgot one thing though," added Aunt Louise; "a pilgrimage to Mecca, once in a lifetime, which is supposed to make salvation quite sure; for Mohammedanism tells of a resurrection and judgment to come, as well as of a heaven and hell. This pilgrimage is sometimes done for them by some one else, as they think it does just as much good as if they went themselves."

"Like the princess you were telling us about just now," said Agnes.

"But she only sent her camel and canopy," said Douglas; "she did not send somebody else: what good *could* that do, for they could not even repeat prayers?"

"Such things can do no good, dear children. How thankful you should be that you have been taught to pray, in words you can understand, to our loving Father in heaven, who is always ready to listen to us! Now we must each try to do something, for the Church Missionary Society must have fresh funds to pay the expenses; all the money they have they want for old Missions. As I have told you, there is a Special Fund opened to send the Gospel to Mohammedan lands; this will include Palestine and Persia, as well as Egypt, and these countries, as you know, are all Bible lands, which makes it specially interesting. I should like to tell you something about both these other lands, but here comes nurse, and there is only just

time for me to finish my letter before post-time."

You may be sure Aunt Louise was not allowed to go before she had promised to come and have another chat on the next wet half-holiday.

## THE TINY NIGHT-LIGHT.

A TRUE STORY FROM INDIA.

A LITTLE Brahmin boy had received baptism, and been placed in an orphanage. I do not know his name, so I will call him Prabhu Dyal, which means "the Gift of God." Prabhu Dyal had not only received baptism by water, but, young as he was, already showed signs that he had received the love of Christ into his heart. But one thing must have saddened his Missionary's spirit; the little boy had very feeble health, it was feared that he was wasting away from consumption. In order to give him the benefit of medical skill, the child was sent to a large native hospital, but one near enough to enable his pastor, the Rev. J. Vaughan, to visit the little convert. I dare-say that it was no small trial to the Christian boy to have to leave all his companions, to go not only amidst strangers, but Mohammedans and Hindus. He may have thought, "How hard it will be there to keep faithful to my dear Lord, when not one of those around me know Him to be the true Saviour! But I will take my precious Testament with me: how thankful I am that I have been taught to read!"

So with his Bengali Testament as his companion and comforter, poor sick little Prabhu Dyal went to the native hospital.

You may be sure that Mr. Vaughan did not forget his suffering child. Two or three days after Prabhu Dyal's departure, the Missionary went to see him.

If Mr. Vaughan expected to see a desolate, weeping, complaining sufferer, he was pleasantly surprised. Prabhu Dyal met him with eyes glistening with delight, and pointing to a young man on a bed at some distance off, joyfully said, "Sahib (Master), come and speak to that Mussulman, *I am sure that he will become a Christian!*"

Mr. Vaughan went up to the patient, and found that the little sick Christian had been reading his Testament to his companion in suffering, and telling him the story of a Saviour's love. In that place of pain and misery and spiritual darkness, like a tiny night-light in a sick-room, the child of nine years of age had been shining to the glory of God.

The interest of the Mohammedan had been keenly awakened by what he had heard from the boy. "I never heard such words in my life!" he exclaimed. "Can you supply me with a book like that?"

Mr. Vaughan readily promised, and kept his word. One feels sure that before leaving the ward he spoke kindly words of encouragement to the little worker for God, who in the hour of his weakness was sowing precious seed. But Mr. Vaughan knew not that this was the last time on earth that he would look on the bright face of Prabhu Dyal.

The Missionary was prevented for several days from repeating his visit to the native hospital. Entering the ward where he had left Prabhu Dyal, in vain he looked around

for his boy. With grief Mr. Vaughan heard that immediately after his last visit, a swifter messenger of death than consumption, even cholera, had carried away the dear child. Already the form of Prabhu Dyal lay in his little grave.

"It is well with the child," thought the sorrowing Missionary, and he turned to look for the Mohammedan; but in vain he sought, the sick man's bed was empty. Mr. Vaughan found that the poor sufferer had been discharged as incurable. Hopeless of healing as regarded his diseased body; oh! had he gone hopeless also as regarded his soul?

Full two years passed away without Mr. Vaughan's hearing anything more of the Mohammedan who had listened to Prabhu Dyal. It did not seem to be likely that the clergyman would ever see him again, or know in this world whether the little seed dropped by Prabhu Dyal's dying hand had taken root in the poor man's heart.

Mr. Vaughan was in the habit of visiting an asylum for *lepers*, persons afflicted with that awful disease but too well known in India, which is like a living death. One day, on entering the asylum, the Missionary noticed a new face amongst those of the poor lepers who had become converts to the religion of Christ. The face was lit up with delight on beholding the Missionary. Mr. Vaughan felt almost as if he had seen that face before, but could not tell when or where.

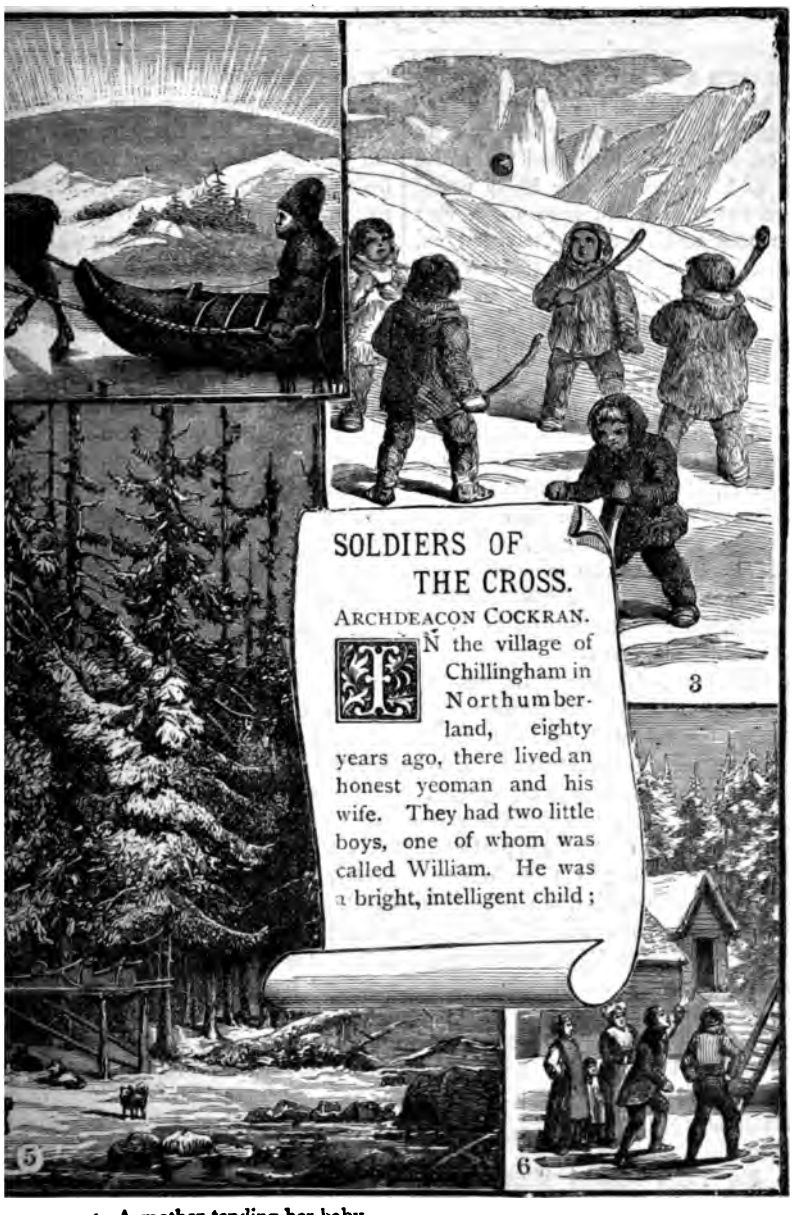
"Sahib! don't you know me?" cried the leper. Don't you remember the little boy you sent to the hospital, two years ago? Don't you remember the Mohammedan to whom he read, and with whom he spoke? *I* am that Mohammedan. Bless God that He brought that child to my bedside! The doctors discharged me; they knew not what was the matter with me. I now know too well. I am a poor leper, and hence I have come here; but, thank God, I have found truth and salvation. During the past two years I have been daily searching the holy Book which you sent me, and thinking of what that child said to me; and I trust that I have received the Saviour into my heart."

There could be no doubt about this. The tiny night-light had kindled a brilliant lamp —for such was the converted leper. The former Mohammedan was baptized in the midst of the Christian lepers, who received him with joy. David (such was the name he received) proved to be both a deeply pious and highly intelligent man. He became a religious leader amongst the lepers. Though his fearful disease confined him to his bed, yet God bestowed on the convert such grace, that that bed became as a pulpit. David held morning and evening prayer in the leper asylum, expounded the Holy Scriptures, and acted as a faithful under-shepherd to a deeply afflicted flock. He was as a Missionary, also, treading in the track of the little footprints of the child who had led him to Christ. Hindu and Mohammedan lepers sat by the bedside of David, and learned sacred truths from his lips. For three years David lived and laboured. Sometimes he suffered greatly, but he never seemed to be unhappy; he was joyful in tribulations. The Missionary gave this testimony of him: "We never saw a Christian with clearer views, stronger faith, and brighter hope."

And but for a child of nine years of age, this man might have died in utter darkness. Was it not a blessed thing that Prabhu Dyal shone to God's glory before sudden death quenched the tiny night-light, or rather bore it aloft to glitter in heaven? "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

A. L. O. E.

1. Bishop of Moosonee's little girl attacked by sledge-dogs.
2. A deer-sledge in North Canada.
3. School children at play in Esquimaux Land.


SOLDIERS OF
THE CROSS.
ARCHDEACON COCKRAN.
IN the village of Chillingham in Northumberland, eighty years ago, there lived an honest yeoman and his wife. They had two little boys, one of whom was called William. He was a bright, intelligent child;
3
5
6

4. A mother tending her baby.
5. A log hut at Red River.
6. A Missionary's house on the prairie.

and from quite a little boy loved, not only to read his Bible, but tried to obey the commandments which are written in it. His father, Mr. Cockran, wished to make a farmer of him, and he very likely would have been one, had it not been for a visit which he paid to Retford in the year 1820, which changed all his future life. While he was there, William happened to meet a good, earnest clergyman, Mr. Brooks, who took a great interest in the young man, and William had an equal liking for the clergyman. Hearing that a schoolmaster was wanted for a little village near Retford, William Cockran threw up all his good farming prospects, and undertook to teach the boys for the small sum of about half-a-crown a week. This arrangement enabled him to stay near Mr. Brooks, who now regularly helped him in studying Latin and Greek in the odd hours, when William was not wanted to teach the village children.

And what do you think was the reason that made William choose the lot of a poor schoolmaster, instead of becoming (as he might have done) a well-to-do farmer? That he might be near his friend the clergyman? Partly, perhaps, but this was not the chief reason. Indeed, it was a very small part of it.

I have already told you that William loved to read God's Word when he was a little boy. He was now seized with the desire to carry that same Word to the poor ignorant heathen who knew nothing of it, and it was this hope that made him give up the idea of having a comfortable English home. He decided to study in poverty at Retford, in order that he might have time and opportunities to learn enough to become a Missionary.

At first his hopes seemed likely to be *disappointed,* for when he offered his services *to the C.M.S.* he was not thought quite fit for so solemn and difficult a work; but two years later the Committee accepted him, and in December, 1824, he was ordained. On June 4th of the following year he sailed from the shores of old England, never to revisit them again. But William did not go alone. A young lady burning with the same desire as himself, to carry the message of salvation "to the nations sitting in darkness and the shadow of death," had, during the past year, become his wife, and she and her infant child sailed with him on that 4th of June for the great, and then unknown land which lies to the south-west of Hudson's Bay.

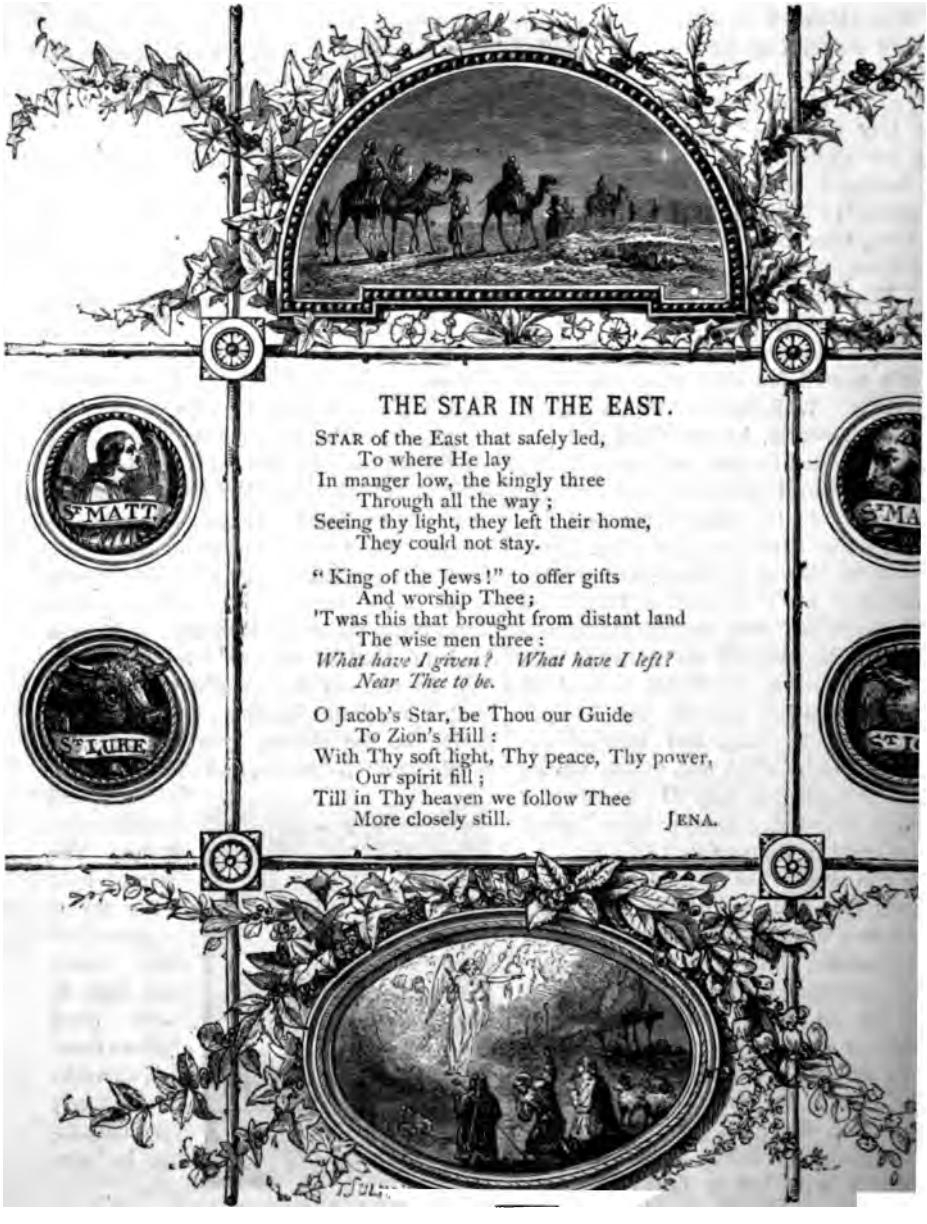
The place where their future home was to be was the settlement of Red River, on the Red River, so called from a dreadful Indian battle that was fought there, where a great many brave warriors were killed. Red River flows northward into Lake Winnipeg through a great prairie or plain, the soil of which is so rich, that during the summer almost anything you plant there will grow. But when William Cockran and his wife and child arrived at Lake Winnipeg, and began their slow journey up the river in a boat, none of this fertile land was planted at all—only grass, and whatever would grow of itself, flourished there—and over the almost boundless plains the Red Indians roamed about, hunting the countless herds of buffalo which fed on the rich grass of the country. On each side of the river grew a thick hedge of trees and bushes, by which you could trace its winding way far over the trackless waste, till it was lost in the horizon. In this river the Indians used to be very fond of fishing in the summer weather. In winter, of course, it was frozen hard, and then the natives used to live on the fish they had caught and dried during the summer, and the buffaloes which they had killed.

But you must not think Mr. and Mrs

Cockran would only see the faces of Red Indians in their new home. As early as 1811, a band of merchants called the "Hudson's Bay Company" sent their agents to form the settlement of Red River. Here they lived and bought up the skins of the wild animals which the Red Indians killed; and then, after they had cleaned and prepared them, they sent them to Europe to be sold. These agents (called settlers) had no minister of the Gospel with them at first to teach them what was right; but in 1820 a chaplain named Mr. West was sent to instruct them. While working for the good of the English people, he was filled with pity for the poor Red Indians, and wrote to beg the Committee of the C.M.S. to send out a Missionary to tell them about God. In answer to this letter they sent a Mr. Jones, who was so blessed in his efforts to preach the Gospel to the Red Indians, that before long, first one and then another church had to be built to hold all the converts who wished to worship in God's house! A schoolhouse was also erected. As the work of preaching, teaching, and visiting was getting too much for one man to do, William Cockran was sent to help Mr. Jones; and henceforth his whole life was entirely devoted to doing good to the poor Red Indians.

Now you would like to know what kind of houses the Missionaries had to live in (see pictures on pp. 6, 7). They were log huts, containing three or four little rooms; with one chimney in the centre of the roof to serve for all the fireplaces in the house! The window frames are usually filled with glass, so as to let in the light and keep out the cold; but on one occasion, by some mistake, the glass for a Missionary's house in Manitoba never arrived, and the Missionary's wife had to fasten up some white calico instead! *This made the house* dreadfully dark, and, as you can imagine, did not keep out the cold. Instead of using putty, the windows at Red River were put in with mud, which ought to be done in summer when the earth is moist, and the mud can dry gradually in the sunshine. But if it is done late in autumn, woe to the unfortunate Missionary and his wife who have to live in the log hut! The mud, not properly dried, freezes and all crumbles away, leaving great cracks and holes, through which the wind and snow can freely enter.

The winters at Red River are intensely cold, and the Indians then travel about in sledges drawn by large dogs. These dogs are sometimes very savage. For instance, when Mr. Horden (now Bishop of Moosonee) first went to North America, his little girl was once nearly eaten up by the team which dragged her father's sledge; and it was only by hitting the dogs right and left with his hymn-book, which he happened to have in his hand, that he was able to drive them off! In some of these northern regions the sledges are drawn by deer; and if you will glance at the picture, you will see how people travel in Canada, and what they look like wrapped up in their winter furs. The circle of light in the sky is the Aurora Borealis, which gives light in those cold northern countries, where the sun scarcely ever shines except in summer.

(*To be continued.*)

## THE STAR IN THE EAST.

STAR of the East that safely led,
To where He lay
In manger low, the kingly three
Through all the way ;
Seeing thy light, they left their home,
They could not stay.

"King of the Jews!" to offer gifts
And worship Thee;
'Twas this that brought from distant land
The wise men three :
*What have I given? What have I left?*
*Near Thee to be.*

O Jacob's Star, be Thou our Guide
To Zion's Hill :
With Thy soft light, Thy peace, Thy power,
Our spirit fill ;
Till in Thy heaven we follow Thee
More closely still.

JENA.

## MISSIONARY THOUGHTS ON HOLY SEASONS.

EPIPHANY.

TWO months ago we talked a little about the Advent, or coming, of the Lord Jesus Christ; this month we must try and learn something of His Epiphany, or the making known of Him to the Gentiles.

The wise men came from the east to worship the Infant Saviour, guided by the wonderful star, which travelled on and on "till it came and stood over where the young Child was" (Matt. ii. 9). You all know the story of these Magi, or wise men, who first worshipped, and then offered Him their gifts—"gold, frankincense, and myrrh" (which tells us He was King, Priest, and yet Man), and then being warned of God, "returned to their own country another way."

There are six Sundays after Epiphany, and each makes the Lord Jesus known to us in a different character.

(1) In the Gospel for the first Sunday He makes known His heavenly mission. He speaks of His Father, and that He must do that Father's business. His Father is our Father, and we too must be occupied in doing His business. It is no play-work that we may do or leave undone as we like; there is a message from God to each—you, me, and everybody else—which we have no right to keep to ourselves. Are we passing it on, "hearing and asking," as we read our Saviour did?

(2) In the Gospel for the second Sunday we read, "He manifested forth His glory." His great glory is His love. He had been "called with His disciples to the marriage." The wine having run out, He lovingly supplied the want, turning the water into wine; but He waits till there is "no wine" before He gives more. So, after the same fashion, will the Lord Jesus manifest Himself to us (if we will only let Him) as our Saviour, when we have given up trying to save ourselves. What are we doing with this treasure of love? Making it known to others? None have been excluded (shut out) by God; nothing can be wider than His Word, "every creature." Let us try in His strength to tell of His love to all we can, in every way we can, as well as ever we can, as often as we can, and as long as ever we can.

(3) In the Gospel for the third Sunday the Lord Jesus makes known His healing power. You have heard Him called the "Good Physician," that is, of the soul. The sickness of the soul is sin. There are many kinds of sin, just as there are many sicknesses of the body; but just as we have never read that there was one brought to Him whom He could not heal, so no sickness of the soul is beyond His power. "Every creature" needs this great and good Physician, though everybody does not know their need. Have you been to Him, dear children, and has He not made you well? Then take some one else, that He may do for them what He has done for you; take them by prayer to His feet. He never refused to heal any one, and He will not refuse you.

(4) In the Gospel for the fourth Sunday the Lord Jesus makes known His authority. He stilled (quieted) the stormy sea. It *could* no longer toss its angry waves when

He said "Be still." So has He authority and power to still the passions of our naughty hearts. *We* cannot conquer them; so we must go to Him, and ask Him to do for us what we cannot do for ourselves. Let us remember, too, those who have not yet been brought "nigh" to God by the blood of Christ. They have like passions with us, but He can bring them under His control; draw them to His feet, and after this life gather them around His throne.

(5) In the Gospel for the fifth Sunday He manifests Himself as a Divine Teacher—"never man spake like" He did. You know the manner of His teaching? In parables. "Without a parable spake He not unto them" (Mark iv. 34). We need to be taught by Him. Ask Him to make us, and the heathen too, quick to learn; for He only *can* teach, and He *will*, reaching, by His Spirit, further than the understanding, even to the heart.

(6) The Gospel for the sixth Sunday speaks of the final, or last Epiphany of the Lord Jesus, "when He shall come in His glory," and make Himself known to "every creature" as "King of kings." Let us ask Him now, earnestly, to manifest Himself to us as our Saviour—then when He comes we shall not be afraid before Him, but rejoice. JENA.

## FOLLOWING A GOOD EXAMPLE.

WE have just received the following letter from four of our little friends in the country, and when our young readers have seen it we hope they will "go and do likewise."

"Last year we had in our Missionary-box *seventeen shillings*. We were praying that the C.M.S. might get "half as much again" this year, and we were wondering how we could make our 17*s.* half as much again. When we read the account in the C.M.S. JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR *for July, 1882*, of the "Good Example" set by two boys, we thought we might copy it. So we began in the summer holidays to prepare for a sale of work. We worked ourselves and asked relatives and friends to help us by making some little articles which we could not make ourselves.

"We have now had our sale, and were able to give into the hands of the local treasurer, £2 2*s.* 6*d.*

"Other children have asked to join us another year; we hope to make more in future.

"We shall be much obliged if you *will thank the boys who gave us the idea.*

"(Signed) G. T. S., aged
H. H. S., aged
F. C. S., aged
H. M. S., aged

## ANSWERS TO PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

61. He washed His disciples' feet. John xiii.
62. Children crying in the temple. Matt. xxi. 15, 16. A little child set in the midst. Matt. xviii. 2. Blessing little children. Mark x. 16; *foretold*, Isaiah xl. 11: "*He shall gather the lambs.*"
63. John xvii. 20. "For all that shall believe on Me."
64. *Self-confidence*, Mark xiv. 31; *failure*, Mark xiv. 31; *repentance*, Mark xiv. 72.
65. "I am the bright and morning star." Rev. xxii. 16.
66. "To every man his work." Mark xiii. 34.

## OUR MISSIONARY BIBLE CLASS.

*Rule* 1.—*Papers must be sent in before the end of the month in which the subject is given.*

*Rule* 2.—*Only contributors sixteen years old and under can compete for prizes.*

*Rule* 3.—*The name, age, and address of the writer must be given* at the beginning *of each paper.*

*Rule* 4.—*Only one side of the paper must be written on.*

*Rule* 5.—*When more than one sheet of paper is used the separate sheets must be tacked together.*

1. A Missionary sought for but not found.
2. What message did he deliver?
3. To whom did he give it?
4. Was it received?
5. Give in twelve words from the Bible the account of his life and death.
6. Is this Missionary mentioned in the New Testament? If so, where?

*London: Church Missionary House, Salisbury Square; Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday, 54, Fleet Street, and all Booksellers.*

EBRUARY, 1883.] [Price One Halfpenny.

# THE Church Missionary Juvenile Instructor.

TRADERS *AND* SLAVE-KIDNAPPERS IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

## AUNT LOUISE'S MISSIONARY HOUR.

(*Continued.*)

AGAIN it was the children's Saturday half-holiday. And this time it was a glorious afternoon, with the red winter sun shining above, the crisp snow lying below; and yet there were sounds of children's voices in the nursery, as Aunt Louise tripped upstairs after lunch with a plate of dainties from the dessert table for her little pets.

You will wonder what kept them in that bright sunny day, just the very one for a good skate on the pond, or a game of snowballs on the lawn. Alas! poor little things, they all had the mumps, and so badly, too, that the doctor had positively prohibited the usual game of sliding up and down the banisters, lest they should take a chill in the passages.

A sorry sight presented itself to Aunt Louise when she opened the nursery door: four little figures, generally full of activity and fun, were huddled over the winter fire.

"It's well," remarked nurse in a not very pleased tone, "that there is a high fender, or you would soon be in the burning coals."

Douglas thought she said so because she wanted to get nearer to the fire herself, but forbore saying so aloud, which perhaps was wise.

At sight of Aunt Louise the children's pent-up grievance found full vent, and a long list of troubles were poured into her ear. They were so sure of her sympathy.

(Oh, how much happier many an English nursery would be if there were more Aunt Louise's in the world!)

The children's sorrows seemed fled as soon as they had been told to her; and when she had divided the grapes and oranges she had brought for them, they nestled round her in great contentment.

"Aunt Louise," said Douglas at last, as he pegged his orange (Indian fashion) into the shape of an opening lily, "is it not true that the slave-trade was utterly abolished by Wilberforce in the reign of George III.? I am sure I learnt it in my primer; but Tom Noddy was here this morning, and he said that the negroes are kidnapped as much as ever. So I told him I would ask you, for you would know; and I was quite sure I was right."

"Yes, you are right about the abolition of the slave-trade, as far as England is concerned; though to other noble men (such as Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton) besides Wilberforce belongs the honour of having put an end to that most disgraceful and horrible traffic in human beings. But, alas! the practice is continued in many places still."

"Oh yes, I know," exclaimed Frank, who had that morning been diligently reading the December number of the *C. M. Gleaner*. "Why, don't you remember how one of Colonel Gordon's officers caught and executed the wicked slave-trader Suliman, and afterwards liberated ever so many poor slaves?"

"Yes, and the picture of one of them is in last year's volume of the *Gleaner*," said Agnes. "I remember Mrs. Hobbs, the charwoman, pointing it out to Rosie one day when she was crying over her chilblains, and telling her that a cannibal like that would eat her up if she wasn't quiet at once."

"She should not have said that," said Aunt Louise gravely. "Besides, she made a great mistake in calling Salim a cannibal. He belonged to the Dinka tribe of Africans, who live on a kind of coarse grain."

"Was Salim a slave?" asked Agnes.

"Yes, dear," said Aunt Louise. "Salim was a poor slave, and the story of his boyhood is very interesting."

"Oh! tell us about it," cried the three children who had not read the *Gleaner*.

"Well, you must know that when he was caught, he was only a little heathen boy. The Dinka country lies on the western side of the White Nile. His father, Kisieh, had three wives, but Salim's mother died of small-pox when he was only five or six years old. He had three brothers and three sisters, to all of whom Kisieh seemed very kind. Some Arab traders from Dongolia, in Upper Egypt, came to the Dinka country, and carried off many cattle; and one day when poor little Salim was standing near his father's hut, these wicked men tried to carry him off. The father saw him struggling to get free, poor child, and running to help him, was shot dead. Salim was quickly carried off to slavery, and was afterwards liberated by Gessi Pasha. Eventually he became Mr. Wilson's servant, and has now been in England two years. He was baptized last August at Nottingham.

A YOUNG MAN OF THE DINKA TRIBE.

"Is that the boy whom Mr. Wilson such difficulty in dressing, because he wo always take off his clothes at the wro time?"

"Poor Salim found it rather hard work wear our European dress; for when he was heathen h never wore any thing," said Aun Louise.

"Oh, I know," exclaimed Douglas; "and how one day when Mr. Wilson wanted to show him off to a friend, as a promising specimen of Uganda civilization, he suddenly made his appearance in the dress, or *undress*, of his tribe."

"That story is not true," said Frank.

"Anyhow, the old Major told it to mother, for I heard him," retorted Douglas.

"Was Salim one of the five men you told us had been baptized in the Uganda country?" asked Agnes.

"No, dear. Mr. O'Flaherty in his last letter tells us, his own servant Philip, 'assistant, schoolmaster, and friend,' with Henry Wright, Edward Hutchinson, Mackay, and Jacob,

were the names of those five. The account of the instruction given to a number of pupils is very encouraging; and though many have been forced to leave with Mukwenda, whom Mtesa has reduced to the rank of sub-chief, we cannot but feel that 'their being scattered in the country will scatter the seed of the Word of Life.'

"But there is another baptism I want to tell you about, before I go downstairs, in a very different part of the world," said Aunt Louise. "Our Missionary, Mr. Hall, in Vancouver's Island, in the Far West of North America, lately visited Fort Rupert, and found Wāmis, who was a candidate for baptism, very ill; in fact, dying. Wāmis begged so hard to go to Alert Bay to die, that Mr. Hall gave him leave to stay with him. It was but a short visit of four days. He arrived on July 18th, and was baptized two days after—*the first Kwagutl who has been admitted into the fold of Christ.* On the 22nd he went home to God, for we fully believe he had put his trust in Jesus Christ. After the evening service, several young men went to Mr. Hall's house and sang hymns for nearly an hour; then two young Kwagutl prayed very earnestly. This makes us hope we shall soon hear of more baptisms."

## THE THREE HEARTS.

ONCE upon a time there were three little hearts—merry little hearts! full of all sorts of frolic and fun. These hearts belonged to three little children whom we will call Number 1, 2, and 3.

"Let's draw pictures of our hearts," cried No. 1, "and mark down on them all the things that are in them."

"With all my heart," exclaimed No. 2.

"Let us begin at once," chimed in No. 3.

So they all sat down with paper and pencil to draw their hearts.

No. 1 drew a fine large heart on his sheet of paper, and over it was written a great many things. There was the pony he rode, and his favourite dog, and his bat and ball, and skates.

"Mine is a splendid heart!" he exclaimed exultingly.

NUMBER ONE'S HEART.

No. 2's heart presented a sorry sight! for by the time he had written down "cakes" and "apples" over it, he could not think of a single other thing to put.

And then they looked to see what No. 3 had put on his heart, and they saw a square-looking thing marked C.M.S. in the middle.

"What does it mean?" asked Nos. 1 and 2 in a breath.

"That is my Missionary-box!" answered No. 3. "Don't you think my heart is a nice one?"

Now, children, if you were set down to draw pictures of your hearts, would yours be most like No. 1, No. 2, or No. 3?

Just take a paper and pencil at once, and try.

## A LITTLE FLOCK.

THE Esquimaux in their wild and uncivilized state are a very dirty race, differing little from the animals upon which they live. Their appearance is somewhat disgusting, their skin being coated with dirt, and their hair generally a hardened, clotted mass. Some, as you know, have accepted thankfully the message of God's love, but they are only "a little flock," often weak and erring; let us remember though that the Master loves them with all their faults, and so should we, if we would follow His great example. Many have never yet heard the Gospel message, but are ready to listen to those who will go and give it to them.

Nearly all the Esquimaux have traded this last year at Little Whale River, instead of going to both Great Whale River and Little Whale River as in previous years; so that our Missionary, the Rev. E. J. Peck, has been better able to minister to the wants of his people. There are schools for the children, who have learned to read very well; and meetings for those who are older. From time to time our Missionary lives with the people in their snow houses.

It is true an Esquimaux *iglo* is not a very inviting place. What with seal's flesh, blubber, the nauseous smell, and the continual uproar of dogs and children, one's quarters are certainly not to be envied. On the other hand, the kindly spirit of the people, their desire for instruction, and the prospect of leading them to life eternal; these things surely ought to make amends for all.

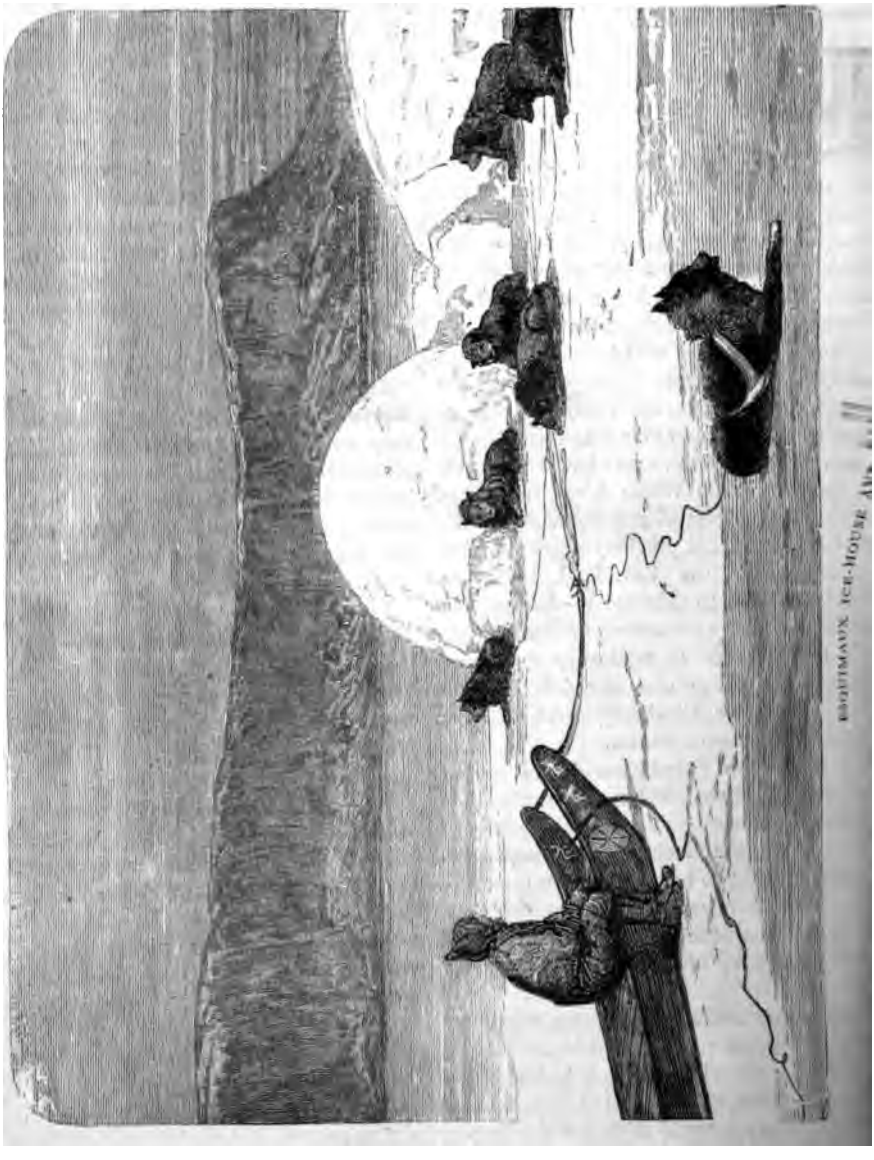
The people are now becoming somewhat used to a regular place of worship, although with some of the wild heathen Esquimaux one has to use some tact to keep them quiet and orderly. They seem to think the building so wonderful, and the meeting of so many of their fellow-countrymen appears to them so novel, that they often give vent to their feelings in quite a demonstrative manner. There are some, Mr. Peck tells us, who in the time of sickness and need still look too much to their superstitious observances, instead of putting all their trust in God. These poor Esquimaux have a hard battle to fight. We know too well Satan's chains are not easily broken, but "with God all things are possible." Let us pray for these interesting people, that God's grace may work wonders.

Mr. Peck tells us in his letter of July 31st, 1882, that he was hoping to visit Ungava Bay, everything being ready for the journey; they were only waiting for the vessel from Moose to arrive to take them. He was hoping to teach the Esquimaux there, and to leave at least some with a knowledge of our holy religion, and able to read the Word of God.

I must tell you of one of the *heathen* Esquimaux, who has done much to spread the Gospel amongst his fellow-countrymen. This man (who is named Tettikgak) heard the Gospel some three years ago: he then returned to his hunting-grounds, which are about *eight hundred miles* from Little Whale River, and through his instrumentality, many of the heathen Esquimaux are leaving their heathen customs, and are desirous of instruction. Oh! how such glad news fills us with thanksgiving to God.

Two Esquimaux have died during the past year trusting in the Lord Jesus, and are now rejoicing among the redeemed before His throne.

Let us pray for these poor Esquimaux and Indians, asking God to give them His Holy Spirit, and lead them to the Saviour for life and peace. L. T.



## OUR EMPTY MISSIONARY BOXES.

THE year 1882, with all its story of busy work and efforts, failures and successes, industries and idleness, work for God and self indulgence, has passed

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OUR EMPTY MISSIONARY BOXES.

ht less of ourselves. We might
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is love and power (which means
t of His Holy Spirit), and less of

our service. But the year is gone, we ha
done with it till we meet it again at th
judgment-seat of Christ. If we are God
children, we *know* that all that was sinful an
imperfect has been forgiven for Christ's sake
so we need not dread the record of it which
which is on high. He has said, "Thy sins,
which are many, are forgiven."

Now about the New Year. Most of the days of 1883 are empty, like our Missionary-boxes. What are we going to put into our boxes? We do not *merely* want to fill them. If this were all we might easily do so with sand or gravel, but that you know would be useless. We want to fill them with pence and shillings and half-crowns when we can get them; in fact, we want to fill them with little "love-tokens" to Him who has so loved us. So is it to be with our lives; they must be filled day by day with loving service to Him "who loved us and gave Himself for us." Let us start on the

New Year trusting more simply to the Lord Jesus to keep us, guide us, help us. If He is keeping, helping, guiding, we know He must be very near us, though we may not always see Him, nor feel His Presence. But we need not mind about *feelings*, it is a word never used in the Bible; they are full of *change*, and we, therefore, cannot trust them; but He, our Keeper, Guide, and Helper, changeth not, neither is weary of us His poor sinful children. Let this, then, be our New Year's song:—

Trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
I would start again
On the year now opening
Free from guilty stain.

Guide me thro', Lord Jesus,
Every day and hour;
Make me know my weakness,
Then I'll trust Thy power.

Keep me near, Lord Jesus,
Never let me stray;
Keep me by Thy Spirit,
In the narrow way.

Help me Thee to follow;
When the way is steep,
Rugged, dark, or lonely,
Still my footsteps keep.

If I only follow,
I must come at last
To Thy Home in heaven,
Every sorrow past.

"Follow"—this my watchword,
I will follow Thee
Through my life's long journey,
Then—eternally.

J. T.

"Master . . . I will follow Thee whithersoever Thou goest."—Matt. viii. 19.

"These . . . follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth."—Rev. xiv. 4.

## MISSIONARY THOUGHTS A LENT.

THIS month our thoughts the Lenten season, whic of sin and suffering— and the suffering of t Jesus on account of tha

The forty days of Lent—the Sun not counted, being *feast* days—remi the forty days our Saviour was wilderness, having been "led up of th (Matt. iv. 1) "to be tempted of th St. Mark adds (chap. i. 13), "He w the wild beasts."

The facts of those forty days are from us. We only know He was ter Satan; that He "suffered being t (Heb. ii. 18), and that He came off vi So, dear children, Satan tempts u cannot make us sin, for "our God sh for us" (Neh. iv. 20). Satan is *mig* God *AL-mighty:* let us never for He (Satan) knows us better than w ourselves; he knows best how to g do the naughty thing.

We all, then, know what it is to be t but do we know what it is to "*suf tempted*," like Jesus did? If we do, He sympathizes with us, for He has same. Is sin a grief to us? A bu heavy for us to bear? *We need no* because Jesus has borne it for u safety lies in asking God to "keep from sin" (Ps. xix. 13), to "lead us temptation;" but, if led, that H "deliver us from the evil." There in being tempted; the sin is in yield we not sometimes tempted to think to say, we cannot help sinning? is not true; for if God keeps us fr at one time, He *can* keep us a and that we are not kept, must

fault—perhaps it is because we think we can keep ourselves.

We have a sinful nature, inclined to do the thing that is wrong, so it is quite impossible for us to do what is right without God's help. But this may be ours for the asking :—Keep me; Help me; Lead me; Teach me; Deliver me—prayers such as these we cannot use too often. Every day of all our lives there must be a struggle against sin; and each time we overcome, it will be easier for us next time; while every time we yield, and do the wrong thing, it makes it easier for Satan to conquer us again. Satan is a *conquered* foe. He could not overcome Christ; he tempted Him, but the Lord Jesus yielded not, answering the Tempter out of God's Book, the Bible, "which is the sword of the Spirit." It is with a *conquered* foe we have to do: is not this an encouraging thought?

Shall we only lament our own sins, and seek forgiveness but for ourselves at this solemn time? Let the "we" and "us" we are constantly using in our prayers, include those in heathen lands. *Let us not be selfish, keeping our good things to ourselves;* they were *meant for all*, and "all" certainly does not shut out the heathen. How many of us have a Missionary Sunday—a Sunday when we try to think of the heathen, and especially pray for them? We know not which of the many thousands gathered round the Throne shall be there in answer to our prayers—there are many links in every chain which draws to heaven; but one thing is certain, that out of every nation, kindred, and people there shall stand before the Throne "a great multitude," saved, clothed in white robes, and with palms in their hands; for St. John saw them there, and their numbers have been incessantly added to since then. But how came they there? What are "we" each of us doing to help them nearer the Throne? *None of us are doing so much that we cannot do more;* and this Lenten season is a good time to see how we can deny ourselves, and add to the Lord's treasury.

May it be said to each of us, as to one of old, "She hath done what she could"!

J. T.

## SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS.

ARCHDEACON COCKRAN.

(*Continued*).

WHEN we left William Cockran last month, he and his wife and child had just taken up their abode in a little log hut at the Red River Settlement; but they were not permitted to enjoy its comforts (such as they were) for long. The snow, which falls heavily in Manitoba, suddenly began to melt. This caused the river to rise rapidly, till at last it overflowed its banks. Anxiously did the Cockrans watch the water's progress. Nearer and nearer it came to their little home,—then surrounded it, and streamed in at both door and windows, and stood five feet deep in their little kitchen! Then it was time to fly: so a boat was rowed by some of the natives to the Missionary's house, and he, Mrs. Cockran, and their little baby got into it. There was no house out of reach of the water to go to for shelter; so they landed on a high bank, where they lived in a tent till the water sank again, and they were able to go back once more to their log hut.

At first William Cockran had only a few half-breeds, and Indian women, and their little boys to teach; but though he taught some of them to read, write, and cast up

accounts, "they remained Indians still, and as fond of their Indian customs as ever." So wrote Mr. Cockran in 1828; but before long he had the great pleasure of baptizing an Indian and three of his children, and shortly after five more became Christians.

The next year a new Mission station was started at the Grand Rapids, fifteen miles down Red River; and to enable Mr. Cockran to look after it properly, he and his family went to live there. At this place he had almost entirely savages around him. The country was a wild, swampy, uncultivated plain; for the Indians at that time lived chiefly, if not entirely, by the chase, and on the fish which they caught in the river. Both the new Settlement and its native inhabitants presented a picture of utter desolation. It was in this prairie wilderness William Cockran now made his home. No cattle, nor corn, nor vegetables, nor any of the necessaries of English life were to be got there; and everything he wanted had to be brought from the Red River Settlement. Mr. Cockran's early knowledge of farming now became a great help to him. He saw clearly that if he and his family were to be supplied with food, they must grow their own crops, and keep their own cattle. He accordingly began cultivating a large piece of land near his log hut, and in doing this, to enable him to support his wife and child, he set a good example to the Indians, who up to this time had never lived in settled homes, but were constantly roaming about the country in search of buffaloes and other wild animals. Mr. Cockran had also another object in view. He knew that if the Red Indians and their children were to wander away after the chase, it would be quite impossible to carry on any school for them with success, nor could any service be regularly held in the little Mission church which he had built. To carry out, therefore, his cherished wish of preaching the Gospel to them, it was quite necessary that they should settle down, and learn to farm the land. His efforts at first were very unsuccessful, and he found it difficult work to persuade the Indians to try and carry out his plans. They were naturally disinclined to any steady employment, and were, besides, very unskilful in learning to use farming instruments. After working for a little time the Indians would fling down their spades and hoes, and declare they could use them no longer, as they made their backs and arms so stiff. If they had a tree to cut down, they at once complained that the hatchet blistered their hands; and when Mr. Cockran's corn grew ripe, and had to be reaped, they insisted on employing new ways of their own to cut it down. When he got them at last to take the sickle in their hands in the English fashion, they were so clumsy that they cut their fingers, and pulled up more corn by the roots than they cut. Then they surprised him by trying to reap in a sitting posture; and when that failed, they knelt, but with no better result. They were more successful in the use of the plough; but even when progress had been made in the arts of civilization, and the ground had begun to yield its produce, they were so idle, that if Mr. Cockran had not been constantly urging them, both by word and example, to work, they would have left the potatoes to grow till they were spoiled, and the wheat to be trodden down till it would have been unfit for use.

"They were not more attentive to their cattle. One man allowed the hoofs of his cow to freeze to such an extent as to render her useless.

"Another, when the influenza seized him and he was unable to fish as usual, thought that beef would be good for him.

"'I shall soon die,' he said; 'this bad disease kills the Indians, and I had better kill my cow.'

"'You do not think of your children, whom you will leave behind you,' remonstrated his son. But all in vain! The cow was killed.

"Another man, when sick, killed a very valuable ox, because he thought he should not want it again, and did not care that he had a whole houseful of children to whom it would be useful after his death. As it happened, he recovered; and when, during the following winter, he had to carry his grain on his own shoulders to the mill (instead of on the ox's back), I think he must often have bitterly regretted his folly in killing his ox."

Teaching such ignorant men must have tried William Cockran's patience terribly; but he persevered, and had his reward. In due time the seed he had so bountifully sown grew up, and the wild Indian built his log hut, ploughed his land, tended his cattle, and dug up his potatoes; and when autumn came he cut down the corn which he had planted in the spring, and bound it in sheaves. As time passed on, greater results appeared. The one that gladdened Mr. Cockran the most was the improved condition of the women. When he first went to the Grand Rapids, it was a common sight to see some poor Indian wife, in the middle of winter, hauling her half-naked children on a sledge over the ice, let down her hook, and shivering, wait for hours till some fish laid hold of it, to serve for their scanty meal. But now they might be seen nicely and warmly clad, with a buffalo robe wrapped round them, in their own cariole drawn by their own ox or horse, driving to the Mission church on Sunday, there to thank God for all His benefits. Yes; Christianity had now taken deep root in the hearts of many of the Indians. Dearly did they love to worship in God's house, and no bad weather ever prevented them coming to church. Fearless of rain, and wind, and snow they forced their way there every Sunday. The congregation at the Rapids had in two years increased from thirty to three hundred, and the Missionary's heart was filled with gratitude as he looked around the little village. Three years before, it did not exist. The natives were mostly "wandering heathen, worshipping no God, acknowledging no Saviour, knowing no Sabbath." But now there was a church, a pastor's house, a school, and a whole cluster of log huts inhabited by Red Indians! Truly God had been good to William Cockran, not only in giving him "his heart's desire" of preaching the Gospel to the heathen, but in letting him see some of the results of his unwearied labours on their behalf. Yet he himself would have been the first to exclaim, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto *us*, but unto Thee be the praise!" Cockran had "planted" and "watered," but God gave "the increase." May the dawn that then broke over Manitoba, "shine more and more unto the Perfect Day"!

## WORK!

Work with a cheerful heart,
Work where'er Jesus calls,
Work each his little part;
From Christ the blessing falls.
Work in your childish, simple way;
Work while it yet is called to-day. J.

## CHRISTMAS POEM COMPETITION.

THE Prize for the best Poem on

CHRISTMAS

has been warmly competed for, and the claims of two of the competitors are so nearly equal that we have decided to divide the Prize between

John Linton Myres, aged 13½, and
E. A. Newton, aged 14.

*Special Commendation.*

Janet C. Clark, Edith Mary Lucas.

*Honourable Mention.*

Netta Pearce, Ethel Everard, John T. Ecclestone, M. J. G., Emily S. Fox, J. E. Jones, L. M. Wood, Lucy C. Brown, Blanche Labilliere, G. M. Theobald.

P.S.—We regret we are unable to give Alice May Clowes the "Special Commendation" she deserves, but unfortunately she is over age.

## A PRIZE

will be given for the best original or copied

EASTER CARD

sent in before March 1st. The Cards must not be larger than a page of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, but the *designs* and the *verses* to be put upon the Cards are left entirely to the choice of our young friends. The cards may be either painted, or done in pencil, or etched in pen and ink.

WE wish to thank some of our little friends for their kind New Year Wishes. We are always glad to receive letters from them.

## PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

THE Prizes for the "Bible Questions" will be awarded NEXT MONTH. We request that all who are competing for the "Missionary Bible Class" Prizes will kindly write out the answers *in full*, as we have not leisure to search out the passages where only chapter and verse are given.

## A PUZZLE FOR YOU.

My whole a very favourite book, we hope, amo the children.

My 5, 6, 7, 8, is a river in Africa.
My 7, 9, 17, 10, a wild animal found in Africa.
My 1, 2, 1, 14, is worshipped in Africa.
My 11, 12, 13, 4, 4, 16, 8, 18, the name of Missionary in Africa.
My 3, 4, 11, 11, 8, 7, a conveyance used on t Niger.
My 17, 5, 4, 6, 7, give the name of a martyr Missionary in Africa.
My 16, 17, 4, 11, what the Onitsheans thou their Missionary, Mr. Taylor, did not pos and that therefore he must be a spirit.
My 15, 17, 18, 10, what the Missionaries tried grow on the East Coast of Africa, but the was too hot, as there was not enough wat

## OUR MISSIONARY BIBLE CLASS.

*Rule* 1.- *Papers must be sent in before the end o the month in which the subject is given.*

*Rule* 2.- *Only contributors sixteen years old and under can compete for prizes.*

*Rule* 3.—*The name, age, and address of the writer must be given* at the beginning *of each paper.*

*Rule* 4.- *Only one side of the paper must be written on.*

*Rule* 5.—*When more than one sheet of paper is used the separate sheets must be tacked together.*

7. Give the name of an antediluvian Missionary.
8. What was his chief work?
9. How do we know his message was not re ceived?
10. Did this Missionary do anything else but preach?
11. Is this Missionary mentioned in the New Tes ment, and if so, name the passages?

## RECEIVED.

We are requested to acknowledge the following JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR:—

| | £ | s | d |
|---|---|---|---|
| From "Julia and Fourteen Little Girls" in the 2nd Class of the Church Sunday School at Epping | | | 0 1 |
| Miss Smith's Sunday Class, Church Aston, Newport, Salop:— | | | |
| A. E. Brittain, C.M.S. Box | 0 | 3 | 5 |
| T. G. Farr | 0 | 2 | 6½ |
| E. Clarke | 0 | 2 | 6½ |
| E. Taylor | 0 | 2 | 2 |
| F. and M. A. Taylor | 0 | 2 | 2 |
| L. Bolt | 0 | 1 | 7½ |
| M. Harper | 0 | 1 | 6 |
| —— | 0 | 1 | 6½ |
| | 0 | 17 | |

London: Church Missionary House, Salisbury Square; Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday, 54, Fleet Street and all Booksell

MARCH, 1883.] Price One Halfpenny.

# THE Church Missionary Juvenile Instructor.

MY FEATHERED FAVOURITE.

## MY FEATHERED FAVOURITE.

O little feather'd favourite,
With all your loving ways,
And tuneful voice that daily sings
Your great Creator's praise,—
I wish, I wish that I was, too,
One-hundredth part as sweet as you!

How quickly, when I call you,
You hasten to obey;
And leave the nicest crumbs you have,
To come without delay.
I wish, I wish that I was, too,
Ready, obedient, just like you!

I know 'tis love that prompts you
To nestle in my hand;
Your actions say you trust me,
And I can understand.
I wish, I wish I had such love
For my Creator—God above.

I think He means your life to show
Just what my life should be—
Obedient, loving, full of praise,
*Because He first loved me.*
I wish, I wish, and I will pray,
To love and please Him every day.

## THE DYING ORPHAN.

BY A.L.O.E.

IT is very probable that some of our readers have seen one bright, sweet Missionary worker who has lately been called to her rest, Mrs. Baring, of Batála. Under her former name of Mrs. Elmslie how often she travelled from place to place in Britain, pleading the Missionary cause, and trying to rouse interest in the two Orphanages, where she had acted the part of a mother to so many Indian children. Yes, many of our young readers may have looked on the fair, beautiful face, bright with Christian earnestness, and have thought, "How her orphans must have loved such an angel-like friend! how they must long to have her back in India again!"

To India indeed the lady returned, and many hailed her coming with joy, little knowing how soon the sweet Christian was to pass away to the happy land where there will be no more partings, where "they who turn many to righteousness will shine as the stars for ever and ever."

Dear Mrs. Baring once gave me an account of the death of a girl in one of her Orphanages, which I thought so interesting that I have often repeated the story in zenanas. It may have been in print before—I know not—but I think that my readers will not be sorry if I transcribe it here for them. My only doubt is as to the name of the girl; I think that it was Jawalia.

Jawalia's illness was a very distressing one, greatly affecting her head. Her Missionary friend tenderly nursed her, and soothing indeed must have been the presence of "Mama," as the lady was called by her dark little charge. How nice to feel the soft white hand on her burning brow, and to hear the sweet voice talk of Jesus!

Jawalia's conscience was not at rest; she had been a troublesome girl, and she knew it. One night she exclaimed, "I am a sinful girl! What shall I do to be saved?"

The tender watcher by her pillow replied, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin."

"Yes, there is no doubt of that," murmured

awalia; and her poor lips framed the prayer, Oh, God, make me holy, for Jesus Christ's ake!"

Glad must the kind friend have been to see ie weary eyelids close, to find that the afferer could have some repose in sleep. I o not know whether Jawalia smiled in her eep; well she might, for the Lord sent to er such a beautiful dream. It makes one ink of Jacob's, when he had but a stone for pillow.

When Jawalia awoke she said: "I am a nful girl, but God has shown me great indness. He took me to Paradise, and there saw Jesus Christ sitting on a throne. Seven ars glittered round His head. He did not rive me away, but called me to Him, and ook me into His arms. I was exceedingly appy with Him; but—(Oh, what a sad *but* hat must have been!)—I have come back o the world, and Satan troubles me much."

She was indeed in sore trouble; the poor child could swallow no food; yet sometimes she began to sing, for the Lord *giveth songs in the night.*

Jawalia's head became confused. As if she saw what others could not see, she exclaimed, "Mama, open the door, that Christ the King of Glory may come in! Oh, Christ! Thou art the King of Glory, Thou art the everlasting Son of the Father! We pray Thee, help Thy servants, whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy precious blood." How often English children carelessly repeat in church those beautiful words which in her delirium recurred to the mind of the dying Indian girl.

Presently Jawalia said, "*The door is open! I wish to go!*" These were the last words heard from her lips.

May we not suppose that the little saved one's happy spirit was one of the first to welcome into glory the sainted friend who had led her to Christ?

## HOW A CHINAMAN KEEPS HIS BIRTHDAY.

(*Extract from the Rev. J. Bates' Annual Letter.*)

"I WENT out after breakfast into the main street of Da-song (in the vicinity of Ningpo), and entered an apothecary's shop. The shopman had a feast set out to the god of medicine, as it was his birthday; and whilst I was speaking to the crowd who came around me, he was performing worship. He prostrated himself before the prepared food and tinsel paper, and picture of the god. Then he collected the papers and picture, and placed them in a pan, and having set fire to them, poured out wine on the burning pile and all around the pan."

This seems a strange way of keeping a birthday; yet on that day this Chinaman thought it fitting to offer something to his god. And shall we do less than this poor ignorant heathen? How many children, not to speak of grown-up people, offer a gift to the Giver of all on their birthday? Do we not rather look to *receive gifts*, than think *what we can give* to Him who has given so much to us? Let us pray to be ever *ready to give*, laying by us in store, so that when the need or opportunity comes we may have something to put into the Lord's treasury.

HOLY TRINITY, EASTBOURNE, C.M. JUVENILE ASSOCIATION, 1882.

| | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Collections | 12 | 10 | 10 |
| Boxes and Subscriptions | 80 | 1 | 3 |
| In Memory of Harold Wilkinson, from his Mother | 25 | 0 | 0 |
| Sale of Work | 53 | 3 | 3 |
| Boys' Sunday School 8 14 8 | | | |
| Girls' " 9 15 10 | | | |
| Infants' " 1 8 0 | | | |
| School Meeting 2 6 3 | | | |
| | 22 | 4 | 9 |
| | £193 | 0 | 1 |

N.B.—The amount from the Boys' Sunday School is more than "half as much again."

## AUNT LOUISE'S MISSIONARY HOUR.

(*Continued.*)

THE next Saturday there was no listening for Aunt Louise's welcome step on the stair. Instead of her coming up to the nursery, the children were jumping downstairs to her boudoir; for Aunt Louise had sprained her ankle, and had to lie on her sofa all day.

"Poor Aunt Louise," said little Rosie, trotting softly across the room; "poor Aunt Louise! You said you would give us a Missionary hour about Ceylon, and now you can't, because you could not go to the meeting last night, and hear Mr. Dowbiggin tell all about it."

Aunt Louise smiled at the idea that all her information rested on a single Missionary address; but she only said, "We must try and get over the difficulty somehow."

"I know," cried Douglas; "I know how we'll manage; *we* will tell you all about it, instead of *your* telling *us*."

"A very good plan," said Aunt Louise.

But when the children found that they were to "tell Aunt Louise all about it," instead of Aunt Louise telling them, there was a dead silence, and no one knew just where to begin. At last Rosie said,—

"He told us about the man at the meeting who was feeling in his pocket all the time, to make sure that he did not give a *fourpenny* piece in mistake for a *threepenny*."

"It would have served him right if there had been a hole in his pocket, and he had found all his money had dropped out," said Douglas.

"Come, come," said Aunt Louise; "this is not telling me all about the Ceylon Mission. When did it begin?"

"Oh," answered Frank doubtfully, "I don't remember exactly, but it was somewhere about the date of the Battle of Waterloo; for I remember thinking that all the *dumb idols* of the heathen were worse to overcome than the great Duke's *living* enemies."

"And the Missionaries have two languages to learn, as there are two kinds of people in the island," said Agnes.

"There is plenty of work of different kinds," said Aunt Louise, "going on in this beautiful island, which is *inhabited by two races* (speaking two languages), the Tamils and the Singhalese. At Colombo, the seat of Government, and Kandy, one of the ancient capitals, there are several Singhalese and Tamil congregations. There is also Missionary work carried on at Baddagama, in the south, and in the Jaffna peninsula, which is quite in the north of the island. There are eight Native clergymen to the Singhalese and six to the Tamils. There are also the Kandyan Itinerancy and Tamil Cooly Mission. Both of these are carried on in the hill country in the centre of the island."

"What is itinerancy?" asked Rosie, who could hardly pronounce so long a word.

Douglas laughed. "It's a set of men who go about like pedlars, selling Bibles and tracts, instead of gilt brooches and buttons."

"Not exactly," said Aunt Louise; "Missionaries do sell Bibles and tracts, certainly, but what they go about for is to preach the Gospel everywhere. The Kandyan Itinerancy is to the Singhalese villages; the Tamil Coolie Mission is to the Tamils working on the coffee plantations, some 1400 of whom are Christians, besides many who have returned to their own homes in South India. £[illegible] a year towards the expense of this last Mission has been raised by the planters to support the Native Catech[illegible]

schools, &c.; the C.M.S. only providing English Missionaries to superintend the work."

"And I suppose it's these Catechists who sell Bibles and teach the people as they go from place to place?" said Agnes.

"They *help*," answered Aunt Louise. "But about Mr. Dowbiggin. Do you know that he has been in Ceylon fifteen years, without coming home till now? For twelve of those fifteen years he was labouring at Cotta. During his absence in England, Mr. Higgens, who was in Ceylon twenty years ago, takes his place."

"I wonder if the people were sorry when he came away," observed Agnes.

"Of course they were," said Douglas. "Don't you remember his saying that the people of two places with long names—"

"I suppose you mean Liyanwala and Angampitiya," interposed Aunt Louise.

"I think that was it. Well, these people showed their love to him before he left. They had a meeting to talk about the Mission work he had done. Two men left the room to fetch their parting gifts—two beautiful Singhalese cows. When Mr. Dowbiggin thanked them, he said, 'But I cannot take them with me to England.' 'No,' they said; 'but we will take care of them till you come back.' And since then his property has grown, as a pretty little calf has been born since he left, and it is now four months old."

"Did he tell you anything about the schools?" asked Aunt Louise; "for I remember Mr. Coles giving a most interesting account of the trouble he and the natives had in building one some years ago."

"He told us the schools got on very well."

"And," added Rosie emphatically, "one girl, after she left school, taught several other girls in the verandah of her father's house."

"And although he was a very strict Buddhist," said Agnes, "he always read a chapter out of God's Word; and Mr. Dowbiggin reminded us of the promise: 'My word shall not return unto Me void.'"

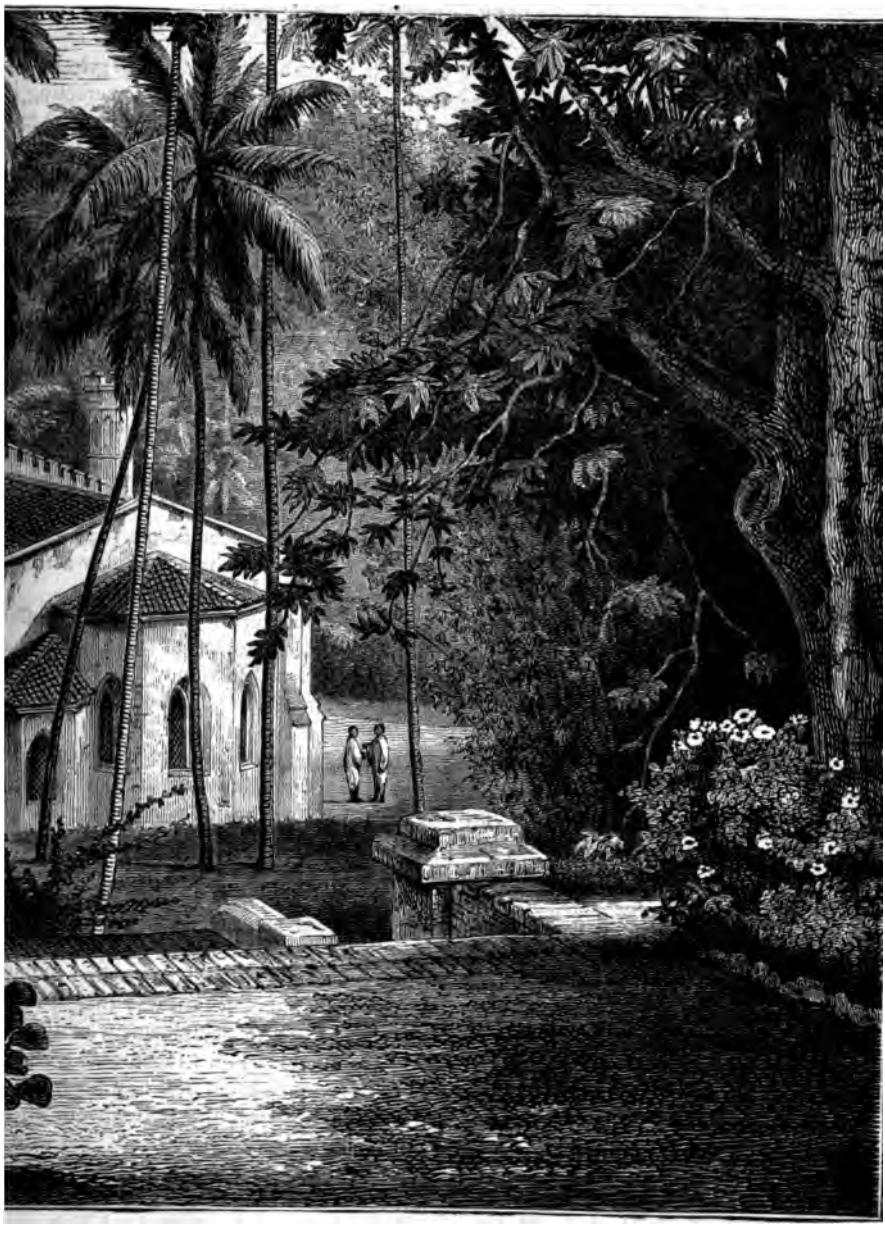
"And do you know," said Frank, "that at that place beginning with L, the Buddhists are persecuting the Christians, and doing all they can to bring them back to heathenism? One young man was tempted three times by the Kurugala priest to deny Jesus, but he stood firm."

"There was a letter from one of the Catechists, last October," said Aunt Louise; "and he writes that the Buddhists were about to have a grand 'Pinkama,' which was to last fifteen days. This is a great festival to advance the cause of Buddhism. A large preaching-hall was being built, to which all good Buddhists would flock. All kinds of entertainments are provided to attract the people, so that at a 'Pinkama' there is every possible pleasure, worldly enjoyment, and amusement provided. It is kept up day and night, and there is usually much reading of the sacred books. Numbers of priests take part in it, who are feasted by the people in the villages where the festival is held. The Buddhist priest is an enemy to all Christians, and says they are more abominable to him than a pig to a Mohammedan. But the Lord of Hosts is with us, 'therefore we need not fear what man can do against us.'"

"And does any one visit the sick in the hospitals?" asked Douglas, who always said he would be a doctor when he was a grown man like his papa.

"Yes," said Aunt Louise. "The two Catechists at Colombo visit the gaols and hospitals, and also preach in the streets to congregations of sometimes two hundred people. Thus many hear the Gospel message who probably never have the opportunity in

LON.



Trinity Church, Kandy.

way. The bread of God cast upon
s shall be found, though it may be
ıny days.'"
den loud rap at the hall-door made
children start. Aunt Louise smiled.
ıly the doctor come to make my ankle
she explained; "so you must run
and we will finish our talk another
And in less than a minute the children
vanished like snow in the sunshine.

## SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS.

WILLIAM COCKRAN.

SOON after William Cockran had settled at the Grand Rapids, he began to form a plan for making a new settlement on the Red River for the Indians only to live in. He first thought of a place called Netley Creek, fifteen miles below the Rapids; but after working very hard for nearly a year in clearing the ground for the native village, he found it would not do.

Then he travelled three miles further on, to where the river takes a great bend. Only one lonely wigwam stood on the shore, and the country around looked a dreary waste. But Cockran was not discouraged. He began to work again as hard as he had done at Netley Creek. Gradually the Indians were persuaded to assist him; and in two years' time a pretty little village of twenty-three whitewashed cottages were to be seen, where so lately the land had been quite uncultivated and uncared for. In the middle of the little houses stood the village school; and surrounding the cottages were patches of enclosed ground, where the Indians kept

thought of building a windmill, to enable the Indians to grind their corn. The best bit of ground for erecting it on belonged to an Indian, and Mr. Cockran sometimes required this man's help to build it. He also engaged a carpenter to do the wooden part of it. A windmill is not a very difficult thing to make, but the Indians were so idle, that even the brave Missionary almost despaired of carrying out his plans.

One morning the carpenter went to work, and called to the Indian to get up and assist him. The Indian was in bed, and did not move.

"It is time to rise; the sun is above the trees," said the carpenter.

"I was thinking so," sleepily answered the Indian.

The carpenter glanced across the Indian's garden to a plot of wheat, and saw a whole flock of birds happily feasting on it.

"The birds are upon your corn," he calle out to the Indian, hoping to rouse him up last; but he hoped in vain. The Indian d not care a bit, and only replied lazily,—

"You can drive them off."

Probably the next minute he would h been asleep again, but just at that mor William Cockran was seen preparing to the river on his way to look after the bui of the windmill.

"Mr. Cockran is coming!" shout carpenter; and at the news the Indian rose, and was soon at work. This st show you that the Indians seldom work unless Mr. Cockran was there after them; and this employment o after them (added to his labours as man) gave him a great deal of worl

At last, however, the mill was and then the Indians were deligh Whenever the wind blew, and t large white sails beginning to numbers of natives might be

towards it with their corn in their hands; and then when they reached the mill, they would eagerly await their turn to have their corn ground.

But William Cockran would have been bitterly disappointed if civilization had been all that the Indians learnt from him. He did his very best to teach them farming, and all that he knew himself; but it was only as a *means* to lead them to something *better*. Cockran never forgot that he was "a messenger of the Lord of Hosts," and his one desire was to teach the Indians to love and obey God's Holy Word. "Willing to spend and be spent" in his Master's service, he made light of the thirteen miles' journey which he took every Sunday in order to preach the Gospel to the settlers at the Red River Settlement. Sometimes the road was heavy with mud, and the wind freezingly cold. Often fast and thick the snow and sleet would fall, nearly blinding Mr. Cockran and his faithful horse, till at last, with hands and feet benumbed, and with his face blistered with the frost, he would arrive at the church. But he thought not of his own discomfort, neither did he "count his life dear unto him." Though when chilled by the cold he sometimes felt as if he had lost all feeling in mind, as well as body; yet, when he heard the voices of two hundred Indians singing the praises of God, he felt his heart grow warm again, and he became brave to go forward, trusting in the promise, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." After church he would ride back to the new settlement in time to hold an afternoon service for the Indians there.

In 1836 a new church was built, at the opening of which all the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company were present, as well as a large number of natives.

But now his manifold labours began to tell on the powerful frame of William Cockran. For a while he faithfully and loyally tried to continue his work; but at last he became so weak, that he was obliged to give it up. A visit to England was suggested to him as the best way of recovering his health; and dearly would he have loved to visit his native land again. But just because he *did* love old England so much, and would have liked to have visited his home again, Cockran refused to turn his steps eastwards—for fear, he said, that "absence should wean him from his sheep in the American wilderness." So, instead, he went to Toronto, in Canada. Here he enjoyed rest and freedom for a year, which so far restored him to health as to enable him to accept the post of chaplain to the Hudson's Bay Company at the Upper Settlement. After occupying that post for two years, Mr. Cockran took up his abode at Portage la Prairie, another Indian settlement which he had started some time previous; and here he worked till called to "enter into the joy of his Lord." He died on October 1st, 1865.

His earthly remains were laid in the quiet churchyard at the Grand Rapids, there to rest till the resurrection morning, beside the dust of Christian Indians to whom for forty years he had preached the Word of Life.

And his work did not pass away with William Cockran. It has continued to increase ever since, and most of the wandering children of the prairie now live in "peaceable habitations," in "sure dwellings," and in "quiet resting-places." Truly, "blessed are they that sow beside all waters." Great will be their reward hereafter; for when earthly thrones shall have passed away, and worldly honours and riches shall have vanished, "THEY THAT BE WISE SHALL SHINE WITH THE BRIGHTNESS OF THE FIRMAMENT, AND THEY THAT TURN MANY TO RIGHTEOUSNESS AS THE STARS FOR EVER AND EVER."

SHE PRAYED THAT PRAYER EVERY NIGHT.

## TWO PENNIES.

IT was a bright spring evening when little Polly stole softly into her father's room, with shoeless feet, and her golden hair falling lightly over her white night-gown; for it was bed-time, and she had come to say "Good night."

"Father," said the little one, raising her blue eyes to his kind face, "father, may I say my prayers beside you, for mother is too ill for me to go to her to-night."

"Yes, pet," he answered, tenderly stroking the curly head.

*And reverently* the child knelt down beside him, and repeated her evening prayer, adding at the close with special earnestness, "God bless my two pennies."

What can the child mean? thought her father in surprise; and when the little white-robed figure was gone, he went and asked her mother if she knew what their little daughter meant.

"Oh, yes!" said the lady. "Polly has prayed that prayer every night since she put her two pennies into the plate at the last Missionary meeting."

Dear children, have you ever prayed to God for a blessing on the pennies you have put into the Missionary-box? If not, be sure you never forget to do so in the future.

## MISSIONARY THOUGHTS ABOUT EASTER.

HRIST is risen! This is our Easter song. Easter brings before us two truths. By Christ's resurrection we know that God has accepted His death on account of our sins—it was the proof that God was satisfied; but it also teaches us that we shall rise again, and that there is for each of us a life beyond the tomb. And what His resurrection has done for *us* it has done for *every* man; for whom also there remains an endless resurrection life.

In the Psalms for Easter Day there is the blessed promise given, "I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance" (Ps. ii. 8); and in the 111th Psalm, "He hath showed His people the power of His works, that He may give them the heritage of the heathen;" and again, Ps. cxiii. 4, "The Lord is high above all the heathen, and His glory above the heavens." God is constantly here giving us surprises—things happen we never thought of; and in heaven there will be sweet surprises still. The greatest may possibly be (as some child of God has already said) "seeing myself there;" and the next, meeting many whom we never thought to meet. God forbid we should miss any we have known and loved.

Christ is risen from the dead: "Death hath no more dominion (power) over Him." Are we risen with Him to a new and holier life? Are we working for Him in the strength of that life—striving to bring all we can within the sunshine of that life?

The Resurrection Day will be one of joy to all who love God; but of two classes of people it is especially said they shall rejoice. "*Sowers* and *reapers* shall rejoice together;" and it may be we shall be reapers then, though only sowers now; any way, we shall rejoice with them.

Do not let us get tired of sowing. Let us drop the "good seed" wherever we can; we "know not which (seed) shall prosper, either this or that, or whether both shall be alike good." We shall share the harvest joy; whatever part we may have been enabled to undertake, it will have been because of the "good Hand of our God upon us" (Neh. ii. 8). The Saviour went "forth sowing, bearing precious seed; but He shall doubtless come again rejoicing, bringing His sheaves with Him" (Ps. cxxvi. 6). And so shall we in our measure, if followers of Him.

Where are we sowing the seed? The Bible tells us to "sow beside all waters" (Isa. xxxii. 20), not to pick and choose our place. And again, our Saviour says, "Preach the Gospel to *every* creature," *not to some*, according to our fancy. The seed is *good*, so it *must* spring up if only we faithfully sow.

Let us on Easter Day especially pray for the increase of this new life, that the Spirit may be poured down, for it is He who gives life. Without the Spirit no blessing can rest on Missionary work. Let us remember in prayer the Native Christians, the Catechists, and Clergy. Often, as you know, those who confess Christ have to give up father, wife, children, and to be counted castaways—their relations refusing to acknowledge them. Let us pray for them that they may not be ashamed to acknowledge the Lord Jesus.

The Catechists are those who, having been taught something of the love of Christ, themselves try and teach others among their own people. Let us ask for them increase of grace and of knowledge. Then there are the Native Clergy: may they be examples to their people of holy living, "blameless in their lives" (Titus i. 7), "faithful in all things"!

J.

## PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—We have been very much pleased by the number of answers to the Prize Bible Questions which we have received during the past year; and, after a most careful examination, have the pleasure of awarding the Prizes thus :—

FIRST CLASS, for competitors over 14 years of age.

SECOND CLASS, for competitors over 10 and under 14.

THIRD CLASS, for competitors under 10 years of age.

FIRST CLASS.

*First Prize.*

Annie S. Fox (aged 15), who out of 72 questions answered 70.

*Second Prize.*

Divided between Susie Hooper (aged 15), and Emily S. Fox (aged 15).

*Special Commendation.*

Lucy A. Rowe, Rosa Holland, Jessie Harding, J. B. M. Chaplin, Mary M. Maclagan, Catherine E. Brown, Lucy J. Redgell, Roscoe Badger, Lucy C. Brown, Florence L. Kingdon, Gertrude J. Jones, Ethel Beatrice Storrs.

SECOND CLASS.

*First Prize.*

Florence Marr (aged 12), who out of 72 questions answered 61.

*Second Prize.*

Frederick J. Kittermaster (aged 13).

*Special Commendation.*

Beatrice Lowe, George Badger, Jessie Stevens, Edith Stevens, Ruby Thelluson, Caroline Taylor, Catherine J. Warren, Ivor A. Algie, Charles E. Sands, Ethel Mary Stratton.

THIRD CLASS.

*First Prize.*

Sarah Ann Hutchins (aged 10), who out of questions answered 64.

*Second Prize.*

Divided between Margaret E. Cornford (age and Stephen Walter Jose (aged 9).

*Special Commendation.*

Winifred Warner Stratton (aged 8), Flor Dorcas Taylor (aged 8), Caroline Taylor.

Our youngest competitor is only *six years o*

We are sorry that, owing to the irregula with which many of our young friends h sent in their answers, they have destro their chances of winning a Prize.

## OUR MISSIONARY BIBLE CLASS.

12. The Missionary who illustrates the wor the Lord Jesus, "Ye are my friends, do whatsoever I command you." (Pro by Scripture.)
13. How do we know his life was not in vain?
14. What part of a Missionary's duty was pa larly exemplified in his life?
15. Mention a great characteristic of th sionary. (Name the circumstance.)
16. Where is this Missionary mentioned New Testament?

## SCRIPTURE ANSWERS FOR JA

1. Enoch. He "was not found, because translated him." Heb. xi. 5.
2. "Behold, the Lord cometh . . . to exe ment, to convince all that are Jude 14, 15.
3. "The ungodly;" therefore, to all.
4. No; for "God saw the wickedness was great in the earth." Gen. vi. 5
5. "Enoch walked with God: and he for God took him." Gen. v. 24.
6. Heb. xi. 5. Jude 14—16.

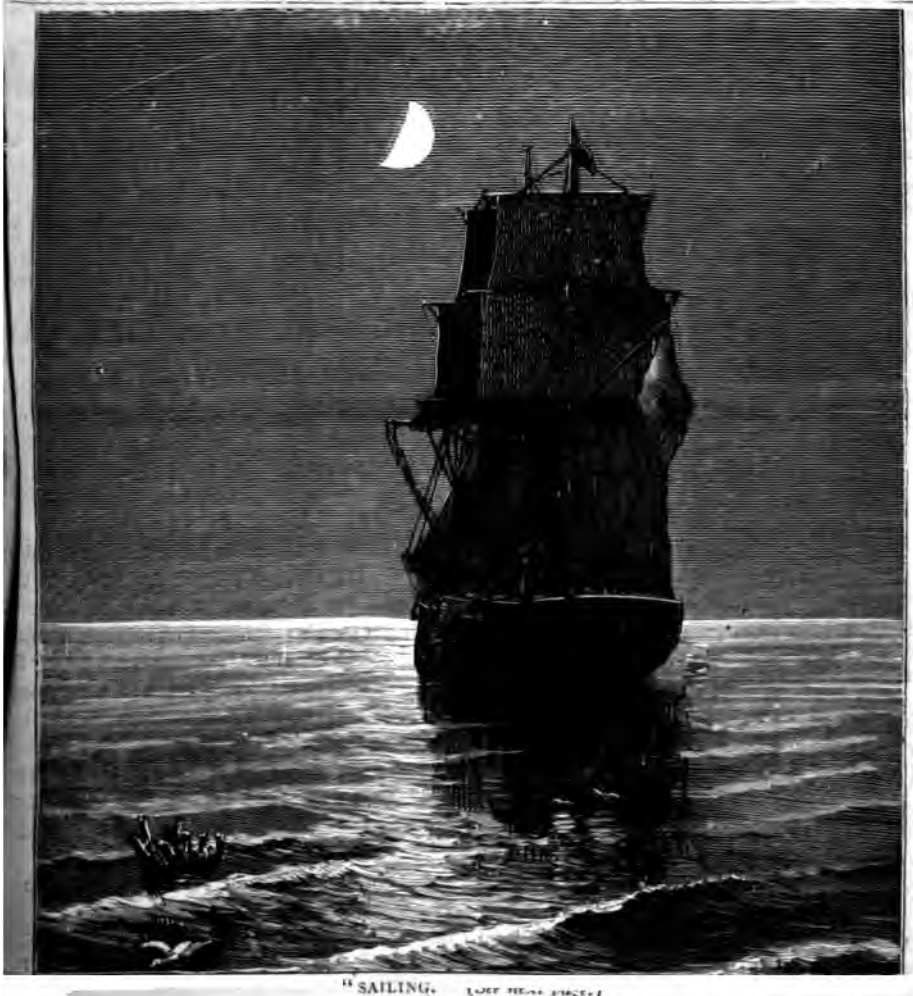
## RECEIVED.

We are requested to acknowledge in th STRUCTOR, £3 3s. collected by Miss L Sunday-school Class at Latchford; and from the Holy Trinity, Eastbourne, Juven sionary Branch, 188a (see p. 27).

*London: Church Missionary House, Salisbury Square; Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday, 54, Fleet Street, and*

APRIL, 1883.] [Price One Halfpenny.

# THE Church Missionary Juvenile Instructor.



"SAILING.

## SAILING.

THEY are sailing, quickly sailing—
Carrying God's Word of light,
Which like moonbeam's silver glory
Radiates earth's heathen night.

They are sailing, quickly sailing—
Are *you* helping them to go?
Giving prayers, and time, and labour,
That the Mission work may grow?

For "a little while" God gives you
Time and strength to work for Him:—
Send the message of salvation
Through night's shadows dark and dim.

"He that goeth forth and weepeth,
Bearing precious seed" to sow,
Shall return with full rejoicing,
And the labourer's rest shall know.

## MISSIONARY THOUGHTS ON HOLY SEASONS.

### Ascension Day.

"I ASCEND unto My Father and your Father, to My God and your God." The Lord Jesus ascended up where He was before. He has "received gifts for men" (Ps. lxviii. 18). Then when we pray to Him let us seek those gifts which He has gone to heaven to receive for us. "Let us come with *empty hands*," that they may be filled with all the good things He is ready to give, but which we are so slow to ask for, so unwilling to wait to receive. And as He has ascended, so shall we when our time of probation (trial) and education on earth is finished. God has brought us into the world for two purposes, to *try* us and to *teach* us. Let us not hinder this preparation work to fit us for the joys and employments of heaven. Could we enter it unprepared, it would be no place of happiness to us.

When we begin the ascended life—the life in heaven—*trials* will be over; but the *teaching*, as far as we know, shall never end.

Now that Christ is ascended, what is He doing for us? Making intercession (that is, praying) for us. "He ever liveth to make intercession for us" (Rom. ii. 34; Heb. vii. 25). You know He said to Peter, "I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not" (*fail* not utterly); so is He doing for each of us. He knows your trials and mine, my temptations and yours, and He prays for us according to our need. Would it not often help us to do the right thing did we only remember, "Christ is praying for me, His prayer cannot fail of an answer"? And if this thought is a comfort and help to us we should not keep it to ourselves: "God's messages are not to be kept secret, but to be passed on to others;" and who need them more than those "sitting in darkness"?

But there is something else Christ is doing for us. Preparing a place; for He said, the last evening He spent on earth, to His sorrowing disciples, "I go to prepare a place *for you*" (John xiv. 4); not merely *places* for you. There is a *special place* being prepared *for each* of His children, and each child daily being fitted for that place. Let us and tell the heathen these "tidings of joy," that for them, too, there is a home preparing beyond the grave, a loving Saviour waiting to welcome them.

May we often think of the Lord in His ascended life, and "in heart and thither (to heaven) ascend, and continually dwell"!

## AUNT LOUISE'S MISSIONARY HOUR.

"AND now, Aunt Louise, we have come to the most Missionary land to talk about," said Agnes, the next week, when they once more gathered round Aunt Louise's couch; for she was still tied to her boudoir by her sprained ankle.

"Yes," replied Aunt Louise, "this afternoon our subject is the Missions of Palestine, from which the first Missionaries set out long ago to go to the heathen of the uttermost parts of the then known world. Can you tell me who they were?"

"Oh! Peter, and James, and John," said Douglas.

"And Paul," added Frank.

"And Philip, who met the eunuch on his way from Jerusalem to Gaza," said Rosie a little doubtfully.

"Oh, but I know a Missionary much older than that," cried Douglas. "There was Jonah, who was swallowed by the great fish."

"But I want to know what is going on there now," said Agnes.

"We have several Mission stations there," said Aunt Louise, "and all places that you know quite well—Jerusalem, Nazareth, Nablous (that is the Shechem of the Bible), Jaffa (which is the Joppa where Peter was), Gaza, and Salt (which is Ramoth-Gilead)."

"And who rules over the country now?" asked Douglas.

"The Sultan of Turkey; and his Government is Mohammedan. This is one of the great difficulties our Missionaries have to contend with, for if a Mohammedan in the Turkish Empire declared himself a Christian he would be at the risk of losing his life, and his property besides."

"Poor thing!" said Rosie pityingly.

Frank laughed. "One would think *you* had lost everything, to see you look so miserable. It is a pity that there is not a windmill here, for you would keep it going by your sighs, without any need for wind."

"It would be well for all of us if we thought a little more of the suffering of others," said Aunt Louise gravely. "We ought to be very thankful that we are not tried in a like way."

"When I am a man, I shall go and help them," said Douglas.

"You need not wait till then," said Aunt Louise. "We can all help Missions now, by sending out the Missionaries who are sometimes waiting to go, but cannot do so because there is no money to pay for them."

"But that is such stupid work," said Douglas.

"Will you think it stupid when you are out there, and need money to pay for your food, and your lodging, and your travelling?"

Douglas was silent. This was a new view of the matter.

"Tell us about the stations," said Agnes, who noticed that the clock was going over the precious hour very fast.

"Joppa is the chief port," answered Aunt Louise. "Mr. Hall is our Missionary there; and he also visits Lydda and Ramleh."

"Do you mean the Joppa where the timber was landed for Solomon's temple?" asked Agnes.

"Yes," said Aunt Louise; "and can you tell me anything else that we read in the Bible happened there?"

"Of course!" exclaimed Douglas. "Why Jonah went to Joppa, and took a ship there to fly to Tarshish, when God told him to go to Nineveh."

"He was a *disobedient* Missionary," said Rosie, to whom nurse had been reading a recent number of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

"And we made an enigma about it."

chimed in Agnes, "and even papa could not guess it."

"I guess he was pretending not to know to please Rosie," said Douglas. "I saw a twinkle in his eye, which I am sure would not have been there if he had been really puzzled."

"How wonderfully observant children are just when they are not wanted to notice," thought Aunt Louise; but she only said, "And can you tell me of another Missionary who was at Joppa?"

They all thought, and thought; and Rosie guessed it was Daniel, but none of them could think of the right one.

Aunt Louise's well-worn Bible was in her hands, and she now opened it at the 10th chapter of Acts, and read the account of the centurion Cornelius, who sent to Joppa for Peter to come and show him the way of salvation. They listened with breathless attention. Somehow the stories seemed so different when Aunt Louise read them. Perhaps it was because she loved the sacred words so well that she put a special emphasis all her own into them: anyhow the children never told *her* that they had heard the story before and were tired of it, and wanted something new. Ah, so much of a story depends on the way it is told!

"Then you will remember Lydda, where Peter healed the man sick of the palsy. Well, though it is such a small place, there are 200 children in the schools, who look so bright and clean!—very unlike the unhappy little folk who run wild in the streets outside."

Frank laughed outright at the idea of the children being "unhappy" who did not go to school, for holiday-time was his delight, and he seldom looked at a book if he could get hold of a bat or ball, or top, or kite.

"I pity children who learn nothing," said Aunt Louise; "it must be so stupid for them to have empty heads, instead of plenty of knowledge packed in." Certainly, if her little nephews and nieces were ignorant, it was no fault of hers.

"And what sort of a place is Gaza?" asked Agnes.

"It is one of the oldest cities in the world," said Aunt Louise, "for it is mentioned in Genesis x. 19; and it is now the second town of importance in Palestine. Mr. Schapira has been Missionary there for four years."

"That gentleman who was at lunch here to-day, said that it was a fool's errand to send Missionaries there, for no Mohammedan was ever converted," said Douglas.

"He did not know what he was talking about, or he would not have said that," said Aunt Louise. "I generally find that those who speak against Missions are those who know least about them. The fact is, that when Mr. and Mrs. Schapira first went there, Europeans were pelted in the streets. Now the Missionary is looked on as the friend of all. This is greatly owing to the Dispensary, which is a means of great usefulness."

"That's just the reason why I want to be a Medical Missionary," interrupted Douglas. "Of course when people are ill they will listen to anything their doctor says: and while they are in bed they have plenty of leisure to think over his words."

"True," said Aunt Louise. "I believe there is many a doctor in our own country who is quite as much a Missionary as those who go to distant lands."

"There is a picture of the Dispensary at Gaza in last year's *Gleaner*," remarked Agnes, who had been busy during the past week colouring that beautiful volume as a birthday gift for her mother, and so knew all about it.

"Don't the people there suffer much from blindness?" said Frank. "How is it?"

"Oh, it's because the people are exceedingly dirty," said Douglas, de

able to answer his brother's question. "Are there any schools there, Aunt Louise, to teach the children how to be clean?"

"Yes, there are four; two for the girls, and two for the boys."

"And can you tell us anything about Jerusalem?" asked Agnes. "Are there many Christians there?"

"Oh yes," said Aunt Louise. "I have heard that their homes may always be known from their neatness and cleanliness, as also from the beauty of their gardens. You, Douglas, will be glad to hear that there is a school there, where young men are trained to be ministers and schoolmasters. There are also several schools in the villages round. At Ramoth-Gilead, across the Jordan, there is a native pastor, the Rev. Chalil Jamal."

"Was not that the place where an old Christian begged for a teacher to be sent them?" said Douglas. "I remember being sorry, when I heard it, that I had already sent in my year's collection to the Persia Mission."

"They started a school there," said Aunt Louise; "but it had to be given up because of the persecutions. However, the old man lived to see a Church growing up in his native town."

"And three Bedouins have sent their children to the school there," said Agnes; "such wild little fellows that I should think they are one person's work to look after them!"

"I read such a pretty account of a visit the catechist paid to one of these Arabs the other day. As he knelt in prayer in the Arab's tent, this simple-hearted Christian asked for a blessing on the herds and crops of these poor people. This touched the Arab's heart, and he listened attentively. 'For,' said he, 'this man must love us if he prays for our corn and sheep.' And then the teacher sat down and told them the old, old story—

'Of Jesus and His love.'"

"And can you tell us about Shechem?" asked Agnes. "I remember it was there that Abraham first pitched his tent in the promised land."

"And Jesus sat near there at the well when He was wearied with His journey," added Aunt Louise. "I am sorry to add that Shechem is now the very stronghold of Mohammedanism. However, our Missionary Mr. Fallscheer and his wife still labour on there with their little band of fellow-workers. And when Miss Tristram was there lately, she was much pleased with what she saw. She describes how the little scholars sit squatting on the floor, each with his brass ink-horn, which they carry attached to their girdle, with a reed to write with. And what do you think their slates are made of?"

The children guessed. "Were they of wood, or palm-leaves, or on a sanded floor?"

"No," said Aunt Louise, smiling. "You are all wrong: they are made of *tin!*"

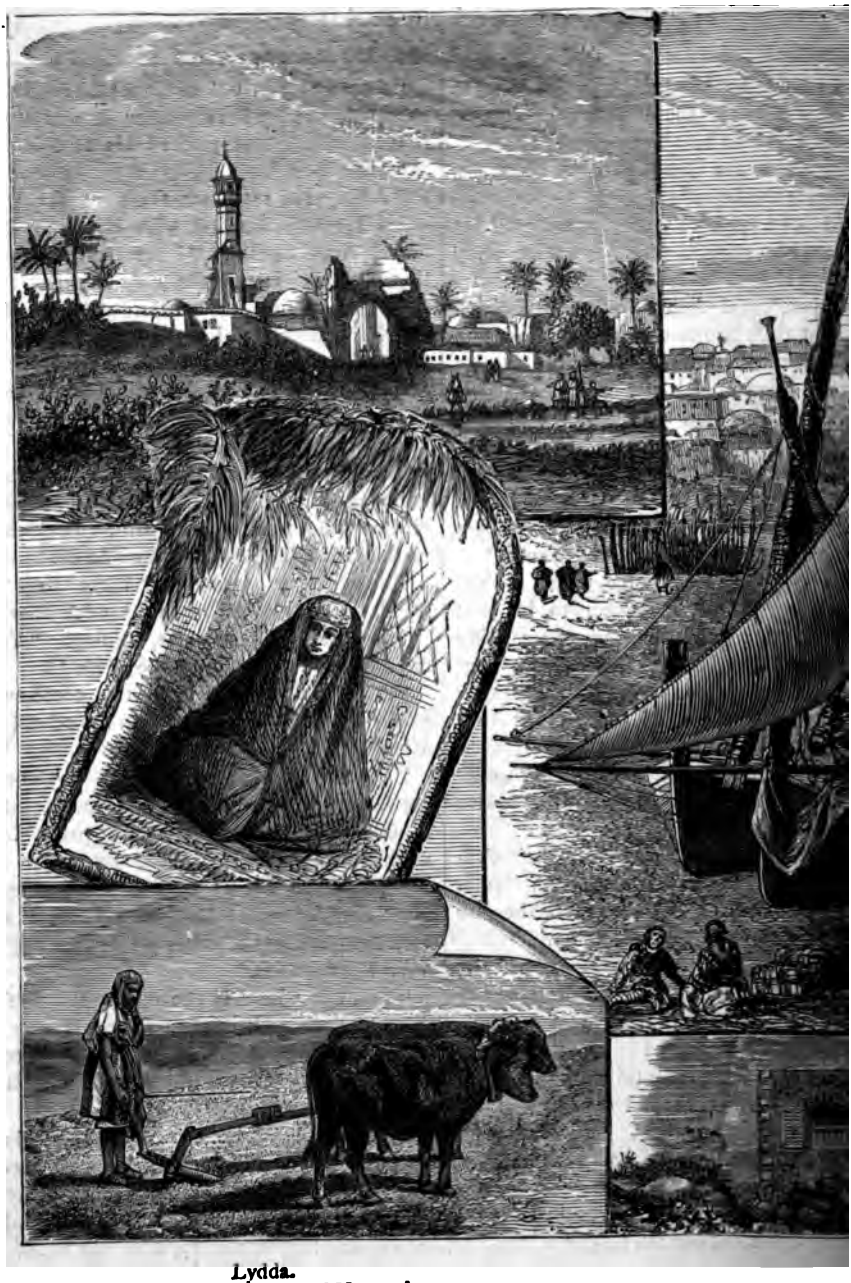
"And have all the children to come ever so far out of the country to get to school?" asked Frank.

"Oh no!" said Aunt Louise. "There are several schools in the villages round; and in one of them an old Greek priest has worked as a catechist for fifteen years."

"You have not told us anything about Nazareth," observed Douglas; "and I am sure there are lots of other places that might have Missionaries."

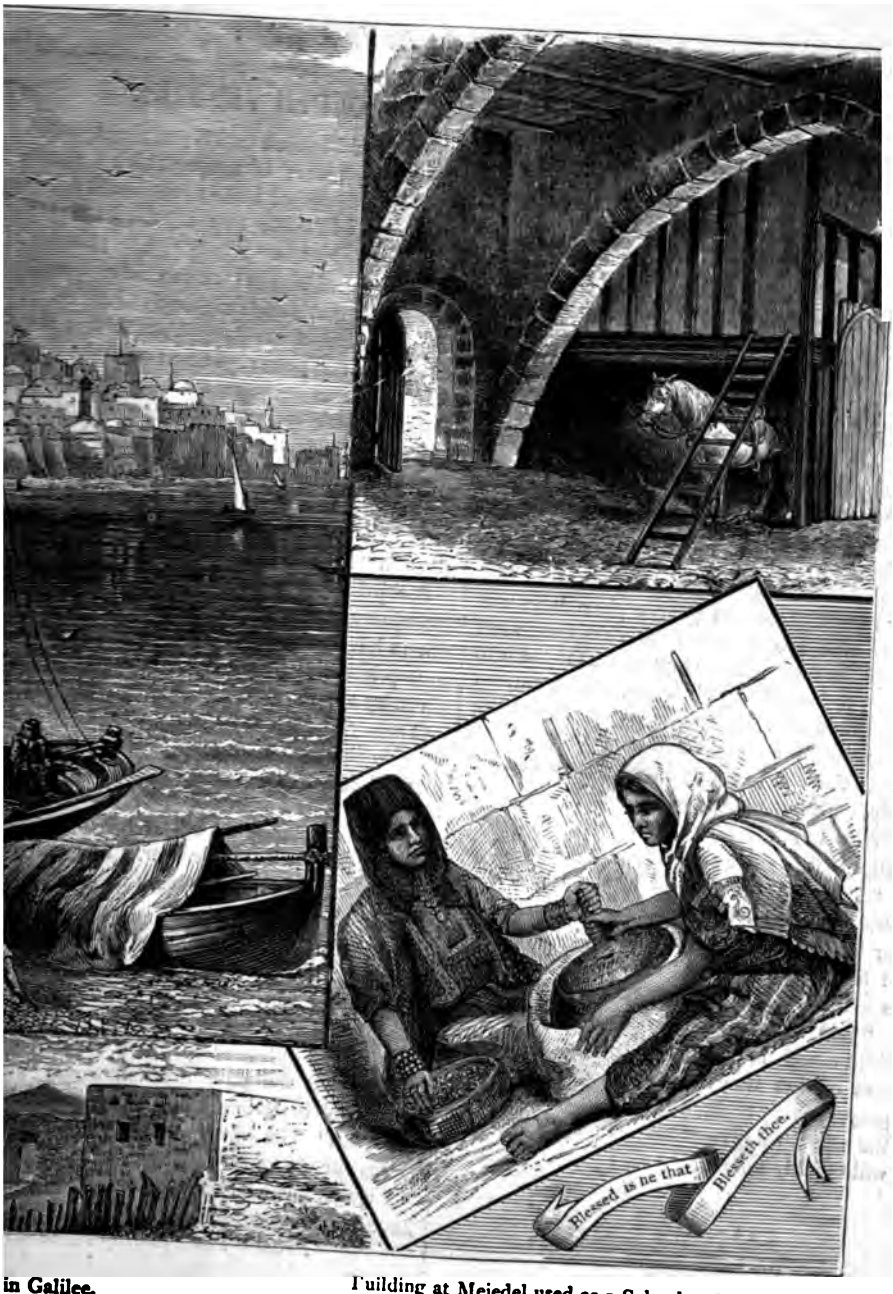
"Yes, but where is the money to pay for them? Perhaps it might be done, if boys in England would put half the money they spend every week on cakes and buns into the Missionary-box instead."

Frank coloured, for he was a sad hand at running into the confectioner's with every stray penny that got into his purse. And Agnes blushed as she remembered the half-crown she had saved up, after six months'



Lydda.
Woman of Nazareth.
Peasant ploughing.

ESTINE.




in Galilee.

Building at Mejedel used as a School and Chapel.
Women of Bethlehem grinding.

care, to buy a smart ribbon for her hair, and some blue beads for her neck. And Douglas bit his lip as he thought how he had spent so many of his weekly pennies on balls, and string, and old stamps for his collection, while scarcely one had found its way into the Missionary-box. While little Rosie's cheeks glowed with pleasure, for she knew that when Aunt Louise opened her box she would find quite an army of farthings, and wonder where they could possibly come from.

Which was the happiest child at that moment, do *you* think?

I should say little Rosie.

But Aunt Louise only watched the children quietly for a moment as she said slowly, in those sweet soft tones that always made the children ready to listen,—

"I know there are poor orphan boys out there who are just drifting into bad ways simply because there is no home for them to go to, to learn better." Then, as she noticed the shade that had gathered on those little faces, usually so bright and happy, she added, "And there is one way in which we can all help. Can you guess what it is?"

They were all silent for a moment; then little Rosie's voice said very softly,—

"I think I know: you want us to do as little Polly did in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR for March. There is such a pretty picture of her kneeling by her bed, and underneath is written—'She prayed every night.'"

"Just so," said Aunt Louise, drawing the child closer to her, and imprinting a fond kiss on her rosy cheek. "Let us give our prayers every night, and if we do that, I think the other things—money, time, and gifts—will quickly follow."

## GOLDEN PENNIES.

I AM going to tell you about some pieces of money which I daresay you have never heard of.

There was a little boy who had a number of pennies. Some one asked him to give something to the Missionary-box, so he laughingly dropped in a penny, without thinking what it was for. His was a *tin* penny. It was as light as a scrap of tin.

Another little boy was asked to give a penny to the Missionary-box. So he looked round to see if all his companions were looking before he dropped one ostentatiously into the long slit. His was a *brass* penny. It was not the gift of a "lowly heart," but of a proud spirit.

A third boy was asked to give, and he said grumbling, "I suppose I must, because the others have done so." His penny fell with a thump into the box. It was an *iron* penny, given by a cold, hard heart.

Then the Missionary-box was offered to another little boy. "How sad," he said, "it is to think of the poor heathen!" and he slipped a penny into the box. But he ran off and soon forgot all about it; in fact, he cared too little to remember. But still his was a *silver* penny, because it was the gift of a pitying heart.

Last of all the Missionary-box was passed to a very little boy, and he had only one penny in the world; but he smilingly put it into the box as he said softly,—"For Thy sake, O loving Jesus, I give this penny, hoping that the poor heathen whom Thou lovest will believe in Thee, and become Thy disciples." His was a *golden* penny, because it was the gift of love.

I wonder, dear children, how many of you have given *golden* pennies?

*From "The Spirit of Missi*

# SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS.

## GEORGE MAXWELL GORDON.

GEORGE M. GORDON was the son of a naval officer. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge; and when first ordained went as curate to Dr. Marsh, at Beddington. Here he met the great friend of his life, Mr. French (now Bishop of Lahore), and many a talk did the two clergymen have together, not only about their work in England, but about the equally great work and duty of preaching the Gospel to the heathen. At the time Mr. Gordon never said anything about becoming a Missionary himself. He seemed quite taken up with his class for labouring boys, and other clerical occupations; but it is probable those long talks at Beddington with his fellow-curate made a great impression on him, and were the main cause of leading him two years later (when he was curate at St. Thomas', Portman Square) to offer himself as a Missionary to the Church Missionary Society. As he had ample means of his own, he offered to go at his own cost, and was accepted.

He sailed for South India, and was soon busily engaged in helping the Rev. David Fenn in his Missionary preaching tours. Mr. Fenn and Mr. Gordon were what are called "itinerating Missionaries," that is, they did not live in one town, and teach the heathen that lived there only, but were always travelling about from place to place preaching to fresh people. No Missionary ever worked harder in visiting the different villages placed under his care than Mr. Gordon. He made most of his journeys on foot, and at night used to sleep "in the smallest and meanest of tents." All this he did, not because he could not afford a horse or a better shelter, but because by saving upon himself he would have more to give to others.

At first he was very strong, and did not feel the great fatigue of these expeditions. A hot sun, the rainy season, and cold weather were the same to him. Bravely would he endure any of them. But after four or five years he began to get ill. Fever seized him, and kept coming back and back again with constantly increasing strength. If he stayed in South India he must die. So the doctor ordered him to go away, and try change of air. Mr. Gordon was very sorry to leave the poor people he had taught for so long, but there was no help for it; so, as he had plenty of money of his own, he went for a long trip, almost, if not quite, round the world. He visited Australia, New Zealand, China, Egypt, the Holy Land, Persia, and ancient Chaldea, and took great interest in seeing for himself how far the kingdom of Christ was spreading in those countries.

While he was in Persia a dreadful famine took place there. Thousands died for want of food, and Mr. Gordon was a great help to Mr. Robert Bruce (the Missionary in Persia) in giving away relief to the starving people.

An offer was now made to Mr. Gordon. He was asked to be the Bishop of a new diocese lately formed in Australia. At first it seemed rather to tempt him, for it was a post where a great deal of good might be done, though not so much the work of preaching to the heathen. But then he remembered his long talks with Mr. French in the dear old days at Beddington, and he resolved to decline the bishopric, and return to India again as a simple Missionary.

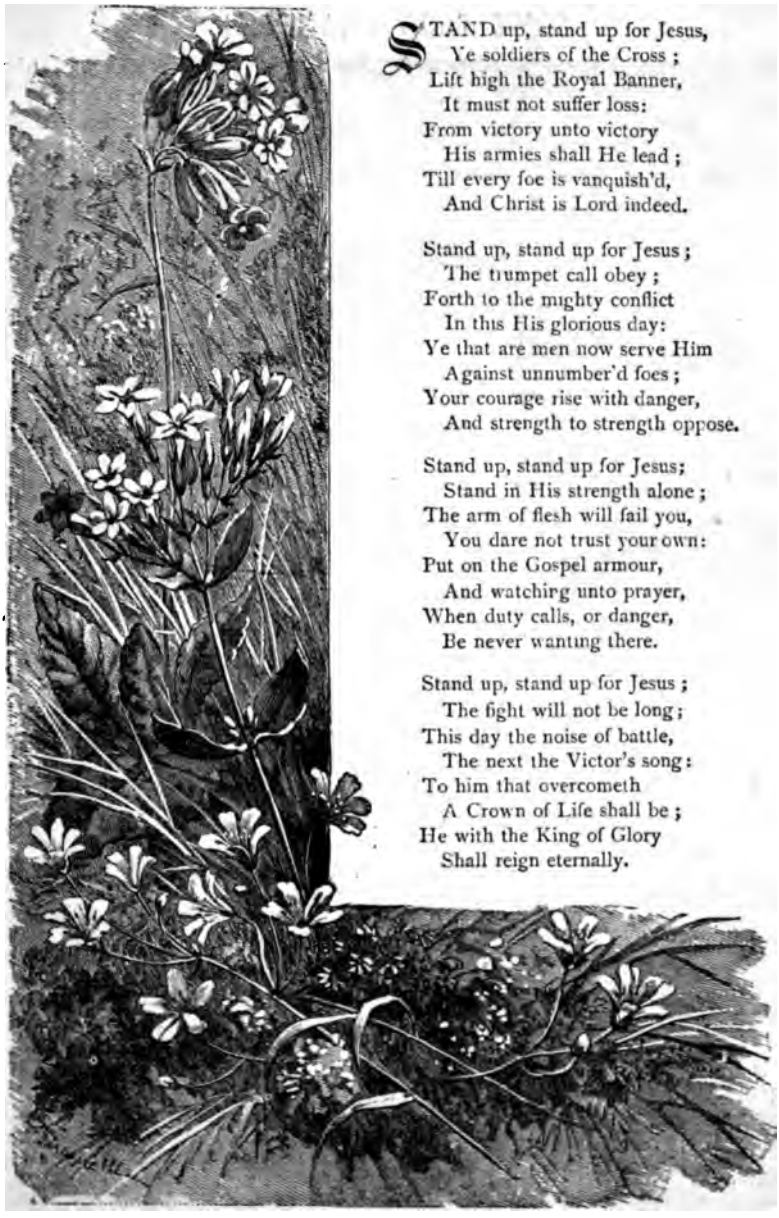
This time he went to North India (as the climate of the south did not suit him), and joined Mr. French (who had also become a Missionary) at Lahore. His stay in Persia

had filled him with a longing desire to convert the Mohammedans, and he wished to devote his life henceforward to telling the Beluchees and Afghans the story of the Gospel of Christ. Mr. French was the head of the Divinity School at Lahore; but he was very ill, and most thankful was he for the help his old friend was able to render him, in looking after the students and the working of the school. Mr. Gordon improved the Mission building at his own expense, and gave to it a beautiful bath for the use of the boys. He also provided a harmonium for the chapel, on which he used to play himself when leading the singing at the services on Sunday. He tried to teach the boys to garden and play cricket, but not with much success. It is only quite recently that the natives of India seem to have taken to playing manly games, and enjoying the hard work which most people who live in a northern country delight in.

Mr. Gordon was very fond of reading, and had a choice library of books, and a collection of curiosities which he had brought from Persia and Babylon; but everything he had, everything he was, he devoted to the great work of spreading the Gospel. "In season" and "out of season" his one desire was to preach Christ. Carefully did he prepare, with a moonshee's help, the sermons he preached in the chapel on Sunday; and most afternoons he went out on preaching expeditions in the bazaars. When he did not do so, he would generally join Mr. French in attending a soldiers' Bible-class at Mean Meer, an outlying station near Lahore.

Mr. French and Mr. Gordon now began to make plans for going about preaching beyond the city of Lahore, amongst the native tribes who live on the border-lands between India and Afghanistan. Just before Christmas, 1873, they started to "spy out the land," taking with them some of the students from the Divinity School. They visited Guzerat, Jhelum, and a number of the frontier cities, as well as the little villages lying between these towns. Mr. Gordon did not know the languages spoken by the tribes (though he knew a fair amount of Persian), but Mr. French was quite at home among the people; and Mr. Gordon always listened with the greatest interest to all that he said to them, and never tired of finding out fresh opportunities for Mr. French to teach the poor ignorant inhabitants about Jesus.

In March, 1874, Mr. French became so ill that he was obliged to return to England; and then Mr. Gordon hired a "little tower" close to the walls of Pind Dadan, which he intended should be his home henceforward, whenever he was not travelling about preaching. It was a very lonely abode, overlooking the Salt Hills in one direction, and the river in another. To make it look more home-like, he hung some engravings on the walls, and an illumination with the words, "Pray and Work." Here, too, Mr. Gordon carried all his books and curiosities, and three or four of the students whom he wished to train up as native clergymen. These youths he taught to walk about the country, as he himself did, preaching wherever they went; and they (for the most part) truly endeavoured to follow in Mr. Gordon's footsteps. But alas! the weaker native constitution was quite unequal to endure the fatigues and discomfort which the young English Missionary so cheerfully went through, and one after another failed him, just when he hoped they were becoming really useful. Yet still Mr. Gordon stood by the motto he had put on his wall, "PRAY AND WORK."



STAND up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the Cross;
Lift high the Royal Banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His armies shall He lead;
Till every foe is vanquish'd,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

Stand up, stand up for Jesus;
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict
In this His glorious day:
Ye that are men now serve Him
Against unnumber'd foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

Stand up, stand up for Jesus;
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
You dare not trust your own:
Put on the Gospel armour,
And watching unto prayer,
When duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

Stand up, stand up for Jesus;
The fight will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the Victor's song:
To him that overcometh
A Crown of Life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally.

## SOME GOOD EXAMPLES.

A VERY interesting letter has reached us from a friend: we are sure our young readers will be pleased to hear it:—

"On the 3rd December I gave a Missionary afternoon at the Sunday-school, and we were all much interested in the subject of Egypt and its Special Fund, as a young soldier had just returned unwounded from the war, who had been a Sunday scholar in our school; and I asked if they could manage any special effort such as a Christmas tree. The children and their teachers all responded, and on the 28th December we had a very handsome tree, and realized £2 19s. for Egypt, which, considering the shortness of the time, and the few workers (for our school is small), I think was very satisfactory."

Dear children, here is another GOOD EXAMPLE. Is it not worth following? Do think over it!

Here is another example from All Saints', Child's Hill:—

"A monthly Missionary address has been above Sunday-schools after ...ear, and by the reading of the paper ...er for juveniles, by Mr. ... Mr. Bickersteth's sister ...r, 'Half as Much Again ...n,' the schoolmistre... ...ss has started in the *Da... ...ay Schools* an extra b... ...ox, called 'Half as Mu... ...ch Again,' for any child... ...en who may not atte... ...nd on Sunday."

We have been much touched by the following sweet account of one of our little friends, and we think it will remind you of the pretty story in our March number:—"My little girl, ever since I read her the children's tract on 'Half as Much Again,' persists in praying night and morning, '*Please* give the Missionary Society *twice* as much again.'"

## OUR MISSIONARY BIBLE CLASS.

17. A slave who became a Missionary.
18. What did God send him to do? (Quote Missionary's own words.)
19. How did he give his message, as he di... preach?
20. Give a king's testimony that he was ... other men.
21. Can you name any who were the better ... message?
22. What great event did he foretell?
23. What strange command did he giv... nexion with it? and was it obeyed

### SCRIPTURE ANSWERS ... FEBRUARY.

7. Noah.
8. Preaching. See 2 Pet. ii. 5.
9. See Luke xvii. 27. "He prepa...
10. He was a builder. Heb. xi. 7.
11. Matt. xxiv. 37. 2 Pet. ii. 5.

...ley, Jackson, & Halliday, 54, Fleet Street, a...

MAY, 1883.] [Price One Halfpenny.

# THE Church Missionary Juvenile Instructor.

AN INDIAN PRINCE.

# MISSIONARY THOUGHTS ON HOLY SEASONS.

## WHITSUNTIDE.

WHIT-SUNDAY is the seventh Sunday after Easter, and is that season of our Church when we commemorate the descent of the Holy Ghost, which took place forty days after Christ's ascension into heaven, according to His promise, Luke xxiv. 49, Acts i. 8.

The air we breathe is *everywhere; invisible*, that is, we cannot see it; it is *of great power; necessary* for our life; and quite *distinct* from every other body. It is a type of the Holy Ghost. He is *everywhere;* and though *we cannot see Him*, yet *we see* the *effects* of His power. He is *necessary* for our spiritual life (for "except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot see the kingdom of God"); He is a distinct Person from God the Son, for the Lord Jesus said of Him: "I will pray the Father, and He shall give you *another* Comforter" (John xiv. 16), which He could not have said had He been the same person with Himself; and He is God, for St. Peter said to Ananias, "Why hath Satan filled thine heart to lie to the Holy Ghost?—Thou hast not lied unto men, but *unto God*" (Acts v. 3, 4).

A real power, then, is given us when we receive the gift of the Holy Spirit. There are naughty things we have done, which we know we need not have done. There was no *compulsion* to do them, and yet we did them: and why? Because we did not really put ourselves into God's hands to be kept

can be no doubt as to the issue or result. "Those who are on Satan's side are engaged in a hopeless struggle under a vanquished leader."

Dear children, if you are God's children, remember you are on "the winning side" "*He* it is that shall tread down our enemies" (Psalm lx. 12). "*He* will bruise Satan under our feet shortly" (Rom. xvi. 20). Though all the power is of God, we must fight as if all depended on ourselves, for it is written, "fight the good fight of faith" (1 Tim. vi. 12). Has Satan overcome us? "Then either we did not resist enough, or our prayer was not strong enough," for the promise is sure: "Resist the Devil, and *he will flee* from you." "Lay hold on" (grasp) "eternal life." "Thanks be to God which *giveth us the victory*" (1 Cor. xv. 57). We have no power in ourselves to help ourselves. We are called on to fight, but it is the Holy Spirit alone can make us victors. We are commanded to "resist the Devil," but it is the Spirit who can give us the "strength and power." We are to "*lay hold* on eternal life." Spirit alone can quicken us into life. *hand can lay hold on nothing;* so we lay hold of life, of Christ, *the* life (Col. iii. 4), until the Spirit, 6), *our* life (Col. iii. 4), until the S in us, making our dead souls live.

Whatever we rejoice in for our who does not rejoice in life, vig we should want to pass on to th lands less favoured than we a *pass on* the light of the *know* unto the regions beyond. W the heathen that this power glorious gift of the Holy Spi too. We want to bring th winning side," that so Satan under their feet shortly, "more than conquerors them" (Rom. viii.

# INDIAN PICTURES FROM LIFE.

BY A.L.O.E.

I AM about to give a few true pictures from the life history of a Bengali still living in India, whose name is M. N. Bose. There are letters after his name as well as before it, for he is a learned native—a B.A. and a B.L., which mean, as you probably know, Bachelor of Arts and Bachelor of Law, high collegiate distinctions.

FIRST PICTURE.

Here we have before us a young Hindu in utter despair. See the misery depicted on his face. A dark thought is crossing his mind, the thought of *self-destruction*. He is thinking whether it would not be better to end his wretched life by drowning himself in the river Hoogly. But he does not take the dash step, for he is afraid to die. He is saying to himself, "If I die now, I shall be turned into hell, for my heart is full of sins." This is a sad, sad picture; turn over quickly to the next.

SECOND PICTURE.

The scene here is a school in Jeypore. You see the same young Hindu again. Not misery but anger is on his face, and sadness on that of a European Missionary near. What is that book which Bose is so rudely tearing to pieces before the giver's face? Alas! it is a Gospel. Bose is openly insulting the Word of God. The Missionary's look seems to say, "God have mercy on thee, and forgive thee, poor blinded, bigoted Hindu!" This is another painful picture; let us turn over the leaf.

THIRD PICTURE.

This picture is a contrast to the last. It represents a twilight scene. The sun has sunk; there is scarcely light to read by. Behold the same Hindu eagerly bending over a book, straining his eyes to make out the letters by the feeble gleam still lingering in the west. I can tell you (as you cannot see them) some of the words written in that Book, they will be familiar to Christian readers: "*But I say unto you which hear, Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you.*" This is indeed a twilight picture, but not of the evening; it is the twilight which precedes the sunrise.

FOURTH PICTURE.

Here is a bright, glad scene. A church, with sunlight streaming in through the windows. Numbers of persons are assembled, some in European dress, some in picturesque Oriental costume. We see that a baptism is represented. Do you recognize the countenance of the native who stands before the font, to confess openly before friends and

foes a crucified Saviour? This, again, is Bose; but how changed. He looks a good deal older, but the greatest change is in the expression of his swarthy features. No more despair, no more anger, no more anxious inquiry. He looks like one who having sought has found; who having asked has received; who having been mad against Christianity, is now clothed and in his right mind. Dwell long on this picture, for it is a beautiful one; and as you gaze, ask the Lord to grant that there may be *many thousand copies of it* throughout the length and breadth of India.

### Fifth Picture.

Again we see Bose's now familiar features. From the picture we judge that he is about to start on a journey. The ekka (a kind of light vehicle) is at the door; the coolies are lifting the luggage. Friends are evidently bidding the Native Christian farewell. One turbaned man looks as if saying, "You are doing a very foolish thing;" another seems entreating him to stay. In Bose's face you see quiet resolution and cheerful courage. This picture needs some explanation. Mr. Bose is giving up a good income and very fair prospects in Calcutta to go as an ambassador of Christ to the poor despised Chandals of Gopalgunge. He—the talented scholar, the highly educated man—has offered to go, on a bare subsistence allowance, to live amongst ignorant Hindus in a region of desolate swamps. Does he appear unhappy? No; Bose has counted the cost. Like Abraham he is willing to go whithersoever the Master sends him.

### Sixth Picture.

Here is a terrible, a sickening picture. We see a number of dark men and women, scantily clothed in their rags, and they look like skeletons. It is shocking to l these babies, they do not appear like beings, they are merely skin and We can hardly bear to see what mortals have to endure. Softly; do n over the leaf too quickly. Do you n beside that thatched house the figu man compassionately bending over a s with one hand supporting his head, w other pouring some life-giving nouris into his mouth? There we behold again. For two months he has been d blessed work amongst his starving He has collected money, given wor tributed food, devoted his time and st to saving the famished Chandals perishing by starvation. Dwell on th ture of a true Christian doing activ for his Master in a dreary place, almost all the land is lying under wat where here and there appear hillo mounds rising above it, with wasted upon them, stretching out their long a if to implore for aid. What a contras fair "city of palaces," Calcutta! But the wretched need help, there shou Christian be.

### Seventh Picture.

Our last picture must not be gloom are still among the Chandals—water ing on every side—but there is no misery here. Yon crowded boat, over waters sparkling with sunshi tains a wedding-party. The little hill island which they are approaching i out for a merry festival. Standing boat we have a glimpse of Bose, the father-like pastor and friend. bright, happy expression on his seems, with lifted hand, to be giving a blessing. Every eye him. Ere we close my pictur

give an anecdote of this cheerful wedding in Pastor Bose's own words. They show how well he has instructed the once neglected, ignorant, and heathen Chandals :—

"We had forgotten to take a Bible with us, as we started rather in a hurry. The want of a Bible was to a great extent made up *by the texts repeated by all present, including the helmsman and the oarsman.*"

Could as much be said of many a wedding-party in dear old England? Would the Bible be *missed at all*, or could the guests repeat verse after verse like the converts of Pastor Bose?

And now my little series of pictures from life are ended. Let us close the book. It is bound with the thought, "What cannot God's grace accomplish, when it has made the would-be suicide happy, the Gospel destroyer the Bible teacher, the bigoted Hindu a devoted Christian?" Let us fasten the picture-book with the golden clasp of a prayer that there may be many converts as true, and native labourers as earnest, as Bose, the Pastor of Gopalgunge.

## SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS.

GEORGE MAXWELL GORDON.

(*Continued.*)

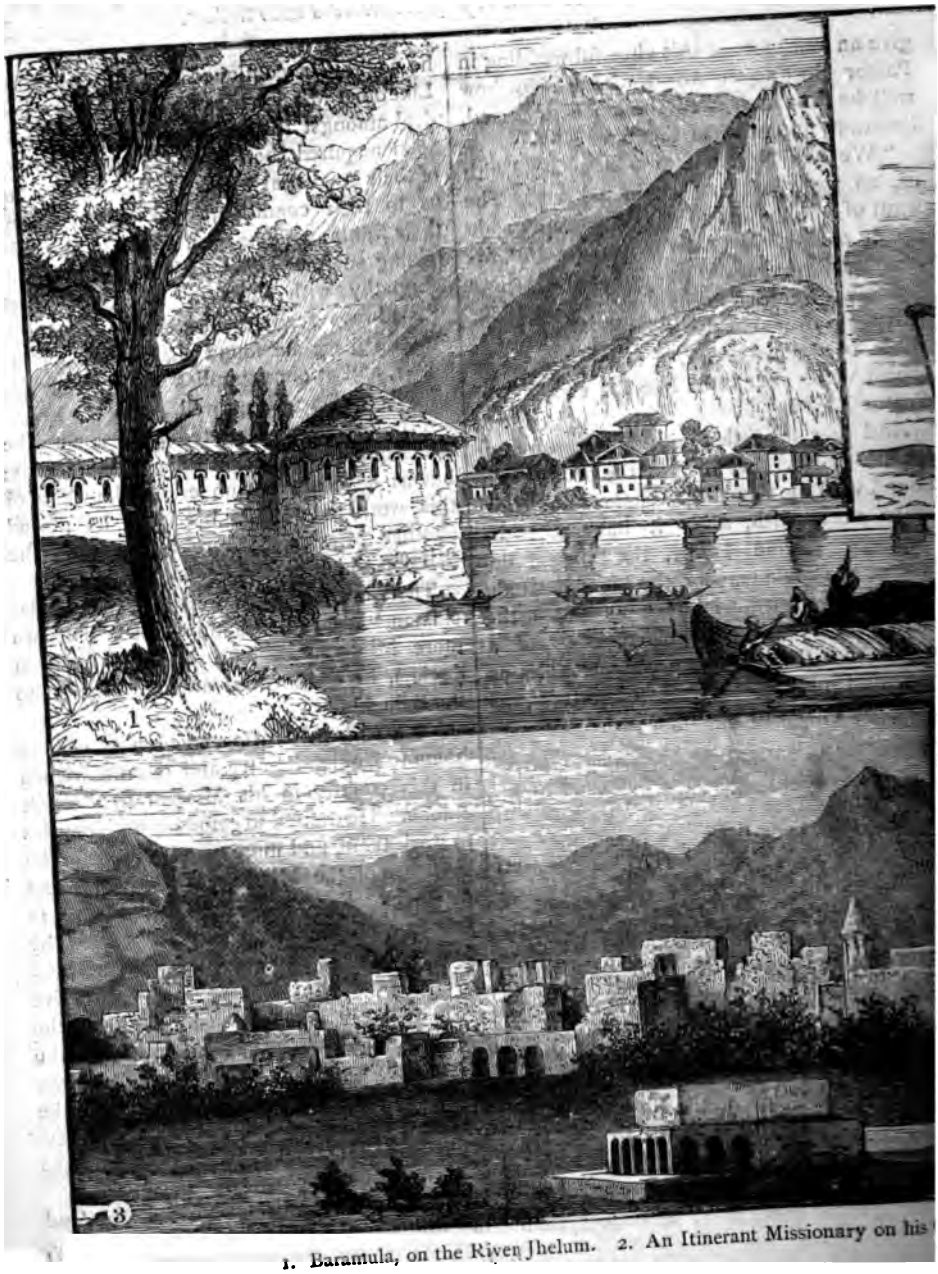
WE left Mr. Gordon last month in his lonely little watch-tower at Pind Dadan. He had chosen this native town to live in, because it was in the very centre of his district, and from it he could go out preaching more easily in all directions, than he could if he continued to reside at Lahore. Like other Missionaries who have lived a great deal amongst the natives of the country, he soon acquired (besides a perfect knowledge of their language) a great deal of information as to their condition, their thoughts, and their wants; and he won their good-will by mixing so freely amongst them, and by his sympathy with them—a sympathy which was always ready to show itself by action. At one place he found there was a lack of water, and at once supplied the poor people who lived there with a well.

Mr. Gordon now started a Mission to the tribes inhabiting the Salt Range of mountains; but as he could not undertake the whole of this work as well as his own, he placed another Missionary there to carry on the Mission which he had begun.

Then he journeyed westward into Beluchistan, and having obtained the help of two more Missionaries (one of whom was a doctor), he commenced another Mission to the Beluchis.

He now began to form a plan of coming home to England to try and interest friends in this country in his Mission to the Salt Range. He wanted to get more Missionaries to work there, and more money to pay for the expenses of the Missionaries when he had got them. For this purpose he resolved to visit his native land again, and trusted, by going about England and speaking at Missionary meetings, to interest *some* to give themselves to the work of preaching the Gospel to the heathen, and *others* to aid the Mission by their gifts in money and prayers. This visit to England he hoped to make in the year 1881; but before that time arrived, Mr. Gordon had received a summons to go to "a better country."

In 1878 a war broke out between England and Afghanistan. Part of the British army,




1. Baramula, on the River Jhelum. 2. An Itinerant Missionary on his

Ir. Gordon's Mission. 4. Harrowing the Land. 5. An Afghan Chief.

under the command of General Biddulph, was ordered to march to Kandahar, and Mr. Gordon obtained leave to go with them. But he only stayed a few weeks at Kandahar, and then returned to his Mission work in Beluchistan.

He had not gone back long to his old labours at Pind Dadan, when a truce was made with the Afghans, which every one hoped would turn out to be a lasting peace. An English officer was sent to Cabul to settle affairs, and all seemed to be going on well, when one day terrible news reached the Indian frontier. The Afghans at Cabul had risen, and had murdered the English officer!

War began again, and again as a chaplain to our forces Mr. Gordon received permission to accompany our army to Kandahar. On the march he was cheerful and brave as he had ever been, making light of difficulties, and giving a bright example to all around him of how a Christian should "endure hardness."

The city of Kandahar was reached at length; but though we were successful in entering it, we soon found ourselves besieged within its ancient walls by the enemy. To get rid of the surging sea of Afghans that surrounded us, it was decided by the general to go out and drive back the foe. A sortie was made, but only some of the soldiers who formed the attacking party returned again to Kandahar. Many were left lying dead on the battle-field. But amongst them were some *not* dead, and to aid these Mr. Gordon returned to the fated spot. Back he bore in his arms first one, and then another wounded English soldier to the city; but in saving them he sacrificed his own life. A bullet from an unseen foe struck him, and when he reached the citadel it was only to die! For a few brief hours he lingered, and then passed away to "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest"—"the rest that remaineth to the people of God."

"Go to thy rest, at noon from labour cease,
Rest on thy sheaves, the harvest work is done.
Come from the heart of battle, and in peace,
Soldier, go home,—for thee the fight is won."

## AUNT LOUISE'S MISSIONARY HOUR.

"AND now," said Aunt Louise, as the children gathered round her the following week, "it is our turn for speaking of the Persian Mission. All the people there are Mohammedans—you know who they are?"

"Oh yes," answered Douglas; "you told us last time. They are the followers of the false prophet Mohammed, and as it is death for any of them to change their faith, there have been very few converts; and I did not suppose there was any Mission work there for you to tell us about."

"Ah!" said Aunt Louise, "it does not do for us to despise the day of small things."

"Of course not," observed Frank. "I remember the clergyman said on Sunday that the greatest Missionary work the world has ever known was begun with only twelve disciples."

"And some loving and faithful women too," said Agnes in a low tone. But the boys were in a hurry for information, and did not notice her remark.

"Is not Babylon the capital of Persia

asked Douglas, whose geography was apt to be rather faulty, like a good many other people's, of whom we should expect better things.

"There is no Babylon now," answered Aunt Louise. "It is a heap of ruins. And it was not in Persia, but in Mesopotamia. You will remember that Mesopotamia is mentioned very early in the Bible. It was where Nimrod, the 'mighty hunter,' reigned (Gen. x. 8—10), and from this same land Abraham was called to go out, not knowing whither he went (Heb. xi. 8). Here was situated the beautiful city of Babylon; the waters of the Euphrates and Tigris fertilizing the surrounding country. We read about it in the Book of Daniel."

FAMINE ORPHANS IN PERSIA.

"Oh! I know," exclaimed Rosie, her chubby face lighting up with pleasure at being at last able to join in the conversation. "The king made a great feast, and brought out the beautiful things from God's temple for his wicked people; and God was very angry, and sent part of a man's hand to write dreadful words on the wall, which all came true that very night—for he was killed, and the enemy came and was king instead of him."

"Was not Babylon a beautiful city?" asked Frank.

"Yes, the hanging gardens were noted for their loveliness; for as Babylon is situated close to the rivers Euphrates and Tigris, it was so well watered."

"And I should think it would make a capital place for Missions," said Douglas. "Missionaries would swarm like locusts in such a delectable spot."

"The C.M.S." said Aunt Louise, "has chosen Bagdad for a station, as it is the centre of attraction to pilgrims from Persia, because their sacred shrines are very near—tombs of saints which they visit."

"And so I suppose the Missionaries will preach to them, and then they will carry away the message of salvation to their far-off homes," said Frank.

"That is what we hope," said Aunt Louise.

"And now can any of you tell me who is the Missionary in Persia?"

"Oh yes!" exclaimed Rosie. "It is Dr. Bruce; for I went to the Missionary meeting the night he spoke. And he said when he was going out long ago to India, he stopped in Persia by the way, and then there came a terrible famine there; and numbers of people sent him money and food to give to the starving people, and so he stayed to give it; and he got so fond of them that he could not bear to leave them—and has stayed with them ever since."

Aunt Louise smiled at the child's eagerness. "Why, Rosie," she said, "when I want to hear all about a Missionary address I shall have to send you to listen for me."

Douglas coloured; he could not bear to be outdone by his little sister: her remarks stimulated his memory. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "Dr. Bruce was not the first Missionary to Persia. Long ago Henry Martyn went there all alone: and he made a translation of the New Testament, and was bringing it home when he fell ill and died on the way; and he left it as his legacy to the Christians of England, and Dr. Bruce was extremely indignant because they had made no use of it."

"If he had only been indignant it wouldn't have done much good," said Agnes; "but he determined to do something himself, and set to work at once to revise Henry Martyn's translation."

"It will be a splendid thing for the Persians when they have a Bible in their own language," said Douglas.

"Yes," said Aunt Louise softly; "the Word of God given to these pilgrims will be scattered far and wide, where no Missionary is ever heard or seen; and that living seed dropped in faith and with prayer, and watered *by the Spirit*, shall in God's good time bring forth fruit to His praise and glory, 'some thirty-fold, some sixty-fold, some an hundred.'"

## THE BHOI OF KHATIGAHAN.

THE Rev. H. D. Williamson, writing from Mandla (in Central India), says that after preaching to a large and attentive congregation at Khatigahan, the "bhoi"—that is the owner of the village—went up to him, and asked him for a Bible, that he might during his (the Missionary's) absence read to his people, as well as any who might pass through his village; at the same time he should be able to learn more of what so deeply interested him. Mr. Williamson tells us this was the first Gond he ever met who could read, and he was indeed rejoiced to find him so eager. [The Gonds are a wild tribe living in the hills.] Not having a Bible with him, our Missionary invited the "bhoi" to go with him to Soupuri, to which place his books and belongings had been sent on that morning. He was very willing to go, and helped much at the villages on the road by collecting the people, and telling them they must come and hear the good news brought to them. At Soupuri, the "bhoi" remained the rest of the day talking about "salvation." He left in the evening with a New Testament in Hindi, and the Gospel of St. Luke in Gondi. Khatigahan being eighty miles from Mandla, Mr. Williamson has not been able to go there again, but hoped to do so this last cold weather. We shall, I think, look forward to hearing something more about this interesting "bhoi" as to the result of his reading the Scriptures. Let us pray for him.

## A MISSIONARY BEEHIVE.

ONE day a lady attended a Missionary Bible Meeting, and was so deeply interested that she thought she would like to give a guinea towards it.

But then she remembered that she had no guinea to give, except one she had been keeping to buy a hive of bees.

However, her desire to help the Missions was so great that she determined to give the guinea to them instead of purchasing the hive of bees.

Next morning there was a buzzing sound in her garden! She looked out; it was a swarm of bees which had come to settle on a tree near her old hive.

The lady was so struck by this strange fact, that she determined to dedicate them to the Mission cause, and also the successive swarms from them.

In a few years' time the yearly sum produced by these Missionary bees amounted to over ten pounds!

Well, somebody told this story to a gentleman, who at once determined to do something of the same kind.

"What can I give?" he kept saying to himself. At last he thought of his walnut-tree, which was perfectly loaded with nuts.

"I'll give that tree!" he cried joyfully. And soon a bank-note found its way into the Missionary-box, the result of the sale of the walnuts off his tree.

Now, dear children, perhaps you have not got a swarm of bees, or a walnut-tree to give to Missions; but you have each a pair of busy little hands, and if you use them right they may become almost as profitable as the beehive or the walnut-tree.

## WHAT CAN I GIVE?

BY THE LATE MISS C. LEAKEY, EXETER.

WHAT can I give to Jesus—
What will He value more
Than gifts of gold most precious,
Or pearls of Eastern store?
I'll give *myself* to Jesus—
Just what He asks me for:
Lord, take my soul and make it
Thine own for evermore!

Then o'er the rolling ocean,
Beyond the deep blue sea,
I'll send the joyful tidings—
Christ Jesus died for me!

What can I do for Jesus?
He much has done for me,
He left His radiant glory
And died upon the tree.
I'll tell His love to others,
That they may love Him too,
As surely when they hear it,
They cannot fail to do!

Beyond the rolling ocean,
Beyond the deep blue sea,
I'll send the joyful tidings—
Christ Jesus died for *thee*.

Whom can I tell of Jesus?
*Who* has not heard of Him,
Whose praise above is chanted
By holy Cherubim?
Alas! the distant heathen
Know nothing of His love,
Who left His kingly glory
And Father's home above.

Beyond, &c.

Haste, tell them all of Jesus,
For time is flying fast—
The door that now is open,
"Shut to" will be at last!
Oh! live before them Jesus—
In actions that shall shine,
*Not* with your feeble flicker,
But with *His* light divine!

Beyond, &c.

## MISSIONARY ENIGMA, No. 8.

1. One who in Israel great fear did rouse.
2. The governor of wicked Ahab's house.
3. One left in Crete to order things undone.
4. The great grandfather of a wicked son.
5. His prayer went up to God, who always hears. The answer came in thrice 500 years.
6. What we must take when answering Christ's call.
7. In what did one escape from city wall?
8. Where met the saints at Philippi for prayer?
9. An orphan child both beautiful and fair.
10. Where did they lust and cry for Egypt's food?
11. A king of Judah who did what was good.
12. His clothing who baptized in Jordan's tide?
13. Where, in a rock, did one his girdle hide?
14. With husband and two sons she left her home;
    With but one widow'd child we see her come.

Four words Christ spake, now tell,
To her who at His grave
Linger'd, who loved Him well.
To her the work He gave
To say, To My God I ascend;
To yours, for I'm the sinner's Friend.

## OUR MISSIONARY BIBLE CLASS.

24. The meek and patient Missionary.
25. How long was he in training for his work?
26. Where was he trained?
27. What infirmity had this Missionary which he thought would prevent his doing Missionary work?
28. To whom was he sent?
29. Was his message received?
30. Can you mention any prayer of this Missionary which was denied; but long years afterwards answered in a most remarkable way?
31. Where did he die, and what was there remarkable about his burial?

## SCRIPTURE ANSWERS FOR MARCH.

12. Abraham. "Abraham, when called to go out . . . went." Heb. xi. 8. He "was called the Friend of God." James ii. 23.
13. God said, "Thou shalt be a blessing." Gen. xii. 2.
14. Intercession. Gen. xviii. 22, 23; xix. 29.
15. Obedience. "Abraham, when he was tried, offered up Isaac." Heb. xi. 17. Gen. xxii.
16. Luke i. 55. John viii. 33—37. Rom. iv. 13; ix. 7; xi. 1. Gal. iii. 16—29. Heb. ii. 16.

## ANSWER TO "A PUZZLE FOR YOU"

(*From page 24*).

"JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR."

Nile. Lion. Juju. Streeter. Vessel. O'Neill Toes. Corn.

## PRIZE COMPETITION FOR THE BEST EASTER CARD.

FIRST PRIZE

is awarded to Jenny Stooke.

SECOND PRIZE.

is awarded to Gertrude Orchard.

Several of the Cards have been so well and carefully done, and prettily designed, that we have much pleasure in giving

*Five Extra Prizes to*

Maud Stratton, Annie Grace Vallack, A. E. Oldfield, Agnes Beatrice Chettle, Mary Goodeve.

*Special Commendation.*

Leila Robson, F. W. Inglis, Alfred R. Pigott, Alice L. Stephens, Florence L. Kingdon, Alice Robson; also a very prettily and neatly done Card of PRESSED LEAVES (*the only one of the kind we have had*), sent by Ethel Emily Lovelock, aged 11 years.

*Honourable Mention.*

Mary Laura Ingall, Annie Smith, Emily G. Herbert, Winifred F. Anderson, Alan H. McNeill, Walter Dove, Winifred Buxton, John W. D. Thorp, Helen O. Thorp; also one in Greek sent by Miles W. Myres (aged 8). Our youngest *Competitor*, Hilda Anderson (aged 5 years), sent a very neatly done Card.

We have also had some very pretty Cards with *no name written on the back*, so we cannot give them the Honourable Mention which they would otherwise have had.

The following have sent very neatly done Cards, but not equal to Honourable Mention:—Percy Cottam, William B. Heywood, W. R. Pabor, John Eccleston, Mabel Maingay, Gertrude J. Jones, Gwendoline M. Sidney, M. Emmeline Martin, Mellie Lawyer, Janet Cottam, Marion B. Stace, Alice G. Martin, Jane L. Myres, Annie Selchell, Clara Lakeman, E. L. Pay, Ada Lemon, Agnes Lakeman, J. C. Myres.

WE are requested to acknowledge the following:—

L. Shapland and Friends, West Clandon, £1 for General Fund; 11s. for "Half as Much Again."
E. A. Hutchings, Harwell (Birthday Gift) . . £ s. d.
Miss A. Nunn, Stansted, Kent (Miss. Box) . . 2 . .
Lower Walmer Juvenile Association . . . 1 . .

*London: Church Missionary House, Salisbury Square: Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday, 54, Fleet Street*

JUNE, 1883.] [Price One Halfpenny.

# THE Church Missionary Juvenile Instructor.

CHINESE LADIES.

## "NO SUGAR, MAMMA!"

ITTLE Walter had been to a Missionary meeting; and he was filled with pity for the poor heathen children who have never heard about God and the Lord Jesus Christ.

"I should like to do something for them, mother," he said. "May I give them my sugar?"

"Yes, my boy," his mother answered. "And instead of the sugar I will give you twopence a week."

After this it was quite touching, though sometimes almost amusing, to see Walter at his breakfast.

Before him lay his bowl of steaming bread and milk; and he would anxiously exclaim (as if afraid that his mother would forget), "No sugar, mother! no sugar!"

When at the end of each week Walter dropped his pence into the Missionary-box, it could not be said of him that he had given what had cost him nothing.

## MISSIONARY THOUGHTS ON HOLY SEASONS.

### TRINITY SUNDAY.

EAR children, we have in heaven a mighty Friend in the Holy Trinity. Trinity means "three in one." *How* this can be, we are not able to understand, so we must just believe it because God tells us so in the Bible. We may learn that there is more than one Person in the Godhead, from the words in Isa. vi. 2, "Who will go for *us?*" [Which of our readers could find a similar expression in the first lesson for the evening of Trinity Sunday in the first chapter of Genesis?]

There is but one God, yet there are three Persons, each doing something to promote our happiness and welfare. "God the Father made me and all *the world.*" [This word includes *all men*, as well as the globe on which we live.] "In Him we live and move and have our being" (Acts xvii. 28) "Preserver of men" (Job vii. 20) is one of God's many names in the Bible. "God the Son redeemed me and all mankind." "God the Holy Ghost sanctifies me and all the elect (chosen) people of God." If, then, God the Father made me, all I am is His. If God the Son has redeemed me, He has a right to all—body, soul, and spirit; for my body, as well as my spirit, was included in the redemption price of Calvary, for God has said, "I will ransom them from the power of the grave" (Hos. xiii. 14). If God the Holy Ghost sanctifies me, all my renewed powers are His, to be spent in His service.

That the Holy Ghost is God is proved by the words spoken by St. Peter to Ananias, "Why hath Satan filled thine heart to lie *to the Holy Ghost?*" "Thou hast not lied unto men, but *unto God*" (Acts v. 3, 4).

Christ is God, for it is written, "*Christ* came, who is over all, *God blessed for ever:*" and He Himself says, "I and My Father *are one*" (John xx. 30).

The first lesson for Trinity Sunday brings before us a Missionary thought. We read in Isa. vi. 8, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" Are there any among our readers answering in their hearts, "Lord, send me to any one, anywhere where Thou hast work for me to do"? "*The* (Mission) *field* is *the world*," so *we cannot get out of it* if we would; wherever we are, we are in the Mission-field, but—are we working? Could

it not be said to too many of us, "Why stand ye here all the day idle?" Idle, because we are too selfish to exert ourselves. The invitation of the Lord Jesus is, "Arise, let *us* go hence" (John xiv. 31). Let us *arise* and go with Jesus; it may be an effort to rise from sloth, ignorance, personal comfort, &c., but *with Him* is "all power" (Matt. xxviii. 18)—power to overcome in us what we cannot overcome in our ourselves; and then, *wherever* our Mission work may be, or *whatever*, we shall have strength and power to work, for "with Him all things are possible."

## CHIEF "STAR BLANKET."

I AM going to tell you something about the Bishop of Saskatchewan's visit to Asisippi.

Mr. Hines is the Missionary there. (He has lately been home, but has now gone back again.) The church was opened on Christmas Day, 1880, and there was a collection, not of money, as in England, but of what the poor people had to bring—rat-skins, cotton handkerchiefs, half-pounds of tea, and several other things. Altogether it came to about £3, which was more for them to give, in God's sight, than £100 from many congregations. Mr. Hines had given a great deal, but not of money, for he had none to give; and, as I do not think you could guess what he gave, I shall tell you; *he built most of the church with his own hands;* so *he gave his labour.* The Bishop says that the church is a model Mission church, owing much of its neatness to Mr. Hines.

The Bishop arrived on a Saturday in May (1881). Next day he held a confirmation,

RED INDIAN CHIEF.

when the chief "Star Blanket," four of his children, and two of his councillors, with forty-five others, were confirmed. Eight of these were from Snake Plain Reserve, and one was a councillor, an old man, who had walked the whole twenty-eight miles to be present at the service.

On Monday there was a meeting of the heads of families. The Bishop, after speaking about several things, said that the fact of eight people having come all the way from Snake Plain showed how much they thought of the work of the C.M.S., and that he hoped that Mr. Hines would still visit any there who wished to belong to our Mission. The Bishop then invited the Indians to speak.

The old councillor from Snake Plain was the first who spoke. He said he was rejoiced at the Church Mission being kept on at Snake Plain, for he loved the Church of England, her services, her teaching, her Prayer-book, and that he never missed attending the church at Asisippi for Holy Communion, though he had to travel twenty-five miles to do so.

The next speaker was "Star Blanket," chief of the Asisippi Indians. He said he was full of thankfulness. He had been once a poor heathen, ignorant of God; but he heard the Gospel through Mr. Hines, and believed in Jesus Christ, and had no wish to return to his old bad ways. I cannot tell you all he said, it would take too long. When he had finished, his brother "Jacob," a councillor, spoke. He said he had been not only a heathen, but a medicine-man, that he knew every heathen superstition, and had paid to be taught its mysteries; but that now he is a Christian, and that God had taught him he could only escape from Satan by coming to Jesus. He said his wife was the first to be buried in the graveyard; and though once, like himself, a poor heathen, she too learnt to love God and believe in Jesus.

When Jacob had finished (he said a great deal more which I have not told you), Kakasoo (the hider) spoke. He said the first time he heard the Gospel he believed it and tried to follow it. This Peter was the first man baptized at Asisippi by Mr. Hines; he became a Scripture-reader to the Indians in the Plains. He asked for a supply of Prayer-books.

After this chief "Star Blanket" spoke again. He said while he was still a heathen his children had been baptized by a Roman Catholic priest. He was always away when the priest came; his wife told him on his return home about his visits. But the priest never taught the children anything, so they grew up quite ignorant of the Christian religion. One day, however, he met the Roman Catholic Bishop, who hired him for a journey. When they camped at night the Bishop asked him to come to prayer. "Star Blanket" told him he did not know what prayer meant, but asked him what was the good of the priest's baptizing his children and then teaching them nothing. He also told the Bishop if he would send a teacher, all might learn who wished. The Bishop promised to send a teacher, but he had waited *eleven* years, and no teacher came. At last Mr. Hines had arrived, and began to teach the Bible. "Star Blanket" asked him to stay, and so the Mission was begun. Some time after the chief saw the Roman Catholic Bishop again, who told him he had done wrong in getting a Protestant clergyman; but he was reminded he had not kept his promise to send a teacher, and that now they had one they did not want his.

So the meeting ended, and with it the Bishop's visit.

## 'AN'T GIVE HALF AS MUCH AGAIN!"

I GENTLEMAN stood up to speak at a Missionary meeting. "I cannot give 'half as much again' as I did last year," he said.

the people at the meeting stared. How *could* he have given last year, that he not give "half as much again" this It must have been very large, thought

"I CAN'T GIVE HALF AS MUCH AGAIN!"

cannot give 'half as much again,'" on the speaker, "because last year I *othing at all* to the Church Missionary y; but if I have never given before, I gin by giving something *now*."

hope that those who are in the habit ing Missions to "look after themselves," s gentleman once did, will follow his le by helping the work as far as they le henceforward.

## THE THREE BROTHERS.

OLD Jelum had on his death left the only camel he possessed as a joint gift to his three sons—Adin, Dhun, and Rahee.

But, alas! each wished to have the animal to himself!

At last a day came when they all had stores which they wanted to carry to the coast, to sell to the captain of a large merchantman, who was shipping cargo for foreign ports.

Adin had collected a panier of honey; Dhun a sack of maize; Rahee some elephants' tusks.

And unfortunately they all wanted to have the camel the same day to take them to market; but the things were too heavy for the camel to carry all at once.

"I'll go in the morning, and you can go in the evening," said Dhun.

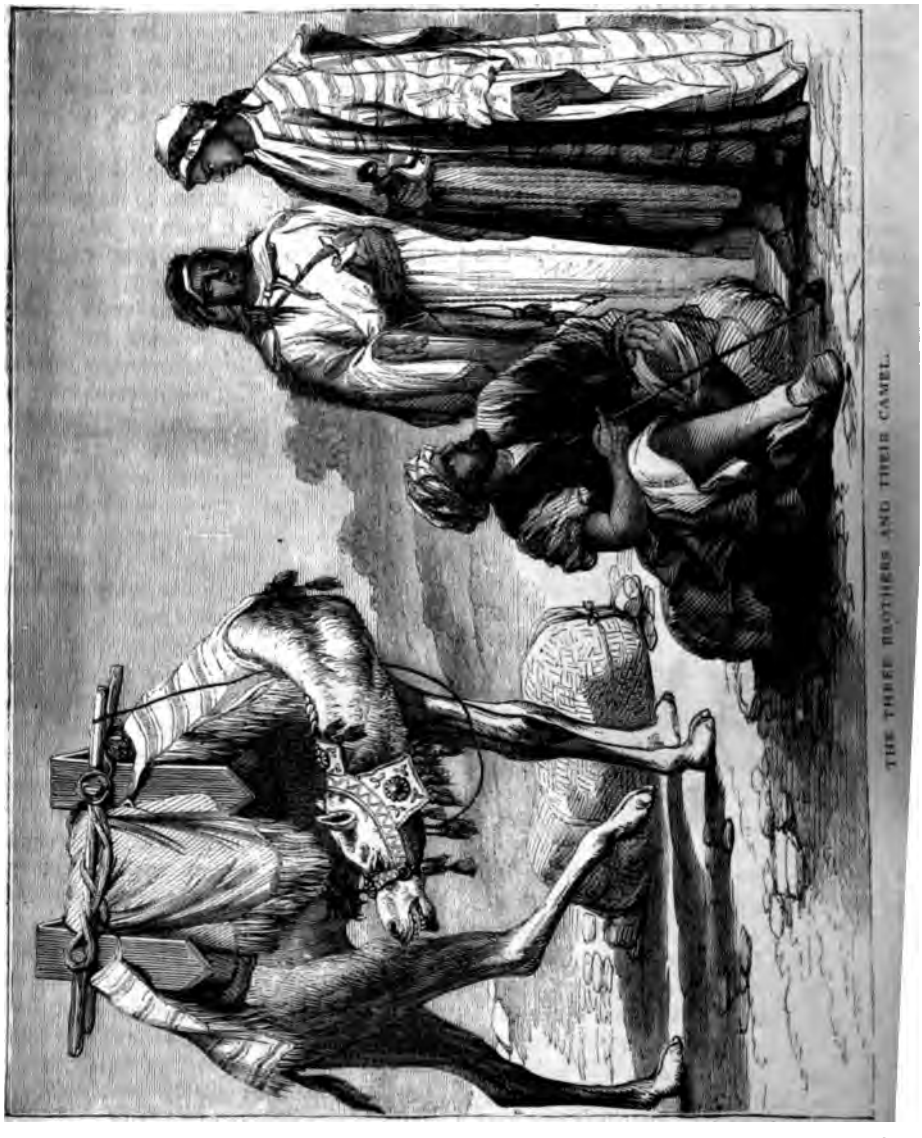
"Certainly not," answered Rahee. "*You* may go in the evening, but *I* shall go in the morning,"

Adin remained silent. He had made up his mind what *he* would do.

So early next morning he got up while his brothers were asleep, and loading the camel with his honey, set off at a brisk rate for the port.

The camel, however, not liking a one-sided load, bent his head so low that Adin was thrown over it. Now Adin had such a short, thick neck, that it broke with the fall; and the camel, finding that he had no master, trotted back to his home as quickly as possible.

(*To be continued.*)



THE THREE BROTHERS AND THEIR CAMEL.

VIEW IN NINGPO, CHINA.

## SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS.

BISHOP RUSSELL.

WILLIAM ARMSTRONG RUSSELL was the youngest of a large family. He was born in 1821, in Ireland, and as his father was a country squire, he was able in his boyhood and youth to enjoy a more than ordinary share of shooting and fishing. He was educated at home; but was sent to college at Dublin when he grew up. While at college he began to read his Bible with a greater

t than he had ever done be-
and the result of this study
iat he decided not only to be-
clergyman, but to offer himself
Missionary for China to the
i Missionary Society. He was
e accepted, and sailed in the
ng November for the East,
panied by two other Missionaries,

BISHOP RUSSELL.

the Rev. W. Farmer and the Rev. R. H. Cobbold.

In due time they dropped anchor at Ningpo; and very different from the lonely beauty of his Irish home must have appeared to Mr. Russell the closely-built streets of one of the largest cities in China! More strange still were the quaintly dressed figures of the "Celestials," as they bustled about the town, their eyes gleaming with shrewd intelligence, and their little pig-tails resting on their necks behind! There were the Chinese ladies, too, with their poor little feet squeezed into such tight shoes, that they could scarcely walk, and their ears weighted with large heavy earrings, and huge fans in their hands! But it was to preach the Gospel to these clever, but heathen people that the Missionaries had come so far; and they had no sooner landed than they at once set to work to learn the Chinese language.

Mr. Farmer went to Shanghai, where he soon fell sick from the effects of the climate, and died in Ceylon on his way home. The other two stayed in Ningpo, and took up their abode in a temple which they rented from a Taouist priest.

The Chinese have three religions, which are called Confucianism, Taouism, and Buddhism; and there is one great difference in the religions of China from those of any other country, that the same person may believe in all the three religions at the same time!

As soon as Mr. Russell and Mr. Cobbold had learnt to speak Chinese, they hired a little house in the very heart of the city, where they preached the Gospel to all who would come to hear them. It was in the hall of this house that three years later the two Missionaries baptized their two first converts, a tailor called Bao Yuoh-yi, and a servant named O Ling-teh, both of whom afterwards did good service in preaching to their fellow-countrymen the truths which they themse[lves] first learnt from Mr. Russell and Mr. Cob[bold].

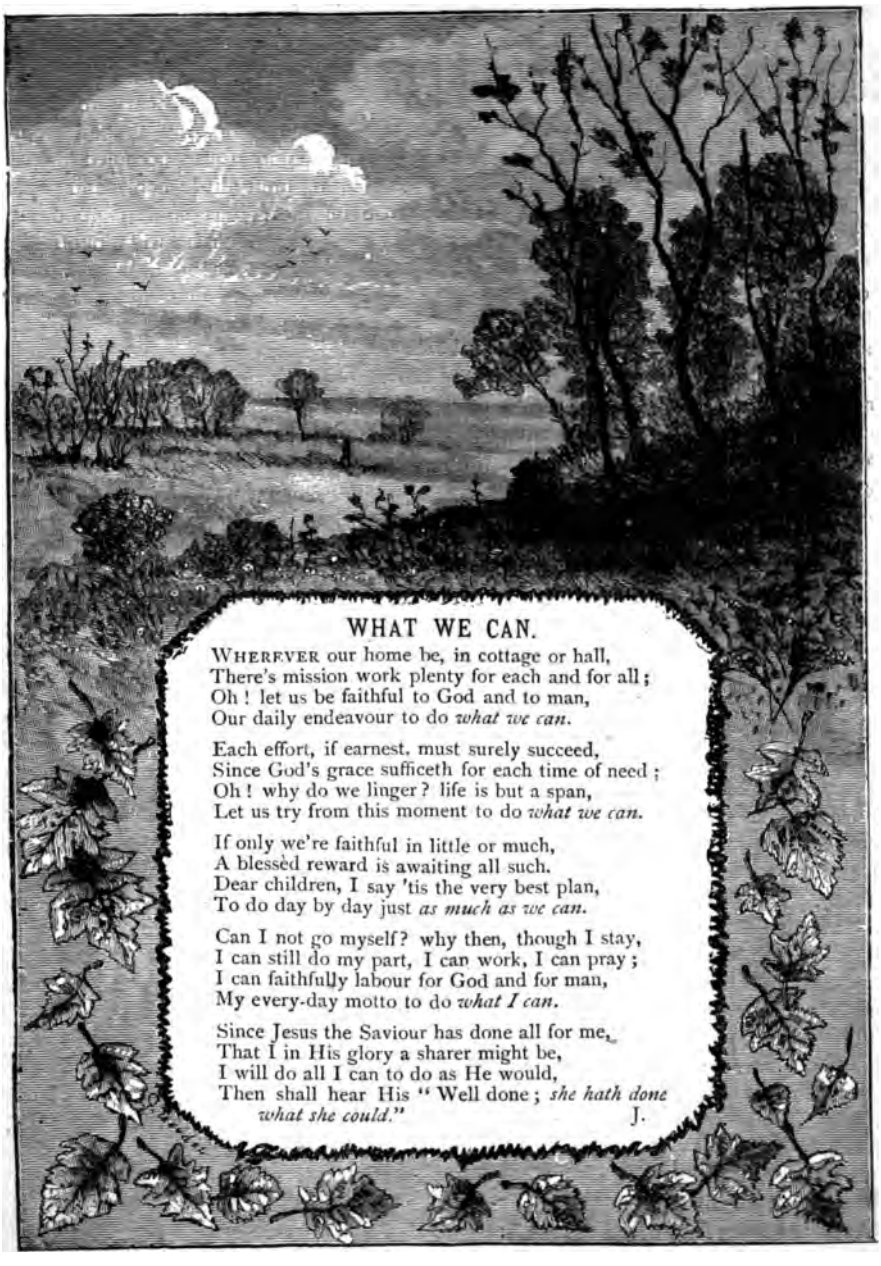
In the year 1852 both the Mission[aries] married, Mr. Cobbold taking his bride new house built in the English way, while and Mrs. Russell stayed on in the old pl[ace].

1852 was a white-letter year in an [oth]er way also, for this year Mr. Gough, an [ex]cellent Missionary, arrived at Ningpo to [help] the two other Missionaries.

For five years they went on working thus; and then Mr. and Mrs. Cobbold got ill, and had to go back to England. This left Mr. Russell and Mr. Gough a great deal to do. But though often very tired and worn out, and disappointed at seeing so little result to their labours, still they held on, "faint, but pursuing." For eleven long years they did so, and then a new Missionary, the Rev. G. Moule (now Bishop of Mid-China), came to aid them. Not a year too soon; for Mr. Russell's health was failing, and it was a great comfort both to him and Mr. Gough to have such a good, earnest young clergyman to help them in their preaching and translation work. As there was in those days no Chinese grammar, this was no easy task; but gradually, after a great deal of trouble, they prepared Chinese copies of "Line upon Line," "The Pilgrim's Progress," the Sermon on the Mount, and portions of the Prayer-book, Psalms, and Hymns.

Mr. Russell took a great interest in schools, especially in one for girls kept by an English lady, Miss Aldersey. This school prospered exceedingly well, and even now the good effected by it can be traced in Ningpo, though the faithful worker who started it has long since gone to her rest. Mr. Russell himself founded several day and other schools near his own house in the northern end of Ningpo. A Mission church, too, was built.

*(To be continued.)*



## WHAT WE CAN.

WHEREVER our home be, in cottage or hall,
There's mission work plenty for each and for all;
Oh! let us be faithful to God and to man,
Our daily endeavour to do *what we can.*

Each effort, if earnest, must surely succeed,
Since God's grace sufficeth for each time of need;
Oh! why do we linger? life is but a span,
Let us try from this moment to do *what we can.*

If only we're faithful in little or much,
A blessèd reward is awaiting all such.
Dear children, I say 'tis the very best plan,
To do day by day just *as much as we can.*

Can I not go myself? why then, though I stay,
I can still do my part, I can work, I can pray;
I can faithfully labour for God and for man,
My every-day motto to do *what I can.*

Since Jesus the Saviour has done all for me,
That I in His glory a sharer might be,
I will do all I can to do as He would,
Then shall hear His "Well done; *she hath done what she could.*"

J.

## OUR GREAT ANNUAL MEETING.

DEAR CHILDREN,—We are sure you will like to hear something about the great Annual Meeting of your Society, which took place in Exeter Hall on the 1st of May, because it was such an interesting meeting. Fancy! the lady Editors of this Magazine had to *stand;* for it was so full they could not find seats!

First of all we know you will be looking out to see if the C.M.S. has got the "half as much again" for which we have been asking, and for which many of you have been working so hard during the past year. Well, the "*half as much again*" has not been reached, but you will be glad to hear that the Society has received £10,000 more than last year. How happy this news will make those of you who have been collecting hard for so many months; and those who have not yet helped will be longing to do so at once!

You all know that the C.M.S. has had a sad loss during the past year in the death of the late Archbishop of Canterbury, who was so true a friend to the Society, and helped it in many ways. Now God has put it into the heart of his successor, the new Archbishop, to stand up at once as the Patron of the Society. You will have heard your parents and friends talking about the earnest speech he made the other day in the House of Lords, on behalf of the C.M.S., when some people who ought to have known better, had been saying untrue things about it. So that for a time he and Lord Cairns almost converted the House of Lords into a Church Missionary meeting! That was his *first* speech in the House of Lords since he has been made Archbishop, and we look on it as a good omen for his future help.

Another very special friend the Society has lost is Mr. Arthur Lang, who not only took a deep interest in Missionary work abroad, but always on his way to and from the Church Mission House, occupied his time in distributing pretty little books and papers to those he met; thus sowing broadcast the precious seed which he will doubtless reap in joy hereafter. Dear children, if you want to have sheaves in that great harvest, you must sow *now*. Will you not begin *at once*, just by lending your INSTRUCTOR to a friend, or reading a chapter or singing a hymn to some sick neighbour?

At the meeting in Exeter Hall, the Archbishop gave a beautiful and earnest appeal to the friends of the C.M.S. Far from praising what we had already done—though he was most thankful that our labours had been so blessed of God—he said that what we had already done was *nothing* to the work that lay before us yet to do; that we need more Missionaries, and more money to support them, if we do not want the Lord's work to come to a standstill. Hitherto, he said, we had chiefly preached the Gospel to the poor; now we wanted to do so to the rich, remembering how Jesus almost at the beginning of His ministry taught Nicodemus, and won Joseph of Arimathæa as His disciple. If you could have heard his earnest words, and listened to the persuasive tones of his voice, you would simply have longed to be older, so that you could say at once, "Here am I, send me." Ah! you may be too young just now, but that is an evil which is quickly remedied; and if you make up your minds that you will, God helping you, be "Messengers of the Lord of hosts" to the poor heathen sitting in darkness, He will prepare you during the waiting time to do His work better.

Then we all listened with breathless attention while our dear, aged President, the Ea

of Chichester, reminded us of the sad losses our Society has suffered in the death of so many able friends during the past year; but pointed at the same time to the bright light that is in the cloud—in the presence of the new Archbishop in our midst.

Earl Cairns' speech is far too long for us to give here, and as it would spoil it to halve it, we ask you to read it carefully for yourselves in the *C. M. Intelligencer*.

Then the Rev. A. W. Poole spoke. He is quite a young Missionary, and he gave us a deeply interesting account of his work at Masulipatam, where he held the Rugby Fox Mastership, and had many Indian boys to teach. But he became so very ill that he had to give up the work he loved so well, and return to England. Still his heart and interests are with the poor heathen he has left behind him, and he pleaded for *one hundred men* to go and fill the many empty stations, where there would be plenty of work for them all.

The Rev. Sydney Gedge next rose to speak, and we were all interested to hear that he was the new Archbishop's oldest friend, and only wished that we could have come under that category! We know his fervent words of prayer, that the richest and best blessings might ever follow and rest upon the Archbishop, found an echo in many hearts. Dear children, we must never let the echo of that prayer die away; from North, and South, and East, and West, let that prayer for a blessing be repeated back to the throne of grace. And who can tell when the last echo shall fade and die away?

Next came the singing of that stirring hymn,—

"Hail to the Lord's Anointed;"

and we thought, if the singing of so many voices was so sweet and strong, what will it be to hear ten thousand times ten thousand sing "the song of Moses the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb"?

The Bishop of Calcutta next spoke, and though his speech was mostly intended for grown-up people, there was just one little bit which we thought would exactly do for you. He said he was always ready to go to any part of his diocese where there was work to be done. Now this is just the example we want you to follow. No shirking of work for you boys at school, for you have but a very short time to learn a great deal in, and there is leisure enough for play when work is done. And girls have just as much to do with their exercises and copies, and needles and scissors. The hindrance of Mission work has ever been lack of knowledge. Many people at home do not know about the Missions, and consequently do not care about them. Mind, dear young friends, that you are not like them.

Next, the Rev. H. Newton spoke; and he is just what we might call the children's Missionary, for his mind is full of stories to tell. Like a sponge full of water, which you have only to press a little and out runs the water, so is Mr. Newton. Why, to see his bright face is a story in itself! but as we mean to tell you many of his anecdotes in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR from time to time, we will not do so now.

The Bishop of Saskatchewan then rose. He told us the story of Jacob, which you will find at page 64. Among other things he said, that one day in his far-off diocese a small canoe was seen floating down a river, in which were only three or four children. A boat was at once pushed out from the shore to rescue them, and soon the poor little things were brought safe to land. Their story was sad indeed! Their mother had died; and then their father had either been lost or killed on one of the River

Islands, and they had been left to float away in their canoe. The kind Missionary took care of them immediately, and taught them; and after many years the oldest one became a Catechist, and helped to teach his fellow-countrymen the good things he himself had learned; and he is still working among his people in that far-off Mission-field. Think of him sometimes when you kneel to pray; and do not forget to thank God, too, for having taught this poor heathen the way of salvation.

The last speaker was the Rev. E. Lombe, who told us a beautiful story about prayer being answered. But we must keep it till our next number, as there is no room for it in this.

## OUR MISSIONARY BIBLE CLASS.

32. The soldier Missionary whose name meant "Saviour."
33. What were the "marching orders" given him?
34. What promise was given to cheer and help him?
35. Was any similar order and promise given to the New Testament Missionaries?
36. In what did he differ from all his contemporaries except one, and who was that one?

## SCRIPTURE ANSWERS FOR APRIL.

17. Joseph.
18. "God did send me before you to preserve life." Gen. xlv. 5.
19. By living a holy life. His motto was, "How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?" Gen. xxxix. 9.
20. "And Pharaoh said . . . Can we find such an one as this is, a man in whom the Spirit of God is?" Gen. xli. 38.
21. His two brothers: Judah, Gen. xliv. 16; Reuben, Gen. xlii. 22.
22. The "departing of the children of Israel" out of Egypt. Gen. l. 24; Heb. xi. 22.
23. "Carry up my bones from hence." Gen. l. 25. "Moses took the bones of Joseph with him." Ex. xiii. 19.

TWO PRIZES will be given for the best Missionary Maps of India sent in before the 1st of August. The 1st Prize will be for competitors over 12 years of age; the 2nd Prize for children under 12 years of age.

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WE have received the accompanying interesting account of a new C.M.S. Juvenile Association which has just been established this year. We wish that more of our young friends would start these Juvenile Associations, and let us hear how they succeed.

QUEBEC CHAPEL C.M.S. JUVENILE ASSOCIATION.

*Collected during Quarter ending March 31st.*

| | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Missionary-boxes:— | | | |
| Hampden Gurney Boys' Sunday Sch. | 1 | 11 | 0 |
| Master Seymour Portman . . . | 1 | 7 | 0 |
| Quebec Chapel Choir Class . . | 0 | 6 | 0 |
| Beatrice and Harry Wells . . | 0 | 3 | 2 |
| G. L. H. . . . . | 0 | 6 | 0 |
| | £3 | 13 | 2 |
| Missionary Literature . . . | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| | £3 | 11 | 2 |

The above Association was formally established on the birthday of the C. M. Society, April 12th. A working party is in course of preparation. Several more boxes have been given out, and there is every prospect of the Association doing some useful work.

NOTE.—We hope next month to give an interesting account of another bazaar, held by two little boys for the C.M.S., the result of which was £6.

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NOTICE.—We omitted to mention in our last number that the five *extra prizes* presented to the competitors for the best done Easter cards were given by private friends of the C.M.S.

We should like our successful competitors to acknowledge their Prizes, so that we may know they have reached them safely, and that they have given pleasure.

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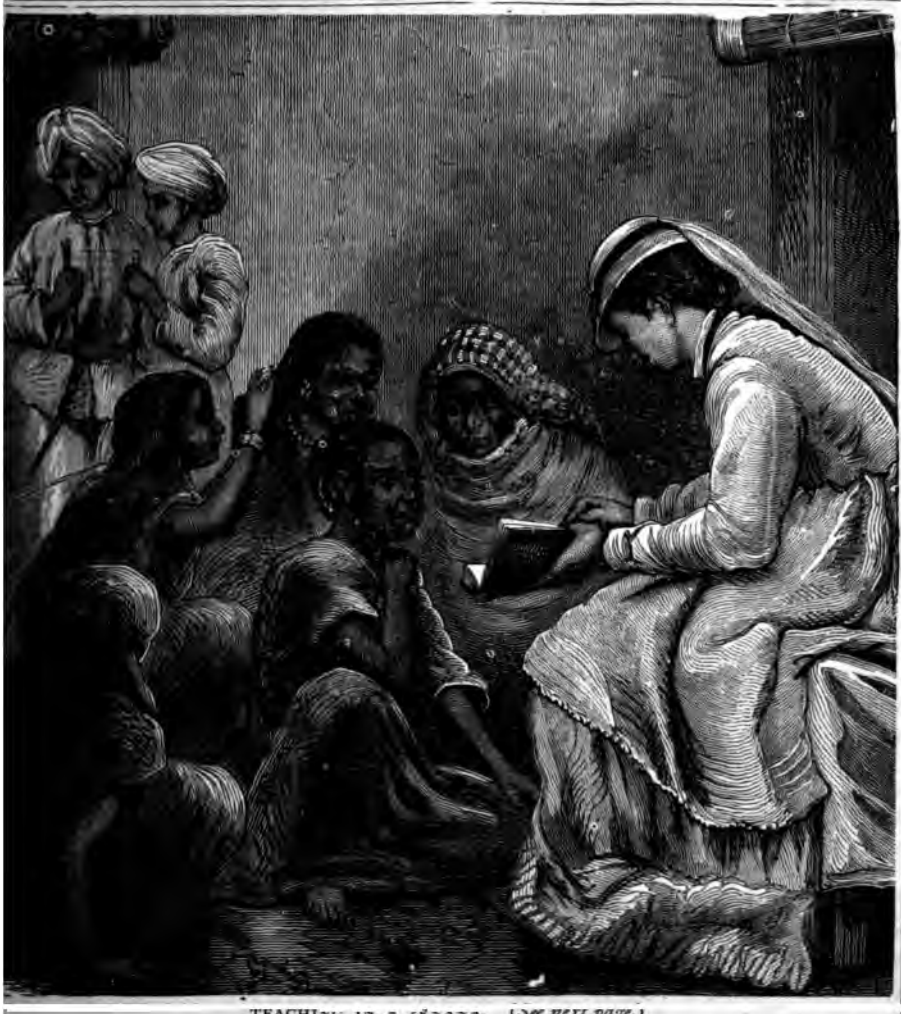
MOST of our young friends will have noticed the mistake which appeared in the last number of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, and none of them will have been misled by it. They all know that the descent of the Holy Ghost took place, not *forty* days, but *ten* days after Christ's Ascension into heaven. But such a slip, though it hurts nobody else, vexes the Editor.

*London: Church Missionary House, Salisbury Square; Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday, 54, Fleet Street, and all*

JULY, 1883.] [Price One Halfpenny.

# THE Church Missionary Juvenile Instructor.



TEACHING IN A ZENANA. (See next page.)

## THE BLACK CROSS.

By A. L. O. E.

"THE Mirror of the Heart" is a book that has been found very useful in Indian zenanas. Its beautifully coloured and gilded pictures represent various states of the heart of man.

The first is the heart of an unrepenting sinner as it is by nature. Pride, hatred, &c., represented by the peacock, snake, and other symbolical figures, dwell therein. There is no cross to image forth faith in Christ;—the Holy Spirit, in shape of a dove, is yet outside.

The second picture is the heart of a repenting sinner. Pride and other vices are leaving the place no longer their home, in company with Satan, who can no longer abide where he once ruled supreme.

The third picture shows the cleansed heart of a believer, in which shines a beautiful cross of gold.

The fourth—and it is this to which I specially call notice—is evidently a *hypocrite's* heart, of a dark and livid colour. Seven evil spirits are ready to enter it, and *a black cross*, symbol of dead faith—faith without love—is within it.

In my visits to houses in Batála, I sometimes take this book, as well as the precious Bible. There is one quarter where the Mohammedans are particularly bigoted. I always feel that the Gospel is rejected in that place, yet do not think it right never to go amongst the supposed descendants of Mohammed, puffed up as they may be with bigotry and pride.

On my last visit I took with me the "Mirror of the Heart." Women were pleased with the bright, clever pictures; but the most attentive listener to my explanations was a grave Mohammedan boy, perhaps about fourteen years of age, whose name I will call Abdullah. I had met him in that quarter more than once before; and on one occasion he had talked so loudly and eagerly, as if to confound the Christian visitor, that I had rebuked him, a mere boy, for thus speaking to an elderly woman. The lad had not taken offence. He had for some time been learning in our Mission school, and though not doing so now, had carried away enough knowledge to make him ask me for a gift of the Scriptures.

After explaining the meaning of my book, I turned back to the two first pictures, and asked Abdullah whether he was like the first man described, or the second, which of course meant, "Are you a repenting or non-repenting boy?"

To my surprise, Abdullah told me that he was like neither the one nor the other. He made me turn to the fourth, the dreadful picture of a hypocrite's heart: "This is my state," said the boy gravely. I saw that he was not in jest.

"It cannot be," I argued; "this is not a Mohammedan's heart; you see the cross is within, although it is black."

I was very much struck by Abdullah's reply. "*How can you tell that the cross is not in my heart?*"

Abdullah kept to his point, that the picture showed the state of his heart, horrible as the state was represented to be. He repeated his strange question, "How can you know that the cross is not in my heart?"

I have thought a good deal over the conversation with the grave, earnest-looking boy, who appears to regard himself in a fearful a condition. What can be the meaning of his words? Abdullah *cannot* be a hypocritical Christian professor, for he is not a professor at all. I can but imagine that he is *a hypocritical Mohammedan*; that

nhappy lad really believes what he dares ot confess; that he wears the black cross in is heart.

And perhaps Abdullah represents a large lass in India, who remain in this dangerous ate. He evidently *sees* his danger. Oh! r more earnest prayer that he, and others ke him, may be brought into fuller Gospel ght and fuller Christian freedom, so that the cret cross may be no longer a cause of rrow and shame, but that Christ Himself ay. so dwell in their hearts by faith, that ey may never shrink from confessing His ly Name.

## "HALF AS MANY AGAIN."

AST year a great effort was made by the C.M.S. to get "half as much again," and this year there is to be another—or rather a continuation of the same—effort get "half as many subscribers again." (To ubscribe is to get a certain sum regularly, very week, or month, or quarter.) Well! what oes this mean? I will tell you. It means at we are all, every one of us, to turn Mis-onaries; not to the black and red heathen foreign lands—we could not all do that ough some of us could, if we were not afraid leave our comfortable homes to meet the ngers and difficulties of a Missionary's e), but Missionaries in our own homes and hools, and among our own friends.

Now, as I was reading the eighteenth chap- of the Acts, I came upon a simply splendid t for us (verses 9, 10), where God bids St. ul, "Be not afraid, but speak, and *hold not* r peace: for I am with thee . . . and *have ch people in this city.*" Now I will ask u two plain questions, and mind you think ll before you answer. To how many of ur friends have you spoken about this great Mission work, and of Him whose work it is—the Master? To how many friends do you think St. Paul *had not* spoken about it? I fancy the number would be very small in either case. Now why is it we do not speak more about these things? Ask one of your friends, and he will very likely say, "I'm afraid of hurting peoples' feelings; they would not like it." No; that is not the true reason. I will tell you why you do not speak. It is because you are afraid of being thought religious, or of being laughed at; or, because it is unusual to talk about religion, you fear being thought peculiar. If St. Paul and every one else had thought as you do, how would *you* ever have heard the good news?

Brave English girls and boys, God says, "Be not afraid, hold not your peace." God may have "much people" in this town, this house, this school in which you are, and you may be His appointed messenger to them. Every heart truly warmed with Christ's love will be earnest in Missionary work. Do not be afraid that you are not of sufficient importance: "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hath He ordained strength." Speak up boldly, "hold not thy peace;" and depend on it that if we are to have "half as many again" of subscribers this year, as we had last year, you and I must do our best.

And why do I say all this? Because where there is real love to the Lord Jesus, there will be the longing to tell of His love, and of all that love led Him to do; and more than this, there will be the effort made to "fetch them in" who know and love Him not. *It is because we love little that we do so little for Him.* Let this, then, be our daily prayer, "Lord Jesus, teach me to love Thee;" and we shall find the words put into our mouths which God would have us speak, and the work put into our hands which He would have us do to advance His Kingdom.

## THE CHILD WHO WOULD HAVE A MISSIONARY BOX.

THERE was a Juvenile Missionary Meeting in one of our county towns; and after the Missionary had given his address, the vicar said he should be very happy at the end of the proceedings to give a collecting-box to any child who wished to possess one.

Little Emily wanted one; and accordingly found her way with a crowd of other children to the table where the vicar as chairman sat.

He handed Missionary-boxes right and left to many little eager children; but Emily was so small (scarcely higher than the table) that he did not notice her.

All her companions went away, yet still Emily waited.

The vicar and the Missionary began speaking together, and I do not know what they did not say to each other, but at last the vicar's eye fell on Emily.

"What do you want, my child?" he said.

"A box," whispered Emily.

The vicar was a kind man. "I think you had better wait a year," he said, "before I give you one. In a year you will be bigger; in a year you will be older; and in a year *you will be* able to decide better what is the best way of spending money." And so Emily had to go home without a box.

But what will not perseverance do! Emily was resolved to have a box; so as the vicar would not give her one, she went to her little brother Charlie, who had an immense love for hammer and nails, and asked him to make her one.

Charlie said "No" at first; but afterwards was persuaded to try.

A year later another juvenile meeting was held, and before the vicar lay a whole range of neat boxes, filled with small silver pieces and pence. Each was opened in turn, but when the last was disposed of, a small brown "*thing*" still lay on the table.

"What is this?" said the vicar, holding up in his hand a curious construction of wood and long nails, which, unless very carefully held, were apt to run into your fingers.

It was Emily's Missionary-box, made by Charlie.

The vicar turned it round and round. It rattled noisily, and to get at the contents he had to break open one side.

Out rolled a number of pennies! The vicar did not hesitate about giving Emily a Missionary-box *now*. What good is it to say "No," when people who are not given Missionary-boxes insist on making them for themselves?

So Emily went away happy, with a collecting-box in her hand. (Should we not learn an example of perseverance from her?)

And what happened to Charlie's handiwork?

The Missionary begged to have it, and took it back with him to Ceylon. There he showed it at a Native Missionary meeting, and told the story of little Emily.

He did not speak in vain. One of his listeners resolved to go and do likewise. He made a hollow egg of clay, with a slit on one side of it to admit money. Then he scratched on it the words—"Freely ye have received, freely give," and put it out in the sun till it got hard and dry.

When his neighbours saw the egg, and found out what it was for, they asked him to make eggs for them also; and at the next year's Missionary meeting there was quite a pile of eggs for the Missionary to crack, and each egg had a nice supply of pice (a small Indian coin) in it. So you see how far the influence of even a little girl may reach.

## SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS.

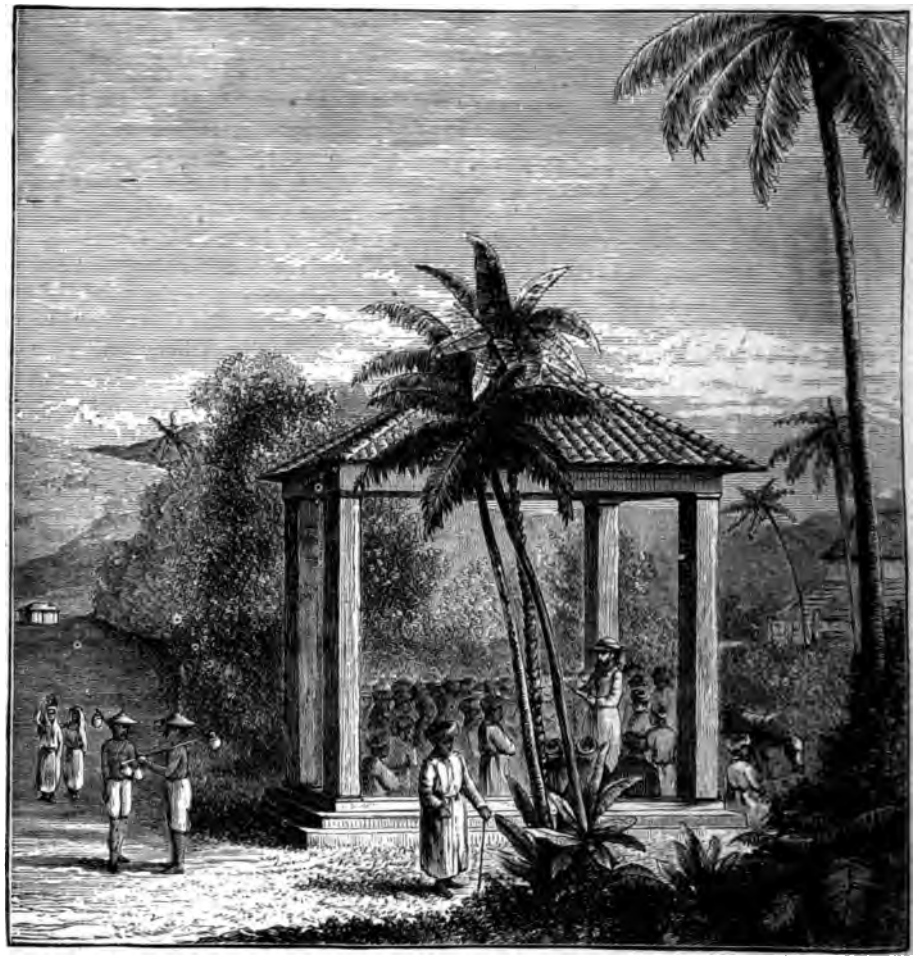
BISHOP RUSSELL.

IN 1860, with the aid of the Rev. H. Rankin, an American Presbyterian Missionary, the whole New Testament was printed in Chinese; and Mr. Russell was now urged by his fellow-Missionaries to take some sorely needed rest and visit England. Perhaps he might have done so; but while he thought about it, in 1861, a dreadful rising of rebel Chinese, calling themselves "Taipings," took place in China, and quite put a stop to any plans which Mr. Russell might have formed. These rebels were the followers of a man named Hung, who (having learnt a little about Christianity) now started a new religion of his own. These rebels swarmed through China, taking first one city and then another, and ill-treating the terrified inhabitants. In December, 1861, they surrounded Ningpo. The garrison that was supposed to defend it did not know how to direct their guns, so as they aimed them at the enemy too low, the balls only rolled out of the cannon's mouths into the ditch beneath! At once the Taipings took heart. Holding mattresses over their heads, to prevent themselves getting hurt with the stones and blocks of wood which the Ningpoese now hurled at them, they swam the moat, and rushed bravely at the walls. In a few minutes they had scaled them; and Ningpo was in the hands of the rebels! For a while the Christians were in great danger, but mercifully one of the Taiping leaders recognized the Missionaries, from having met them before. He interfered on their behalf, and ten days after the taking of Ningpo they were allowed to withdraw from the town in safety, taking most of their converts with them.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell now sailed for England; and for various reasons were delayed returning to China for seven years. Mr. Gough and Mr. G. Moule (who had ere this been joined by his brother, the Rev. A. E. Moule) began to despair that they would ever come back to their work at all; but when they had nearly given up all hopes, one day the glad news reached them that not only might they expect to see Mr. Russell soon, but that he would probably come back to Ningpo as Bishop of North China. Mr. and Mrs. Russell did return to their work in 1868; but his appointment as Bishop was not made till 1872. Mr. Russell had to travel back to England to be consecrated, but only

CHINESE FORTUNE-TELLER.

stayed a short while there this time, and returned to China in the spring of 1873. But Bishop Russell's labours as head of the C.M.S. Mission to North China were not to be for long. For six years more he followed in his Master's footsteps, going about preaching "good tidings;" and then, on October 5th, 1879, after a short illness, came the summons—"Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."



A GLIMPSE OF MISSIONARY LIFE IN CEYLON. (*See page* 77.

CHINESE FORTUNE-TELLER.

## AUNT LOUISE'S MISSIONARY HOUR.

"CAN you tell us anything about that Chinese, Bao, that mamma was talking about to-day at dinner?" asked Frank of his aunt the following Saturday, as they gathered round her for their Missionary Hour.

"Do you mean that man," said Douglas, "who was so nearly made into a native clergyman?"

"Yes," said Aunt Louise; "his ordination was at first put off three months, as his conduct was not altogether satisfactory; but alas! those three months were lengthened out into sixteen years."

"Do tell us all you know about him," exclaimed Frank.

"Bao gave his own story once at a service where he was helping Bishop Russell," answered Aunt Louise. "It was a very sad one. His grandfather had an independent fortune, but one day, meeting a foreigner in the streets of Ningpo selling opium, he was induced to buy some, and became an inveterate smoker. At his death he left but half his property to his son (Bao's father). Like a dutiful son, he copied his father's virtues, but unfortunately he imitated his vices too, took to the opium pipe, and died in poverty and disgrace."

"And what did poor Bao do?" said Agnes.

BAO.

"Oh, I know!" cried Douglas, who was very fond of sporting his knowledge whenever he had a chance. "Bao apprenticed himself to a tailor, to save money enough to buy himself a wife."

"Well, and what happened?"

"Why, of course he married. And one day, when he was walking along, he saw a number of his friends smoking in an opium shop."

"Oh, I hope he did not join them," cried Rosie.

"Well, dear, he did; but through God's

goodness to him he seems soon to have escaped from this sad evil," said Aunt Louise. "I am afraid that poor Bao only acted like numbers of people who have been better taught than he was. I have known little boys and girls, ay, and grown-up people, do the wrong thing when they knew the right, because they could not make up their minds to resist the evil."

"Ah, to *resist* implies making an effort," said Agnes softly.

"Yes, it may be an effort," said Aunt Louise; "but you know the promise, '*Resist* the devil, and he will flee from you.'"

"Do tell us about Bao after he became a Christian," said Frank.

"He became a teacher in 1852," answered Aunt Louise, "because he was so earnest and had such a forcible way of explaining religion, and it was thought and hoped he would become a valuable helper in the ministry. He was eager for Bible knowledge, and was a remarkable instance of a self-taught man; but owing to outbursts of temper his ordination was delayed at first for a short time, which decision he received in a very humble spirit. During 1863-4 he went sadly wrong, but he was restored again, and we shall never know till we meet before God's throne to how many of his countrymen Bao was the messenger of peace. As his life ended (in 1874) there was once more light, and on his dying bed he expressed his simple trust in Jesus Christ."

A loud knock and ring at the hall door made the children fly to the window.

"It is grandmamma!" they cried, as they watched her alight from the carriage, loaded with parcels, which the children felt sure were meant for them.

"Run and welcome her," said Aunt Louise, "and we can finish our chat about China next week."

## THE THREE BROTHERS.

(*Continued.*)

DHUN saw the animal coming along without a rider, so he guessed that an accident had happened to his brother. But what did he care so long as he had the camel! So without saying a word to Rahee, who was inside the tent, he seized his sack of grain, and throwing it over the camel's back, started off running like a hare! But his very haste proved his destruction; for he took no notice of a sand-storm that was coming swiftly towards him from the desert, till he found himself nearly smothered with dust.

In a moment he and the camel flung themselves on the ground to let the storm sweep over them; but the girth of the camel burst at the moment, and the honey was upset in the sand, while the sack of corn flew open in the fall, and all the grain was scattered on the ground. So the camel was free to trot home once more, leaving Dhun choked in the desert.

Rahee was overjoyed when he beheld the camel trot up to his tent. He saw that the girth and trappings were gone, and felt sure that some evil had happened; but instead of going to see, he only thought of the tusks he wanted to sell; and tying them firmly on the camel's back, he hurried away for fear of being stopped by Adin's or Dhun's return.

He *was* stopped, however, though not by them; for some robbers were hiding by the wayside, and as he rode past they killed him on the spot, and seized his camel and tusks.

This was the end of three selfish men.

Dear children, you blame them, I am sure. But are you not doing something of the same kind when you keep to yourselves the Good Gift which God has given you to share with others?

## THE LORD'S PORTION.

"Of all that Thou shalt give me, I will surely give the tenth unto Thee."—*Gen.* xxviii. 22.

IN our picture you will see one of the many kinds of palm-trees which abound in South India. Men climb these trees for the purpose of extracting the sap, which in its fermented state is sold, and called arrack, toddy, or jaggery.

One of these palmyra climbers determined to devote *one-tenth* of his income, which he

earned by selling jaggery, to the service of God. He saved six rupees in his Missionary pot (or egg, as it is called on p. 77), the tenth part of his income for the year. One day while climbing, having reached the top of the tree, he got ill; his hands slipped, and he fell to the ground: "having no hurt nor pain in his body," he said he felt as "if some one had handed and let him down to the ground safely." From this he learnt God had preserved him, and he requested his pastor to pray for him, that he might keep his determination to give "one-tenth" to God.

When collections were being made at Madras, for the Bible Society (which we may call the twin sister of the C.M.S.), for the purpose of sending Bibles to the Telugu country, a lad of about sixteen came into the vestry after service, and offered ten rupees to the Fund. Knowing his family, our Missionary, Mr. Goldsmith, doubted whether he ought to give so much. It was the *first* instalment of his monthly pay as a telegraph clerk, which he had determined to devote as a thank-offering to God's service.

And now I must tell you about a little boy. He was walking out one day with a near relative, rejoicing in the sunshine, and talking very fast about the horrors of the dark, of which he had a peculiar dread. He was reminded of the loving and sleepless care of Him to whom "the darkness and light are both alike;" that He is *always* taking care of His children.

"Yes, I know," said the child gravely; "and it is *very, very* kind of Him. When I get half-a-crown, I'll give Him sixpence for taking care of me." (Which of us, dear young readers, have ever given a thank-offering to God for His unwearying care through all our lives?)

'God does not want anything for Himself, but He likes us to give to His needy ones," replied his companion.

"Yes, that's how I shall *get it to Him*," rejoined the child. "The verse I learnt on Sunday said, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me.' That will be giving it to God, won't it?"

We might well follow these examples. Which of us gives *one-tenth* of what we have to God? Who among the many *who have to earn their living*, give the *first* instalment of their salary, or even a part of it, to God's service? Who are ever ready with a thank-offering for all His care and goodness? and yet how very kind He is to each and all of us.

If "*half as much again*" was needed last year, it is still more needed this. If you could only read the Missionaries' letters, pleading earnestly for help from so many lands, you would not only *wish* to help them, but *find some way* or other by which you *could* add your gift—your "tenth," your "half as much again"—to help forward the great work of winning souls for the Lord Jesus. God asks us to help: how great the honour He thus puts upon us! But He can do without us. The work will not fail of being done because we will not do our part.

## A MISSIONARY SALE ON THE BEACH.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—We have had such an interesting account of a Church Missionary Sale, held by two little boys in the country, that we think you will like to hear about it.

Last summer we gave you an account of a bazaar held by these two little boys. Well, we are glad to tell you that they are as interested in the C.M.S. as ever—not like some little children who collect busily for a few weeks or months, and then grow tired. No; these are persevering little boys; and we should so much like you to follow their good example, that we must tell you about their second bazaar.

First they determined to have handbills to advertise their sale, and off they went to the printer; but when he knew that it was for the C.M.S., he kindly printed them 135 copies gratis, telling them to put the shilling they offered him to the funds collected. The notice ran as follows:—

A BAZAAR
WILL BE HELD (D.V.)
ON THE BEACH,
AT
THE WEST SIDE OF THE PIER,
IN AID OF THE FUNDS
OF THE
CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY,
ON FRIDAY, APRIL 27TH, 1883,
FROM 11 A.M. TO 5 P.M.

A VARIETY OF FANCY ARTICLES, TOYS, &c.,
FOR SALE.

Friday, however, proved a disappointment, being wet; Saturday morning also. But by twelve o'clock that day it cleared up beautifully, and our two young friends and their helpers hurried down to the beach as quickly as possible.

The boys borrowed a truck, and wheeled their goods to the beach themselves—*a good half-mile*—to save expense. Then they got two sailors to put up a three-sided shelter with sails, for a couple of shillings, the tent proving too small.

Customers soon came crowding round, and they were kept quite busy till past five. The tent was turned into a show-room for a Chinese schoolboy, being a great Japanese doll dressed in a Chinese suit belonging to a little boy whose mother has lately returned from China. She remained in the tent, giving a little lecture to any one who entered to see the show. The boy was seated by a table covered with chop-sticks, books, swords, &c. This show was "A penny a peep;" and half-a-crown was made that way on Saturday afternoon.

The placard announcements of "C.M.S. Bazaar," "Visitors invited to inspect," "Chinese Schoolboy, a penny a peep," &c., were all very nicely illuminated by our two young friends with coloured chalks.

They were helped in the selling by three very energetic little girls, who ran about the parade, bringing people to buy, and sometimes getting asked up into ladies' drawing-rooms with articles for sale. They were also *given* a good deal of money by kind passers-by, one gentleman giving *half-a-sovereign* for two small trifles!

You may fancy how happy they were on Satur-

day evening—coming home with £3 2*s.* 4*d.* as the result. "Won't the Missionaries be glad!" they shouted. And we think the Missionaries will not be the *only* people to rejoice with them.

However, all their things had not sold, so they continued the sale on their lawn, and soon almost everything was gone; and when they counted up all the money they had collected, they found it was just £6.

Dear children, do not put down this paper and say to yourselves, "That is a pretty story;" but see if you cannot go and do likewise.

## SOWING.

SHE went forth gladly sowing—
Bright, happy little May!—
The seeds of daily kindness
Always from day to day:
For well she knew that as you sow,
So the little seed will grow.

She sow'd all through the nursery,
Sweet smiles and kindly deeds;
For frowns, she said, were ugly things
To cast away like weeds:
And well she knew that every deed
Was a sweet flower or worthless weed.

She sow'd, too, in the schoolroom—
Within her little mind—
The seeds of knowledge which she hoped
In later years to find.
"I want," said she, "to have my brain
Like a rich field of golden grain."

She sow'd, too, in the Mission-field
Of far-off heathen lands,
The seed which is the Word of God,
With earnest, busy hands.
"I know," she said, "nought can destroy
*This seed* which I shall reap in joy."

And daily—night and morning—
She sow'd the seeds of prayer,
Which evermore came springing up
In answers everywhere.
Dear children, pray that you may sow
The seed you want to spring and grow.

## OUR MISSIONARY BIBLE CLASS.

37. A Missionary who was "a mighty man of valour."
38. What was the "charge" given him?
39. The altar of what false god did he cast down?
40. What did he ask God to do to strengthen his faith, and to prove He had sent him?
41. Whom did he fight for, and whom did he fight against?
42. When he went to fight, how was he bidden to choose his soldiers, and with what did he arm them?

### SCRIPTURE ANSWERS FOR MAY.

24. Moses. Num. xii. 3.
25. Eighty years. Acts vii. 23—30.
26. Forty years in Pharaoh's court. Acts vii. 21—23. Forty years in Midian. Acts vii. 29, 30.
27. "And Moses said . . . O my Lord, I am not eloquent, neither heretofore, nor since Thou hast spoken unto Thy servant: but I am slow of speech, and of a slow tongue." Ex. iv. 10.
28. Unto Pharaoh. Ex. iii. 10. To the children of Israel; implied from *v.* 13.
29. Pharaoh did not: "I am sure the king of Egypt will not let you go." Ex. iii. 19. The children of Israel did: "They shall hearken to thy voice." Ex. iii. 18.
30. "I pray Thee, let me go over, and see the good land that is beyond Jordan." Deut. iii. 25. "The Lord said, Let it suffice thee; speak no more unto Me of this matter." *v.* 26. "Jesus taketh Peter, James, and John . . . into an high mountain . . . and, behold, there appeared . . . Moses." Matt. xvii. 1—3.
31. Mount Nebo. Deut. xxxiv. 1—5. "And He buried him." Deut. xxxiv. 6.

### ANSWERS TO ENIGMA No. 8.

1. Goliath.
2. Obadiah.
3. Timothy.
4. Obed.
5. Moses (Deut. iii. 23-29; compare with Matt. xvii. 1-3).
6. Yoke.
7. Basket.
8. River.
9. Esther.
10. Taberah (Num. xi. 1, 2).
11. Hezekiah.
12. Raiment of camel's hair.
13. Ezekiel.
14. Naomi.

*London:* Church Missionary House, Salisbury Square; Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday, 54, Fleet Street, and all Booksellers.

1883.] [Price One Halfpenny.

# hurch Missionary Juvenile Instructor.

BAGDAD. (*See next page.*)

## A MONTHLY MISSIONARY SUNDAY.

HOW many of our readers have a Missionary Sunday?—a Sunday when they remember some *special Mission-field* in their prayers, have the Missionary-box passed round, sing Missionary hymns, or repeat Missionary texts; trying to see how many verses bearing on Missionary work can be found in the Psalms and lessons of the day. This month we propose Bagdad (of which we give you a picture in our frontispiece). It is our youngest Mission. We are thankful to tell you we have received cheering letters from our Missionary there, the Rev. Bernhard Maimon. Though there are encouragements, there are also difficulties. Let us ask God "to raise up His power" *in* us and "*among* us," and with His "great might to succour us;" we who pray at home, and they who are in the Mission-field.

Some—perhaps very many—have such a thing (a monthly Missionary Sunday), and some have had it for many years. If Missionary work were more read about, the interest of many would be greatly increased.

We think the *second* Sunday in each month would be suitable for this purpose. By that time all the Missionary papers would be in the hands of those who read them, which cannot always be the case, even in London, much less in the country, on the first Sunday.

We hope each month to pick out one or two Missionary verses out of the Psalms for each of the Missionary Sundays, and say a few words upon them. Let us prayerfully (to borrow the phrase of a well-known writer) put on our Missionary spectacles, seeking out texts bearing on Mission work—not leaving it till the day appointed, but preparing for it, and asking God's blessing beforehand.

Thus may we *prepare ourselves* for keeping our monthly Missionary Sunday; but we must *prepare our gift* too. No matter how small, let us think of it beforehand, deny ourselves something that we may add to it, "laying by in store" what we can *rightly spare—not* only *what we shall not miss*, and *therefore do not want*.

Perhaps some of our readers have not a box or collecting-card at home. They feel they have so little to put in, it would not be worth while. Find out, then, a friend who has one. Do not allow yourself to *think*, much less to *say*, "I have only a penny, and it is *so* little, it is not worth giving." Is there no box at the vicarage, and do you never go there? Would it not be suitable to put your penny into *it*, thanking God for giving you the means of grace, as well as the hope of glory? Is there no box at the village hall, in the Sunday-school, or at your neighbour's?

Perhaps you are ill, and cannot get out? Who is it comes to see you, to try and make you better, or, at any rate, to ease your pain, or to cheer you with a few kind words of sympathy or holy comfort? Did you ever ask him if he had a Missionary-box? Surely no offering would be more acceptable to God, than that sent from your sick-room, a thank-offering for returning health, for a kind friend in your time of need; or, if the earthly physician can do no more for you, a thank-offering to Him who "healeth all" our "diseases," forgiving our sin, and so healing our souls; taking us when life is over to that bright land where "the inhabitants shall no more say, I am sick."

Our first Monthly Missionary Sunday will be August 12th, 1883: the Psalms for that day, the 62nd to the 67th inclusive.

Subject for prayer, Bagdad.

# RESCUED!

"Light in the darkness, sailor, day is at hand,
See o'er the foaming billows fair heaven's land.
Drear was the voyage, sailor, now almost o'er,
Safe within the Lifeboat, sailor, pull for the shore.

"Trust in the Lifeboat, sailor, all else will fail,
Stronger the surges dash, and fiercer the gale:
Heed not the rolling waves, but bend to the oar,
Leave the poor old stranded wreck, and pull for the shore."

IT was a stormy night on our eastern coast. The wind howled and the waves broke wildly on the shore, where a band of gallant sailors stood beside the lifeboat. Already twice that night those brave men had rowed out to sea in the lifeboat to help vessels in distress; and now, as they stood gazing out over the foaming waters, they saw another ship stuck on the fatal sandbank. Should they go to help it, or not?

It seemed useless, for the storm was gradually increasing in fury: and even if they succeeded in reaching the sandbank, the probability was that the ship would have gone to pieces first.

At that moment the little son of the captain of the lifeboat ran up to the group. He, too, had been watching the fated vessel from the cliff above; and now, laying his hand on his father's fustian coat, exclaimed eagerly,—"Look! father, look! another ship is on the sandbank."

"Do you want to see your father drowned?" answered the captain roughly.

"No, father, but you will not be drowned," said his son; "for as I came down the steps that lead to the shore, I saw two ladies kneeling on the sands, and I stopped to hear what they were saying; and I heard them ask God to send help to those poor sailors. They are praying; and while they pray, no harm can happen to you, and I *know* you will be successful."

The earnest appeal was not in vain. The captain was a brave man, and so were his companions. The next instant the lifeboat was launched, and was soon dashing over the black, angry waves towards the distressed vessel. The thought that fervent prayer was ascending to heaven for them, and for those so near to a watery grave, nerved their hearts and strengthened their arms. And their aid was in time. That lifeboat crew had the joy of bringing nine fellow-creatures (who would otherwise have been drowned) in safety to the land.

Dear children, the Gospel is like the strong lifeboat, for it brings safely to the shore of heaven all who trust themselves in it. The Missionaries, like the crew of the lifeboat, take the Gospel far over the seas to those who are perishing on the sandbanks of ignorance and sin. But are we at home, like the two ladies, praying that God will send help to the perishing? Are we, like the captain's little son, trying to get others to go to the rescue? If not, why not?

## CHIEFS PICAPOT & RED CROW.

AM going to try and tell you a little about the Blackfoot Indians. The Rev. S. Trivett has been making a new station near Fort Macleod among the Blood Indians, a branch of the Blackfoot. This will be the most westerly of our stations this side of the Rocky Mountains. The Bishop of Saskatchewan, with Canon Mackay, paid them a visit two years ago, and you will like to hear part of what the Bishop says in his letter.

He started on the 25th May, 1881. The route lay through the great Buffalo plains, now only solitudes from the disappearance of the buffalo, and consequently of the Indians who used to go there to hunt them. The Bishop reached Maple Creek on Sunday, June 5th, he and his companions travelling all the morning hoping to reach the reserve in time to hold a service. They were kindly received by the farm instructor (that is the person appointed by Government to teach the Indians how to cultivate the soil). There are 800 *heathen* living here—not one Christian among them, no Missionary or even schoolmaster of any kind to teach them.

About 200 gathered round the house on the Bishop's arrival and welcomed him with a dance, the noise of which made it quite impossible to hold a service; so he and his companions went out to see what they were doing. Six or eight Indians were sitting on the ground round a drum, which they kept beating while they sang. Every now and then some of the men stepped out from the crowd and danced in time to the music. They carried guns and pistols, and were painted on the face, arms, and legs. Some were dressed in most fantastic style, with strips of leather and flannel, and some had their hair plaited with ornaments. The women and children sat in a great circle behind the men. One of the men who was beating the drum had the mark of a man's hand on his shoulder; this showed he had made peace with some of his enemies, as it is their custom for each man to lay his hand on the other's shoulder and so make peace.

One poor man had dreadful scars on his breast, which had been given to him at a religious ceremony called the "sun-dance," which shows us how much these poor people need to be taught the religion of the Lord Jesus, which is one of love and kindness.

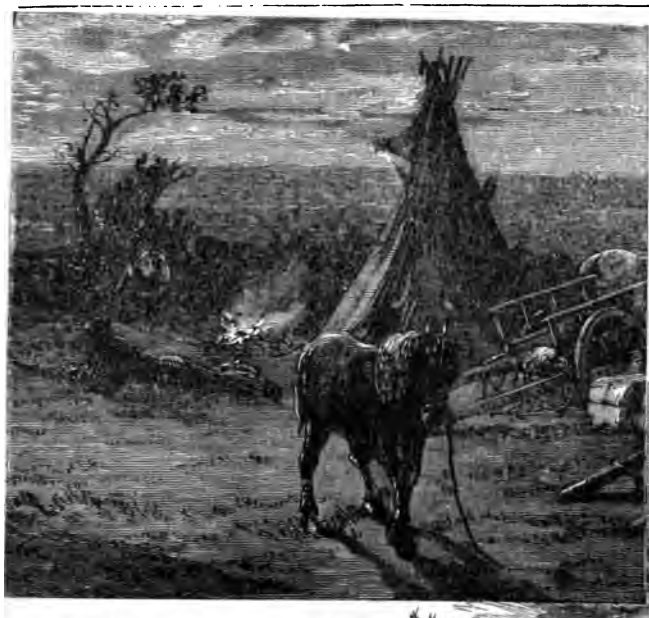
The Bishop met some of the chiefs, but as he could not speak their language, Canon Mackay translated what he said into Cree, and then another man translated the Cree into Assiniboine. This is one of the great difficulties of our Missionaries, having to learn several difficult languages so as to be able to speak to the different tribes in their own tongues.

Fort Walsh, which is about thirty miles to the west, was visited the next day (June 6th), where the Commissioner of mounted police, Lieut.-Col. Irvine, and his officers received the Bishop and his party most kindly. Here again *all were heathen*. On June 7th there was a gathering of heathen Crees in the barrack-room with their Chief Picapot. He is an intelligent and clever man. There was a good deal of talking; Canon Mackay again interpreting for the Bishop, who told them of their need of religious teaching, and of the necessity of their obeying the Government, making the best use of their opportunity of learning the white man's way of living. How sad to think that here again there is no Missionary, no schoolmaster, the nearest being 180 miles away.

The reserve of the Blood Indians was next visited, where the Rev. S. Trivett had his Mission. This reserve is, I believe, the largest in the dominion of Canada, about eighteen miles south of Fort Macleod (it contains about 3300 Indians, *all heathen*), and is a tract of land stretching six or eight miles along the Belly River. Mr. Trivett is the only Missionary on the reserve, and it is quite impossible for him or any one else to teach so many heathen. He had been keeping school himself before his illness (from which he was recovering when the Bishop arrived), and had done good work among the children, between forty and fifty attending the school, and he might manage 100; but as there are 1000 children, what is to become of the other 900? Then, too, the grown-up people need to be taught; they are a sharp, intelligent people, and cannot be treated like children. Shall we let these thousands die in ignorance without putting out a hand to help them?

A meeting was held of the leading Indians in the schoolroom, the head chief, "Red Crow," and four lesser chiefs attending. The room was full and many were outside; the Bishop addressed them, all he said being interpreted by Mr. Trivett's interpreter. At the close the Indians held a consultation by first passing a pipe round the assembly and then speaking together for a few minutes, when two very old men and Chief "Red Crow" rose up in turn and made speeches chiefly about the disappearance of the buffalo and the consequent poverty of the Indians. The eldest of the three who spoke said he had lived to be so old because he had never done anything wrong since he was a boy. Oh! how sadly they need to be taught that they are sinners in God's sight, and that "the blood of Jesus Christ (alone) cleanseth from all sin." Several of the Indians seemed grateful for Mr. Trivett's kindness, and quite to understand he was trying to do them good by teaching them; and said, too, he was always ready to give them medicine when they were sick, and never refused them a smoke when they came to his house.

In this south-western district of the Diocese of Saskatchewan there are 8000 heathen Indians fed by the Canadian Government and being taught to farm. This is only a

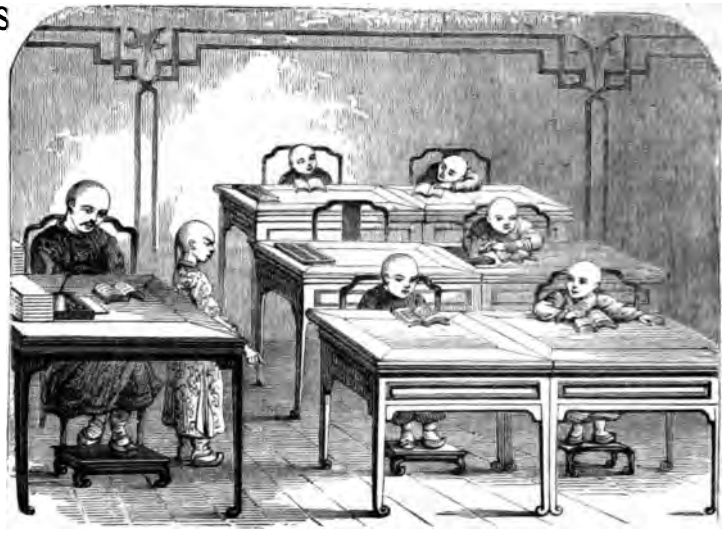


collecting-box, should get one without delay. Many a penny would doubtless be dropped in from time to time, from one and another, whereas if there is no box at hand these pence are too apt to be spent. "Lay by you in store," is a good precept for old and young.

part of the Mission-field in that vast diocese, but it is a most important part. "There was never in the history of Indian Missions in British North America so fair an opening for winning the souls of so many thousand heathens to the Lord Jesus." The Bishop earnestly appeals for help to send the Gospel message to these thousands who have never heard it yet. Shall we stand idle when so many souls are to be won? Let us each do something, and that at once, while we have the time and opportunity, never stopping till we hear the word of commendation from the Master Himself: "He (or she) hath done *what he could*."

We would suggest that any of our readers who are not already possessed of a Church Missionary

## NT LOUISE'S SSIONARY HOUR.



YOU must tell us something t China to-day," n Frank, as soon ey were comfort- seated round Louise. "You us so much t poor Bao, the ese convert, last that I do want ear more about ountrymen."

hina is such a large country," said Aunt se, "that I hardly know where to begin. s eighteen provinces, to say nothing of ie vast countries included in the empire iina."

"Oh, yes; I know!" exclaimed Douglas. "They say that there are so many people in China, that if they stood holding hands, only a yard apart from one another, they would reach the moon."

"All the more reason why we should send Missionaries there," said Agnes. "But what kind of people are they?"

"Well, first of all," said Aunt Louise, "I must tell you that they are very dutiful to their parents," said Aunt Louise; and she looked at Douglas as she spoke — a look that reminded the boy of a sad scene he had taken part in that morning, when he had been im-

patient with mother for reproving his untidy habit of throwing down his school-books anywhere when he came home, and had shown a good deal of temper when his father had sent him off to school without the books he could not find.

But it was never Aunt Louise's way to reprove in public; and as she saw by his downcast eyes that Douglas was sorry, she continued quickly,—

"I read a very pretty story the other day, of a poor Chinaman. His name was Lee; and when his mother died, she was buried in a wood. Now during her life she had always been dreadfully afraid of thunder; so after her death, whenever there was a thunder-storm, poor Lee used to hurry to his mother's grave, and, kneeling down by it, cry out, 'Lee is near you: don't be afraid, mother.'"

"Do they really believe that the soul still lives after death?" asked Agnes.

"Yes," said Aunt Louise; "this is why their brick tombs have one or two bricks left out, so that the soul may go in and out at pleasure."

"Oh! how nice it will be," said Rosie, "when they are taught to believe in Jesus, so that when they die their souls may go straight away to God, to be with Him in heaven."

"Yes, indeed, darling," said Aunt Louise.

"And do they have schools there?" asked Frank.

"Yes, very good ones," said Aunt Louise, producing a picture. "Here you see in the front is a child, who is so fixed in his place that he cannot even turn to see his book! The Bible is specially taught in these schools, so we look for wide results when these children grow up. When Mr. Ost, our Missionary at Hong Kong, was taking a friend over his schools lately, a very small boy, about seven years old, attracted their attention, and they called him forward to question him on the Gospel of St. Mark."

"I had rather it was him than me," said Douglas, with a shrug of the shoulders, as he remembered how miserably he had failed in his repetition of last Sunday's Collect and Gospel, which he had had to write out after school-hours in consequence. Happily, Aunt Louise had found out the grievance, and greatly comforted him by promising, if he copied them very neatly, to give it to a lady, who would give it to cheer some sick person in hospital. Whereupon each of the children had determined to write a Gospel too, as Missionary work.

"And how did the little Chinese lad get through the catechizing?" asked Agnes.

"Splendidly," said Aunt Louise. "He had learnt the whole Gospel through from beginning to end; so that though both gentlemen did their best to puzzle him, they could not succeed. If they named a person, the child quickly repeated the whole following paragraph; or if they began a verse, he never failed to finish it correctly."

"You would not find many children in England who could do that, not even among the gentry," remarked Frank.

"Why, I heard a clergyman telling father, the other day, that he never saw anything like the ignorance of the gentry's children in his parish," said Douglas. "He said that the jumble they got into about Bible characters was almost past belief."

"I guess that this Chinese boy was only a picked specimen of learning," said Frank.

"Not at all," said Aunt Louise. "The Chinese have wonderfully good memories; and even little girls under twelve years of age have been known to learn all the four Gospels by heart for an examination. And I must tell you that as there are very few schools in China for girls, except Mission

schools, they depend almost entirely on us for instruction."

"And what is this funny picture?" cried Rosie, as she descried one of a strange appearance in Aunt Louise's other hand.

"This," said Aunt Louise, "is a model railway, with circular rails, sent by some Americans to Japan as a present, before the country was opened much to foreigners. The individual on the top is a mandarin, who, as he could not get inside, sat on the top, and was whirled round, much to the amazement of the onlookers."

"Are not the Chinese a very money-making people?" asked Frank.

"Yes," said Aunt Louise; "yet when they become Christians, and give up Sunday work, they lose one-seventh of their earnings."

"And were not some of them martyrs for the Faith?" asked Agnes.

"Yes," said Aunt Louise. "The first martyr of Fuh-kien was seized and beaten in church one morning; but he went again, notwithstanding, in the afternoon, and was murdered by the mob."

"Is it really true," said Agnes, "that they have started a *Prayer Union* there?"

"It is the one started in England by the Rev. H. L. Harkness," said Aunt Louise; "and Mr. Bates, the Missionary at Ningpo, suggested it at a meeting of catechists, when nearly all joined, many promising to pray daily for the outpouring of God's Holy Spirit on themselves and others."

"And every one that asketh receiveth," said Douglas, more to himself than aloud.

"I want you all to follow their good example," suggested Aunt Louise.

"Oh, yes; do let us!" said Rosie.

And so they all knelt down, and had their first Prayer Union together.

## "SHE BEING DEAD, YET SPEAKETH."

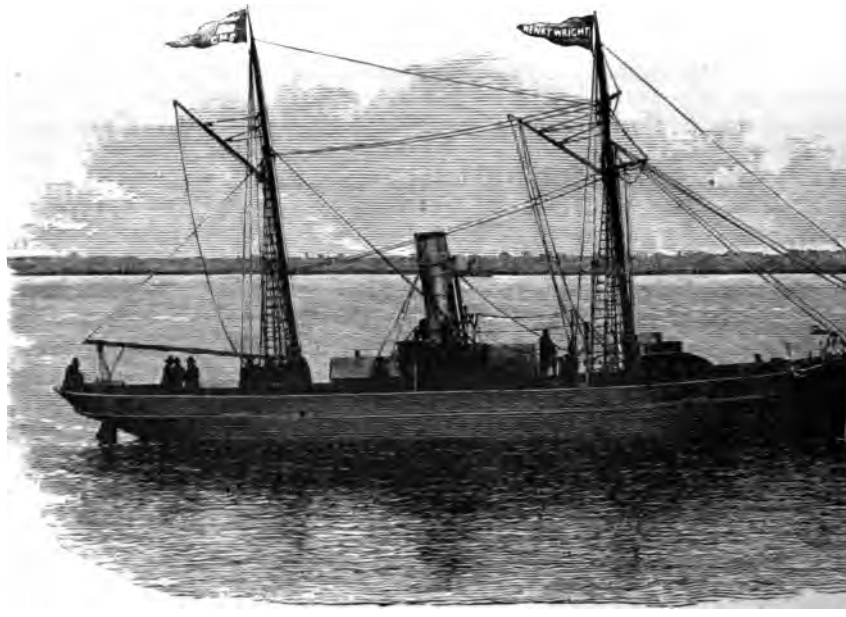
DEAR Children, we have once more been reminded of the uncertainty of life by hearing of the death of one of our young friends—younger, maybe, than some of you—and perhaps the very one that you would least have thought was going to die.

For she was so well and bright! a very sunbeam at home and in her father's parish; carrying light and gladness wherever she went. For she knew that she was a messenger of the Great King, and that *such* should always do their work happily and well. She remembered, too, that half a kindness is in the way it is done: for her motto seemed to be, "whatever you do, do gracefully;" and her kind actions were never spoilt (as some kind deeds are spoilt) by the ungracious way in which they were done.

She was just like "a sunny spot on which the Sun of righteousness is continually shining"—something pleasant to look at—and her "little deeds of kindness, little words of love," dropped from her hands and lips like golden seeds: and *these* we know she will one day reap in joy.

But suddenly she was struck down by a very severe illness; and despite all that human skill and love could do, she faded away from day to day—till the night came, when the Lord sent His angel to gather her into His home above.

They told her gently that she was dying; and she knew all in a moment that she would never more trip about on earth to carry comforts to the sick and needy, or teach her class in the Sunday-school, or join in the church services she loved so well: but she was not afraid. Death was to her only an open door through which she gladly passed from her




I'M AFLOAT.

you that on March 10th many C.M.S

of that dear friend in whose memory the "little ship" has been built, named the vessel, and the *Henry Wright* glided gracefully into the river.

But we want to tell you, that though the steamer is paid for, a large sum is still wanted "to place her fully fitted up at Zanzibar;" so we hope our readers will still collect their pennies, and pray to God not to let their interest flag in the good work: and may we all join heartily in the prayer that the *Henry Wright* may indeed be a vessel "sanctified for the Master's use," a "small ship" that shall "wait on Him" (Mark iii. 9) continually, carrying the messengers of glad tidings backwards and forwards oh that distant shore.

We have been waiting to tell you this till we could give you the accompanying picture.

The *Henry Wright* reached Aden safely, but while going on from there to Zanzibar her coal ran short, and the wind being contrary she had to put back to Aden again. We hope very soon she will be at work at her station.

## SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS.

### DR. WILLIAM ELMSLIE, OF CASHMERE.

IN the ancient town of Aberdeen lived, fifty years ago, a highly respectable shoemaker called James Elmslie, with his wife Barbara. They had a little son lled "Willie." He was a delicate child; so tead of romping about as strong children ally love to do, he liked much better to sit his mother's feet and listen to her stories. could tell him a great many wonderful of adventure, for her father had been a sea in, and had sailed at different times in e to almost every part of the world; but so often told him the beautiful old Bible stories of Joseph, and Moses, and David, and Daniel, till little Willie nearly knew them by heart.

Happy days were these to both mother and child; but story-telling and listening could not last always. Willie's father had heard of London, and the great fortunes which some people make there; and hoping to provide one for himself, he took his family with him and went to London.

But James Elmslie soon found out that London streets are not paved with gold; and that if some few people are successful in winning fortunes, there are far more who lose the little they may already have. The poor shoemaker was one of these. He got poorer and poorer, and at last, to add to his troubles, he fell sick. Day and night his wife nursed him, till she too was seized with illness, and was obliged to take to her bed. It was typhus fever, and of such a bad kind that the one servant they kept ran away from them.

Poor Willie was very frightened. He was only eight years old! What should he do? A doctor had sometimes been at their house, but Willie did not know where he lived. Notwithstanding, the brave little fellow resolved to go out into the streets in hopes of finding him. Up and down the crowded London pavements he walked, looking out eagerly for any one who might resemble the doctor; but in vain. He began to feel very tired. The constant stream of people sweeping by him made him giddy, and he would have given up the search in despair; but the thought of his mother's Bible lessons came back to him. God *always* answered the prayers of the saints of old, when they prayed to him; and could He not help now, just as easily, if Willie asked Him to do so? Clasping his hands together he whispered fervently, "God help me."

And the prayer was answered almost before it was uttered.

A gentleman was passing along the street at the time, and his eye fell accidentally on the thin child with the wistful eyes. He stopped, and said kindly, "What is wrong, my child?"

There was no mistaking the kind look of his face, and the still kinder tones of his voice, and in a minute little Willie had poured out his troubles.

"I am not a doctor," said the gentleman, "but I will show you where you can find one;" and he directed him to a house close by, where a doctor's plate was shining brightly on the front door.

Willie went to the house and rang the bell. The doctor was at home, and at once went with Willie to see his sick parents. Nor was that all that he did. Not only did he look after them with unwearied kindness, but he helped them in many ways, till both father and mother got well again; and then he gave them money to pay their travelling expenses back again to their old home in Aberdeen.

Little Willie never forgot that doctor's goodness to his parents and to himself; and when many years afterwards, as a doctor himself, he visited London again, one of the first visits he paid was to the kind doctor's house. But the plate was gone from the door; nor could he find out, though he asked a great many people, what had become of the doctor. So Willie was never able to thank him.

But we feel sure the good doctor did not serve God's poor for the sake of any earthly reward; and doubtless hereafter shall fall on his ears (dearer and sweeter than any words of mere human thanks) Christ's own words of acknowledgment: "INASMUCH AS YE DID IT UNTO ONE OF THE LEAST OF *THESE*, YE DID IT UNTO ME."

## OUR MISSIONARY BIBLE CLASS.

43. "A Nazarite" who "began to deliver Israel" from the Philistines, and "the Lord blessed him."
44. What was he remarkable for, and how was this remarkable gift bestowed?
45. Give instances when he exhibited this gift, and against what nation.
46. How did he lose this gift, and what other gifts did he lose with it?
47. The worshippers of what false god did he destroy?
48. How many did he slay at the time of his own death, and how did he do it?
49. What is this Nazarite mentioned as remarkable for in the Epistle to the Hebrews?

## SCRIPTURE ANSWERS FOR JUNE.

32. Joshua.
33. "Arise, go over this Jordan." Jos. i. 5.
34. "As I was with Moses, so I will be with thee: I will not fail thee nor forsake thee." Jos. i. 5.
35. "Go ye into all the world," &c. Mark xvi. 15. "Arise, let us go hence. John xiv. 31. "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Matt. xxviii. 20.
36. "None of the men which came up out of Egypt . . . shall see the land . . . save Caleb . . . and Joshua . . . for they have wholly followed the Lord." Num. xxxii. 11, 12.

We are requested to acknowledge receipt of £1 5s. proceeds of children's Missionary-boxes at Dolphinholme, Lancaster. Also the following:—

Miss Smith's Sunday Class, Church Aston, Newport, Salop. Missionary-boxes:—

| | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| L. Bott | 0 | 0 | 9 |
| M. A. Liddle | 0 | 6 | 8½ |
| K. Farr | 0 | 4 | 2 |
| A. E. Brittain | 0 | 3 | 7 |
| E. Clarke | 0 | 3 | 6½ |
| M. Harper | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| E. Taylor | 0 | 1 | 10 |
| M. Smallwood | 0 | 1 | 7½ |
| F. M. A. Taylor | 0 | 1 | 1 |
| | £1 | 1 | 1 |

*London: Church* Missionary House, Salisbury Square; Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday, 54, Fleet Street, and all B

SEPTEMBER, 1883. Price One Halfpenny.

# THE Church Missionary Juvenile Instructor.

A CALL TO PRAYER IN A MOHAMMEDAN TOWN.

## OUR MONTHLY MISSIONARY SUNDAY.

Sept. 9th.—The Psalms for the Day, from the 44th to 49th.

EAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—Last month, in starting our Monthly Missionary Sunday, we asked you to do two things: one was to prepare yourselves, so that you might keep it well and happily, and the other to prepare your gift. Have you been trying to do so? As we have told you before, it is only where there is true love to God, and an earnest desire to please Him, there will be the true preparation.

David said of his gift, "*I have prepared with all my might*" (1 Chron. xxix. 2). Can we say that? Some may say, "I have prepared" my gift, but not myself. One thing is certain, where we have prepared ourselves, we are sure to have prepared our gift, whatever that gift may be,—and in the case of some it is prayer alone they can give. David prepared gold, silver, brass, wood, and precious stones, and because he had set his affections (he tells us) on the House of God, he prepared a gift "over and above all he had prepared." Is our love to God so real that we have prepared a like gift, "over and above" what we may call "the Lord's portion"?

David's example was followed by "the chief of the fathers," the "princes," the "captains," and the "rulers;" they "offered willingly" (*v.* 6). The people, too, offered willingly (*v.* 9); "they with whom precious stones were found, gave them" (*v.* 8); those who had not got any could not give them. It is "according to that a man hath" that he must give. We read the people "rejoiced with great joy," because they did it with a "perfect heart" (sincerely); they wished to offer unto God of the best they had, and to give liberally. Thus they felt in their gladness the truth of our Lord's words, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Ps. xliv. 12.—"Thou hast scattered us among the heathen." The children of Israel, as a punishment for their sin, were to be scattered among the heathen nations, where they would serve gods of wood and stone; but even there God promised that if they sought Him with all their heart and soul they should find Him (Deut. iv. 25—29). God is scattering us among the heathen in many lands, and what for? That we may tell them the glad news of a Saviour's love, and that ceasing to worship gods which cannot see, nor hear, nor speak (Ps. cxxxv. 15—17), and therefore *cannot help* those who worship them, they may seek Him, the only true God, who may be found of every seeking soul; for He has said, "Ye shall seek Me, and *find Me, when ye search for Me with all your heart*" (Jer. xxix. 13).

Ps. xliv. 26.—"Arise and help us," O Lord, in all our Missionary work. Teach us *what* to do and *how* to do it, for without Thee we can do nothing. Deliver us from Satan, the great enemy of our souls, for Thy great mercy's sake. Scatter the darkness of ignorance and unbelief, and "let there be light"—the light of the knowledge of Thee—among the heathen, and the increase of it among ourselves.

Ps. xlvi. 10, 11.—"Be still," *then*, because God is all-powerful, "and know that I am God," "the mighty God," "King of kings and Lord of lords." "*I will be exalted among the heathen.*" "God alone shall be exalted in that day," when "the idols He shall utterly abolish" (do away with) (Ps. ii. 17, 18).

There is no doubt as to the success of Missionary work, for "the Lord of hosts is with us;" but there is a doubt as to whether we are doing our part, all we can, to extend

His kingdom, that is, lead souls to the Lord Jesus. He *can* work without our aid, and *will*, if we are not willing to be used. It is quite true, dear children, that we are weak and can do nothing without His Holy Spirit's help; but what can a saw, a hammer, a plane, or chisel do, *unless taken up and used?* So it is with us: if we are only willing to be used in God's way, He will take us up and use us, in the mighty, blessed work of winning souls to Him.

Our subject for prayer this month will be Palestine and the special Mission to Mohammedans. We give you in the frontispiece the Muezzin's call to prayer. The Mohammedans have regular "prayer hours." Have we? and if we have, do we keep to them, remembering if we are unpunctual we are keeping our Father waiting? JENA.

## AN OJIBBEWAY MISSIONARY AND HIS PEOPLE.

BEFORE we give you the Rev. J. Sanders' account of his work among the Ojibbeway Indians in the diocese of Moosonee, you must know that these poor people were very slow in receiving the Gospel; some few believed, but most would not listen, thinking the religion which was good enough for their forefathers was good enough for them. They did not see either that those who had accepted our holy religion were any better off as to this world; they suffered from the same diseases, and had as much difficulty in procuring food. But through God's goodness brighter days were dawning. The message of salvation was entrusted to one whose mother tongue was Ojibbeway, the Rev. J. Sanders, whose own account of his work we are going to give you. Brought up at one of the Hudson's Bay Company's forts, he afterwards went to Moose to learn a trade. Here he met Bishop Horden, of Moosonee, under whom, through God's mercy, he was brought to know the truth. Determined to do what he could for others, he became schoolmaster for a time, after which he went to St. John's College, Manitoba, for a year. He was then ordained; since which time he has been working at Matawakumma, chiefly among the Ojibbeways. Here his work soon told, especially at Flying Post. Of the people here the Bishop writes, "These had been my trial, they would not be persuaded."

And now we must give you Mr. Sanders' own account of his work. His district is a very large one, and he has to go long distances to visit many of his people; an Ojibbeway Indian is his only helper, and that but for the summer months, as in the winter he goes to his hunting-grounds.

In the winter of 1881-82, Mr. Sanders travelled about 400 miles over the snow in snow-shoes, so as to visit some of his people who lived a long way off. How those poor people must look out in hopes of a visit; for how should we feel if we only had a clergyman to come and see us and conduct service in church once or twice a year?

Our Missionary started at the beginning of December; his first visit was to a wigwam *fifteen miles off*, where a paralyzed lad lived with his widowed mother. How glad this poor boy was to see the Missionary, and to be talked to about the Lord Jesus and His love for poor sinners! It cheered, too, the old woman to listen to the "gracious words" of Christ, "Come unto Me;" for she is a true Christian, and travelled *thirty miles* both at Christmas and Easter to attend the services.

At the end of December Mr. Sanders started again for Flying Post, the station nearest his own, Matawakumma. On his way he stopped at the place where the Ojibbeway catechist, Louis Martin, lives in the summer. He does not live in a wigwam, but in a comfortable house which he has built for himself. He has, too, a nice garden, where he grows plenty of potatoes, which, "with the animals he kills, keeps him in comparative comfort during his summer visit." Here our Missionary held two services, preaching "Christ crucified" once more to the dear people, nine in number, besides the catechist and his family. The next day Mr. Sanders started again, promising if God willed it to spend another night there on his return journey, which also proved "a very happy visit."

Quantities of snow had fallen, and the walking was very bad; but after awhile the track became better, owing to three travellers being ahead, whom our Missionary overtook before midday, and of whose company he was very glad. It was so cold that to keep from freezing they were obliged to walk very fast, so that Flying Post was reached before sunset. Here a Christian is in charge. That evening some of the Indians arrived for the twofold purpose of meeting their Missionary and to make exchanges with the fur-traders. The service held was a solemn one: "One year just closing, passing away for ever, and another coming in." Some of these Indians have left off "conjuring and drumming, and some of their superstitious practices, and are now listening to the Gospel of Jesus."

At the beginning of March Mr. Sanders started again from Matawakumma, which you will remember is his Indian home, for Matachewan, where everything is in charge of the Roman Catholics. Here he spent the Lord's Day, holding three services; then after three days at home again, he went off to pay another visit to Flying Post, intending to go right on to Messinabie or Brunswick, if not both. Sunday was spent with the catechist Louis and his family, and his new baby was christened by Mr. Sanders. The catechist accompanied our Missionary as far as Flying Post, from which place two of the men of the Hudson's Bay Company accompanied him for two days and a half, till they met two Indians with their packs of furs, who had come to meet them. His companions returning home, Mr. Sanders accompanied the Indians back to their encampment, remaining one night; but to his disappointment, he could get no guide to take him on, and he did not know the winter route, so he made a little tour among the Indians, his host volunteering to guide him to his friends. The first evening was spent in singing hymns and chatting, the Indians doing everything they could to make their Missionary comfortable. The next day, after breakfast and an early service, about sunrise they were off again to the next party: here they stayed over Sunday.

The next halt was made at a wigwam where an old man and his wife lived. "Poor old people, they lived together many years in darkness and heathenism; now they and their children have been baptized, and are trying by God's grace to walk daily with Jesus."

The friendly Indian here left, and Mr. Sanders wended his way home, stopping at Flying Post two days. Let us think of our Missionaries, as we pray Sunday after Sunday for all who travel by land or by water, that God would greatly bless them, guiding them in all their ways, and preserving them in all dangers. In these journeys many a poor Indian may hear the glad message of salvation, who lives too far off to attend any of the services.

Such is winter travelling, but the summer journeys are by no means always pleasant. Here is Mr. Sanders' account of it:—

"I paddled through lakes, went up and down rivers, crossed and carried over portages, poled up rapids and ran them in my canoe, going over 1300 miles during the season. As my Mission is so thinly populated, I sometimes travel many miles without seeing a single individual; but whenever I meet with one, I speak to him about his soul, and what the Son of God did for him; and whenever I come upon a wigwam, whether by a lake shore, or on a portage, or by a river bank, I go in and spend as much time as I can possibly spare in reading, singing, and praying with those within, for whom Jesus suffered and died."

Mr. Sanders, you must know, is well educated; he can build, print, bind books, in fact can do anything that requires to be done; he was ordained deacon at Moose, but to obtain priest's orders, he one winter *walked eleven hundred miles* in snow-shoes, making his bed in the snow night after night, trudging on day after day over untrodden snow, with but one Indian companion. If you could visit his station at Fort Albany you would see a neat parsonage-house. Who built it? The Missionary. There is a good church. Who built it? The same Missionary. Day after day he was chopping down trees, sawing timber, planing boards. See him, too, on his Missionary journeys, visiting in his canoe stations hundreds of miles distant, and remember as you look at his kindly, intelligent face, he is not an Englishman, though of European descent, but "raised in the country among the sons of its own soil."

Such, dear children, is Missionary life in the Far West, and a few of its trials and difficulties. Let us pray to God more earnestly that He would succour, help, and comfort these faithful workers in all dangers, in every necessity, and in all tribulation, and after this life receive them into His home of rest and joy. J.

## AUNT LOUISE'S MISSIONARY HOUR.

"I WISH you would tell us something about New Zealand," said Frank, the next wet Saturday, as the children clustered once more round Aunt Louise; "there was a picture of a convert there in the *Gleaner* lately, and one of my schoolfellows was so struck by it that he said when he is a man he will be a Missionary to the Maoris."

"He will find plenty to do there," said Aunt Louise; "for the people live in such a scattered way that the Missionaries have often to ride great distances to visit them. Archdeacon Clarke said that he seldom spent more than one Sunday at home in each month, owing to his often being so far from home when Sunday came. I should like to tell you about the convert whom Frank mentioned just now; he was the Rev. Rawiri Te Wanui. He died about two years ago; and when he was very ill, a native medicine-man came to see him (he was too poor to get a doctor all the way from Wellington, the nearest station where one can be had). This medicine-man promised him a certain and speedy cure if Rawiri would only let him say a few words over him, which they fancy have great power. But though the poor convert was most anxious to be cured, he refused the offer, saying that he would not leave the true God whom he had served for forty years to go back to heathen rites."

Maori Chiefs.

**W ZEALAND.**

Council of War.
Fortified Pa (enclosure).

"What part of the island do most of the European visitors go to?" asked Agnes.

"The Bay of Plenty, I believe," said Aunt Louise; "and a great part of the Bishop's work there lies among our own country-people."

"So we ought specially to send Missionaries there," said Rosie.

"According to the old saying that 'charity begins at home,'" laughed Douglas. "It seems to me a very selfish reason."

Rosie flushed crimson; she felt she was right, and yet did not know how to answer her brother. Aunt Louise came to the rescue.

"Yes; charity may begin at home, but it never ends there. And I think if more of our country-people out there were real instead of nominal Christians, we should be saved the necessity of sending out Missionaries, for the settlers would do the work."

"I think I heard father say that the Bishop has plenty of riding about, like the Missionaries, to visit his people."

"That is good Bishop Stuart of Waiapu. You remind me of a ride he once had which might have proved fatal," said Aunt Louise. "He was going a distance of eighteen miles, when he nearly got into a bog. He was leading his horse at the time, so he was able to step back quickly as soon as his feet sank in the morass. Had he fallen in there would have been nobody to help him out, for during the whole ride he only met one man!"

"Oh, tell us more!" cried the children, as Aunt Louise paused.

She smiled at their eagerness. "The Bishop's adventures for the day were not quite over even then," she said; "for when he reached the Maketu River, his horse refused to go over in the canoe, which an old woman brought for the Bishop's use."

"*I should not* care to be in a canoe with a kicking horse," laughed Douglas. "What did he do?"

"Well, the good-natured old woman took the Bishop across herself, and then sent her son to take charge of the refractory animal. I can't tell you the end of the story, as I do not know it myself."

Several heavy sighs greeted this announcement. At last Agnes said, "Never mind about what happened to the horse; tell us what the Bishop did. What was he going there for?"

"Partly, I believe, to see Mr. Spencer, the Missionary there," began Aunt Louise.

"Oh, yes," interrupted Douglas; "he has been there about forty years, and has a nice little wooden church; and in the churchyard is a monument to some chief who was killed in a fight among the tribes some time before."

"Are there many people who go to church?" asked Rosie.

"On this occasion when the Bishop went, I believe there were about a dozen children and a few grown-up people. But then that was not for one of their regular services. Mr. Spencer merely rang the little church bell, and any one came who liked. Then, after some hymns had been sung, a chapter from the Bible was read, and the Bishop explained it."

"And how long did he stay there?" asked Frank.

"Only one night," said Aunt Louise; "for the next day he had to hurry off to visit other people; and as he could not get a guide, he had to make his way across country as best he could by himself. Presently he came on some men and women gathering in their crop of maize; but as soon as they saw the Bishop, they rang a kind of dinner-bell, which they had hung over the house which was for a chapel, and when the people collected

in answer to the summons, he held a service with them too."

"Is that the place where mother told us they had only one dilapidated prayer-book, which had lost ever so many pages?" asked Rosie.

"I should think that an improvement," said Frank; "for then the service could not be so long."

"The poor Maoris did not think so," answered Aunt Louise gravely, "or they would not have come so willingly on a weekday. They sat quietly down on the rush-strewn floor, while the Bishop made a seat of an old packing-case; and a very delightful service they had, the responses being led by an old woman and young man who knew a little English."

"Go on," said Douglas.

"The Bishop went on," replied Aunt Louise, "and about a mile off had another river to cross, and after a good long ride reached the encampment of the road-makers; but as only the women were at home, he said he would not hold a service then, but have one on his way back."

"I suppose he did not think *women* worth having a service for," said Douglas, with a naughty smile.

Rosie thought he was in earnest, and said indignantly, "Of course not, Douglas. He only waited till the men came home too, that they might not miss the pleasure."

"I don't guess the men cared for his waiting for them," said Frank.

"You are mistaken," said Aunt Louise; "for it was either there or at the next settlement that they were so anxious for some prayer-books, that the Bishop kindly promised to bring them some the next time he came that way. Fancy! they even remembered the text he had preached to them the last time he paid them a visit, some three years before. One fine old Maori asked for a Testament, and was willing to pay for it as soon as he got paid for making the road at which he was working."

A MAORI WARRIOR.

"Are there any schools?" asked Agnes.

"Yes, at this very place there was quite a nice one. The master and his wife work very hard there. But now you must all run away, for I hear the hall-bell summoning you to the drawing-room."

## SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS.

### DR. WILLIAM ELMSLIE, OF CASHMERE.

(*Continued.*)

WILLIAM ELMSLIE'S father did not care much about the education of his sons. He was far more anxious that they should earn their own bread; and so, when William was only nine years of age, he was made a shoemaker! He was too small and weak to do any of the hard work of cobbling, but he used to stitch the upper leathers, and soon got so clever in this employment that he could do more good work in any given time than almost any other little shoemaker in Aberdeen.

Most boys kept so hard at work would have given up all thoughts of book-learning; but William did not, and his kind mother used to encourage him to learn as much as possible. She used to come and read to him while he worked, and in the evening asked other little boys to drop in and repeat to William what they had been taught at school. In this way he picked up a wonderful amount of knowledge. When he was fifteen years old he became a Grammar School boy, but he had still to go on with his cobbling in order to support himself. In due time, from the Grammar School he passed on to King's College, Aberdeen. Here he distinguished himself by carrying off an "exhibition," which gave him a certain sum of money every year while he remained at college, which helped him to pay his own expenses. But to assist his family he had to continue cobbling. Nearly all day long he might have been seen with needle and thread in his hands, putting together the softer bits of leather, which another workman would afterwards make up *into nice* walking-boots and shoes.

*But how did* he get time to learn Greek and Latin, you will ask, if he spent all his time as a shoemaker?

Well, my dear children, he *made* it. "Where there's a will, there's a way;" and to prevent his cobbling and studies interfering with each other, he engaged a watchman to call him at three o'clock every morning, and then, after drinking a cup of coffee and eating a slice of dry bread, which his good mother had prepared for him the night before, he would set to his books, and work away hard at them till it was time to begin his day's cobbling again.

And so time ran on. William took his degree at college, and then went for a year to Italy, as a tutor in a gentleman's family.

On his return to Scotland he began to think about becoming a minister, and entered the Free Church Divinity College in November, 1858. He had long thought seriously and read his Bible, and prayed to God to help him to understand what is written in it; but now, as he searched his Bible, it struck him for the first time that *healing the sick* and *preaching the Gospel* always went together in the early days of Christianity. They were never separated in the life of Christ; and believing fully that his Divine Master had left him an example that he should follow His steps (as far as any humble, earnest child of God can do), William Elmslie resolved to become a Medical Missionary. Many of his friends tried to dissuade him, but his mind was made up; and for years he worked as a medical student at Aberdeen, and then in Edinburgh, and last (after passing successfully the necessary examinations) he had the satisfaction of finding himself a fully qualified doctor.

About this time the Church Missionary Society wished to send a Medical Missionary to Kashmir, and hearing what an earnest Christian and good doctor William

was, the Committee asked him if he would go as their Missionary. William was only too thankful to accept the offer. He felt it was an answer to his prayer that God would direct him into the right path; so after bidding his friends in Edinburgh "Good-bye," he rushed back to his northern home, to spend his last few weeks with his family before sailing for India. It was a bitter sorrow to the poor mother to part with her darling boy; but, as once in baptism in infancy, so now again in manhood, she gave him to the service of God. In September, 1864, William Elmslie left England, and after a safe voyage, without any adventures, arrived at last in Calcutta.

## THE NEW CHRISTIAN GIRLS' SCHOOL IN CALCUTTA.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—When I was young, no book interested me as the "Little Green Book;" it was really a *little* green book then, with very few pictures, and its green dress was not nearly so attractive as it is now. When the magazine arrived month by month, the first thing I used to look for was something about little black girls. At that time there was not so much done to teach them and their mothers about "Jesus and His love," as I am glad to say there is now.

Well, I fancy that girls are much the same now as girls were long ago (so long that I have, I am thankful to say, a dear daughter actually working for God as a Missionary in a school of native girls in India), and it has struck me that the readers of the Green Book may like to hear something of a new school which has been opened lately by the Church Missionary Society, for the daughters of Native Christians in Calcutta.

Such a school has become necessary, as many of the native gentlemen (Baboos) are now desiring education for their wives and daughters, and secular schools are springing up here and there. In these schools, of course, there is no Bible lesson or Christian teaching; and this boarding-school for the daughters of Native Christians has been opened, and Miss Neele and Miss Alice Sampson commenced their labours in it in February last. Very soon forty-one pupils were assembled, including eight day scholars, who have to be fetched every day in an omnibus—as you know it is not usual for women and girls of the upper classes to be seen outside of the zenana (women's apartments). It is a great step to get them to a day-school at all.

These interesting pupils vary in age from eight to eighteen, and in attainments from such as have previously been taught to others who are only beginning to learn.

One reason why I am writing this to you dear girls, is, that you may very often remember this school in your prayers, that God would enable those who conduct it to guide these young souls to the Saviour.

Some of the girls are daughters of Native Missionaries; others are orphans transferred from Agurparah, and it is quite touching to see how delighted they are to see their "Miss Sahib" (Miss Neele) again.

You will be glad to know that Miss Sampson tells us that several of these are really Christians, and not Christians in name only. About half a dozen were confirmed lately. Let us pray that these may prove themselves Christ's faithful followers unto the end of their lives; and as they grow in grace, and in the knowledge of the Lord, they may become useful Missionaries to their countrywomen.

Some of the pupils speak English well

enough to be taught at once by Miss Sampson, who, of course, has to learn the language herself before she can teach them in their own Bengali. Miss Sampson says, "They are so very fond of study, that it is quite a punishment for them to be dismissed from their classes earlier than usual. They are very intelligent, and are for the most part as well advanced in the usual studies as are English girls of the same age in our schools for the educated classes. It is very odd to see the girls learning their lessons; they all say them aloud, many walking up and down, some sitting at their desks stopping their ears. The noise is like the buzzing of bees in a hive!"

Notwithstanding their love of lessons, I think they enjoy their Saturday holiday as much as you do, and very much after the same fashion, playing games, writing to their friends, and are quite excited when the box-wallah (pedlar) or the sweetmeat man comes; and then it is a rush to the teacher who keeps the pocket-money, "Miss Sahib poisha chai" (I want pice); or one who tries to speak in English, and wants to write a letter, "Miss Sampson, pliss gif one sect-paper." Their dolls are an endless delight, and English-dressed dolls are amongst the most acceptable things English girls can send to our lady Missionaries, if they wish to gratify both children and the teachers, who want prizes to give to the deserving ones.

My letter is quite long enough; perhaps another time I may tell you more about these affectionate and intelligent children; and you will, I hope, pray that their affections may be early set upon things above, and their intelligence directed by the Holy Spirit to the True Wisdom. H. S.

Barrow Vicarage, Hull,
*May* 16, 1883.

## GO FORWARD.

I WILL go forward earnestly,
Using the moments one by one,
Doing my best with all my might
Till this short day is done.

I will go forward thankfully,
Amid the comforts of my lot;
So many joys are granted me,
And I deserve them not.

I will go forward lovingly,
That I may be a blessing here,
Like the glad sunshine and sweet flower
So happy and so dear.

I will go forward trustfully,
Where'er my Shepherd's hand may l
His "still small voice" will counsel me
According to my need. A. M.

## OUR MISSIONARY BIBLE CLASS.

50. A woman who was a Missionary to one was afterwards her king?
51. What Scripture precept, given by the king, did she put in practice?
52. What was her first act illustrating this te
53. What were the consequences of this hast
54. What was she to the king afterwards?

## SCRIPTURE ANSWERS FOR JUL

37. Gideon. Judges vi. 12.
38. "Go in this thy might . . . have not thee?" Judges vi. 14.
39. Baal. Judges vi. 25—28.
40. Judges vi. 37—40.
41. "Thou shalt save Israel from the hand Midianites." Judges vi. 14.
42. Judges vii. 3—7, 16.

NOTE.—We are sorry that, owing to some mi names of Susie E. Hooper (*Special Commend* H. T. Clover (*Honourable Mention*) were om list of candidates for the Prize for the best E which appeared in our June number.

WE are requested to acknowledge the following contributions, remitted to the Society in March last Collected by Miss Robinson, Warrington:—

| | £ s. |
|---|---|
| Missionary-boxes:— | |
| Master S. Wright | 0 1 |
| Miss A. Booth | 0 2 |
| Master E. Coates | 0 [illegible] |
| Miss A. Partington | 0 [illegible] |
| Miss Reid | 0 [illegible] |
| Collected from Halfpenny Subscribers | [illegible] |

*London:* Church Missionary House, Salisbury Square; Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday, 54, Fleet Street, and all

TOBER, 1883.] Price One Halfpenny.

# THE Church Missionary Juvenile Instructor.

ABYSSINIAN SOLDIERS (*see p.* 113).

## OUR MONTHLY MISSIONARY SUNDAY.

"I WILL patiently abide alway." (Ps. lxxi. 12.) Often we older people have seen you dear little children planting seeds in your gardens one day, and turning up the soil the next, to see if they are coming up. This is not "patiently abiding," *waiting* till the seed springs up. God never does His work so. We read, He "is strong and patient." "God is angry with the wicked every day," yet He keeps back His anger, and *waits*. So must we learn to wait; it may be "many days," perhaps all the days of our life here, but we shall find in eternity, if not before, that the good seed was never planted in vain. This is *the Missionary's duty*—to wait patiently after sowing. The next verse tells us what *his message* is. "My mouth shall daily speak of Thy righteousness and salvation." God cannot look upon sin, therefore "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners," that covered with the robe of His righteousness they might be forgiven. Then we have the *Missionary's equipment*, that in which he is to be arrayed—"the strength of the Lord." Having no power in himself, "the Lord in the midst"—His own central place—"is mighty," even All-mighty. Then we have *the Missionary's resolve:* "I will go;" a glad surrender of himself and all he has to God's service. This is a Missionary text which we might well turn into prayer for each and all labouring in the Mission-field.

Ps. lxxii. 8.—"His dominion shall be also from one sea to the other;" "even to the ends of the earth."—Zech. ix. 10. We are working with no doubtful "outlook." The only question is, whether we shall be sharers in the *joy of harvest?* Are we workers or idlers? Oh, what a glorious kingdom His will be! "Thy kingdom come."

Ps. lxxiv. 21.—What a fearful picture of heathen lands, "full of darkness and cruel habitations." It is to dispel the darkness of ignorance and sin that we would preach Jesus Christ, the Light, who came to be "the Light of the world." It is to stop the cruelty of man we preach His Gospel, which teaches us to be "merciful," even "as our Father in heaven is merciful."

Our Monthly Missionary Sunday falls on Oct. 14th; the Psalms for that day the 71st to 74th inclusive. Our Mission-field for prayer is Western India, Punjab, and Sindh.

## SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS.

### DR. WILLIAM ELMSLIE, OF KASHMIR.

(*Continued.*)

WILLIAM ELMSLIE spent a fortnight in Calcutta; and while there, went to see all the Missionary institutions of the place. He then started for Lahore. He had been studying the native language for several months, so now he was able to speak it a little, and undertook (while he stayed at Lahore) to teach a class of little Native boys in the Mission school.

In April he commenced his journey to Kashmir. He travelled to Rawal Pindee in a gāri, a sort of lumbering carriage, drawn on this occasion by wretched and stubborn horses. At Rawal Pindee he got into a hill-cart, and partly in that, partly on a mule, began to climb the great Himalaya mountains.

It was a beautiful change from the

plains which he had left. As he mounted higher and higher, he saw blooming around him English flowers, such as rhododendrons, honeysuckle, clematis, and geraniums. There were also fir-trees; and when he got to Murree he beheld for the first time the everlasting snow-capped hills. As he journeyed along, he invited all the sick people, through whose country he passed, to come and see him if they liked. A number accepted his invitation; and daily after breakfast a crowd of poor people might have been seen waiting at Dr. Elmslie's tent door to get advice and medicine from him. And when he told them what would be good for their bodies, the Medical Missionary did not forget to tell them of the Great Physician, who not only would *try* to, but who *could* heal their souls completely; and who has promised to bring all weary and heavy laden ones who trust in Him at last (when "the changes and chances of this troublesome world" are over) to the "Better Land" above, where "the inhabitant shall no more say, I am sick."

The Valley of Kashmir is on the north side of the great province called the Punjaub. The Himalaya mountains lie between it and India; and through the middle of the valley flows the River Jhelum. It is considered a very healthy country, for even when the days are hot, the nights are always cool. Most beautiful crops of rice are grown on each side of the river.

The people of Kashmir wear a long woollen sort of nightgown from their necks to their ankles as their every-day out-door dress; the only difference between the men and women's dress being that the men wear girdles in addition round their waists. These garments are usually dreadfully dirty, but the Kashmiris do not mind that, and have these gowns made of a grey colour, so as to conceal how soiled they are.

They also keep their houses as uncleanly as their clothes; and the smell of a Kashmir village is such, that a traveller has told us the scent of a close-smelling London court is sweet compared with it.

The first Missionaries who visited Kashmir, shortly before Dr. Elmslie, were not well received. Their house was mobbed by a thousand people, who threatened to set their dwelling on fire, and actually took to throwing stones! With some difficulty these riots were stopped.

But now, when Dr. Elmslie came to Kashmir, things were very different; and he was able to secure part of a house in the city of Srinagar, in which to carry on his Medical Mission work without any danger to life, though not without some difficulty. He soon started a dispensary; and before beginning the labours of each day, held a service for the sick people who had come to see him in his verandah. Then he retired to his study, where his patients in turn came to consult him.

As he found himself succeeding well in this work, he commenced a new way of spending part of his time. He used to travel about the country in the neighbourhood of Srinagar, doctoring and teaching the people, as he had done before on his journey to Kashmir. But this was only for a little time. The Government of Kashmir said he was only to be allowed to stay in their country for six months out of the twelve months of the year. His six months' stay was now over, and he was obliged to return to India for the remainder of that year. Again he crossed the mountains, and then settled down at Amritsar, where he opened a Missionary Medical dispensary, which he worked till he was allowed to return again to Kashmir in the following year.

## AUNT LOUISE'S MISSIONARY HOUR.

"I HAVE some charming pictures to show you," said Aunt Louise at their next gathering, "and they have all to do with AFRICA, which is our subject to-day. You all know that West Africa was the first field entered by the C.M.S., for it was the depôt for negroes rescued from slave-ships by the British cruisers."

"I wish I'd been in one of them!" exclaimed Douglas; "would I not have given those wretched slavers such a thrashing as they would have remembered all their lives, *if* they survived to remember it! Hurrah for Wilberforce and all those jolly good fellows who opposed the slave-trade!"

A CHRISTIAN DINKA (CENTRAL AFRICA).

"We hope their names will never be forgotten," said Aunt Louise; "and I should like to tell you of all the fights they had to carry out their plans; but there is not time to do so now."

"What became of the slaves when they were set free?" asked Frank.

"Yoruba was the native country of many of them," answered Aunt Louise; "and some of them returned to it when they were rescued."

"And many of them became Christians, and learnt a trade from their deliverers," said Douglas; "so they returned to their country all the better for their *nolens volens* exodus!"

"*Yes,*" said Aunt Louise, "it just shows us how God can bring good out of evil; for at Lagos (which used to be a regular slave-mart), as well as many other places, Mission stations have been established. I shall not tell you about the Niger Mission, because you can read the full account of it in last year's volume of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR."

"Was not Dr. Krapf there?" asked Agnes.

"Why he was at Mombasa, on the *East* Coast!" answered Douglas with alacrity; for his father had given him a full account of it when they had been out for a long walk together that morning, and he was delighted at having the whole subject at his fingers' ends.

Ah! if other children would only taste for themselves the pleasure of knowing about things, instead of being content to remain at the stupid level of ignorance, how much brighter they would look, instead of insipid and dull!

"Do you know where Mombasa is?" asked Aunt Louise with a mischievous smile, for Douglas's geography was generally rather misty.

"Of course!" said Douglas; "it is a small island about 150 miles from Zanzibar. Krapf and Rebmann laboured there after being expelled from Adowa by the Roman Catholics. Indeed, I think they were turned out of Abyssinia altogether—and that then the Missionaries turned their thoughts to the slave-trade; which was quite as bad there as on the West Coast. And Sir Bartle Frere, that good man, went to work with all his might; and the C.M.S. formed a colony

for rescued slaves, and called it *Frere Town*, after his name. I would give anything to have a hand in that noble work!"

"You *may* have a hand in it," said Aunt Louise; "and you all know *how* I mean."

"'Helping together by prayer,'" said Agnes softly.

"And also," said Frank, "by sending out the *Henry Wright* steamer to help the Missionaries to get from place to place along the coast, instead of their having to wait a long time till a passage could be got in a passing ship."

"How glad Krapf and Rebmann would have been to see such results to their long years of hard work there," said Rosie.

"Ah!" said Aunt Louise, and there was a touch of sadness in her voice. "We have often to work a long while without seeing any fruit to our labours; but doubtless, though it is long in coming, it will come in due time." Perhaps she was thinking, as she looked round on the children, of how she had tried to sow the good seed in their hearts day after day, month after month,—and yet what was the result?

All unawares, Douglas answered her question.

"Of course," said he, "no sensible person would expect seed to spring up the day it is sown. I daresay those who have most disappointments here, will have most splendid surprises in heaven." He spoke lightly, and yet somehow under that careless manner there always seemed an under-current of something better. He forgot his words almost as soon as he uttered them, but Aunt Louise treasured them for many days.

"You have told us nothing about the Uganda Mission," said Frank.

"Well, there is hardly time now," said Aunt Louise; "but you can read plenty about it in last year's JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, and *Gleaner* for 1881 (page 99) contains most interesting accounts of Mrs. Last. She was the first English lady to visit those parts of Africa, and has lately died, after being out there only two years."

"And what are these pictures?" asked little Rosie, longing for an excuse to linger near Aunt Louise a minute longer.

"This," said Aunt Louise, taking up one of them, "is Waterloo Market, near Sierra Leone. And this other picture, which I daresay you will like better, is King Alikali with his two wives and one of his servants."

"What is he king of?" asked Agnes.

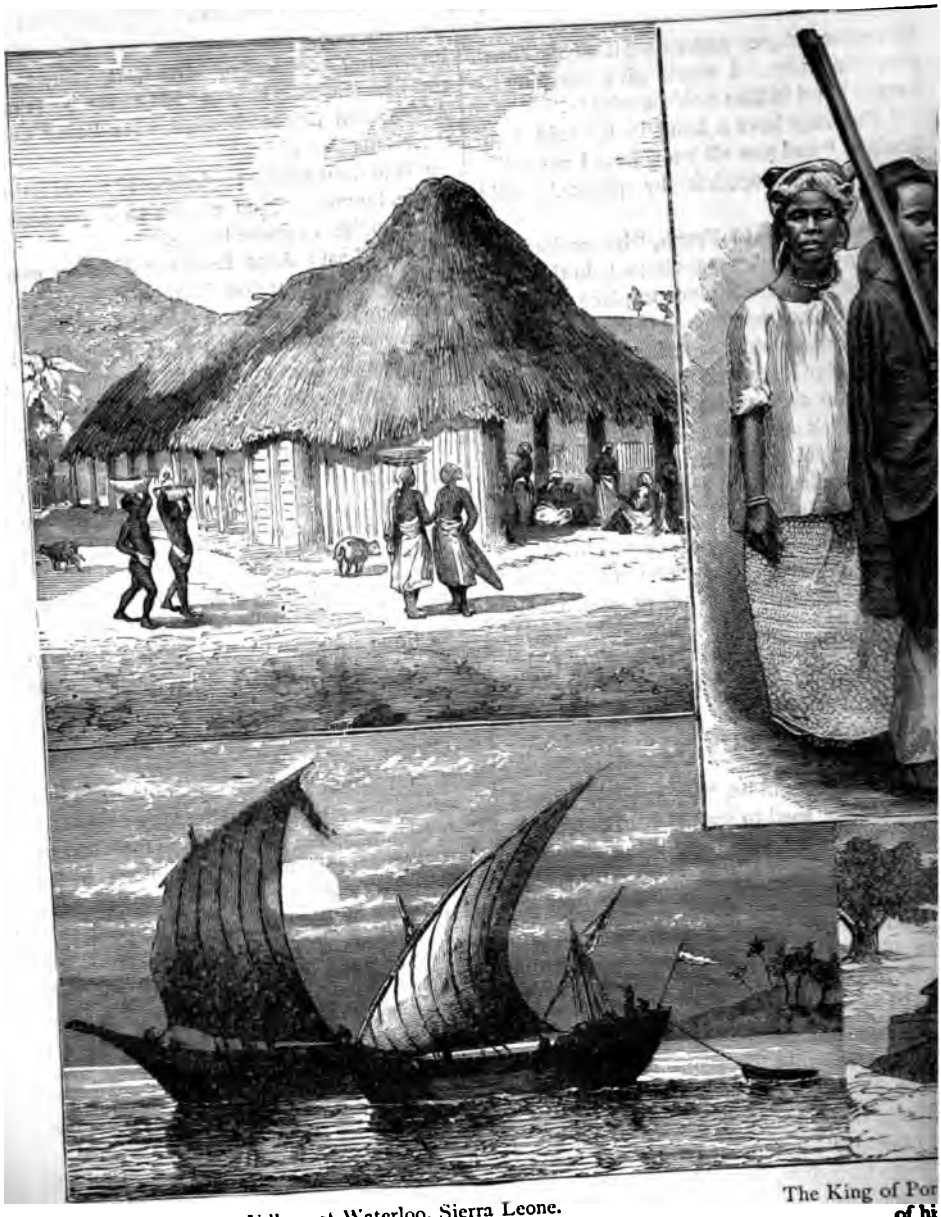
"Of Port Lokkoh," answered Aunt Louise. "It is an outlying station of Sierra Leone; but not on the coast, as you might guess from the name. It is up the river, and on the high road to the interior of the country: chiefly to reach the Mohammedan tribes."

"And what is this picture of a building like a palace?" asked Frank.

"I don't think you would think it a palace if you were there," said Aunt Louise. "It is the Universities' Mission, Zanzibar, which does a very interesting work there. Then this," continued Aunt Louise, taking up another picture, "is a view of how the Missionaries have to light great fires all round their encampment every night on their way to Uganda. Here is one of Abyssinian soldiers—that is the country Douglas mentioned, from which Krapf was expelled. And this one represents a dhow—they are most uncomfortable native boats; yet our Missionaries, wives and children too, had to cross the open sea in them, though they are so dark inside that the cabin is more like a black hole than anything. They will no longer have to do this now that they have the *Henry Wright* steamer to carry them."

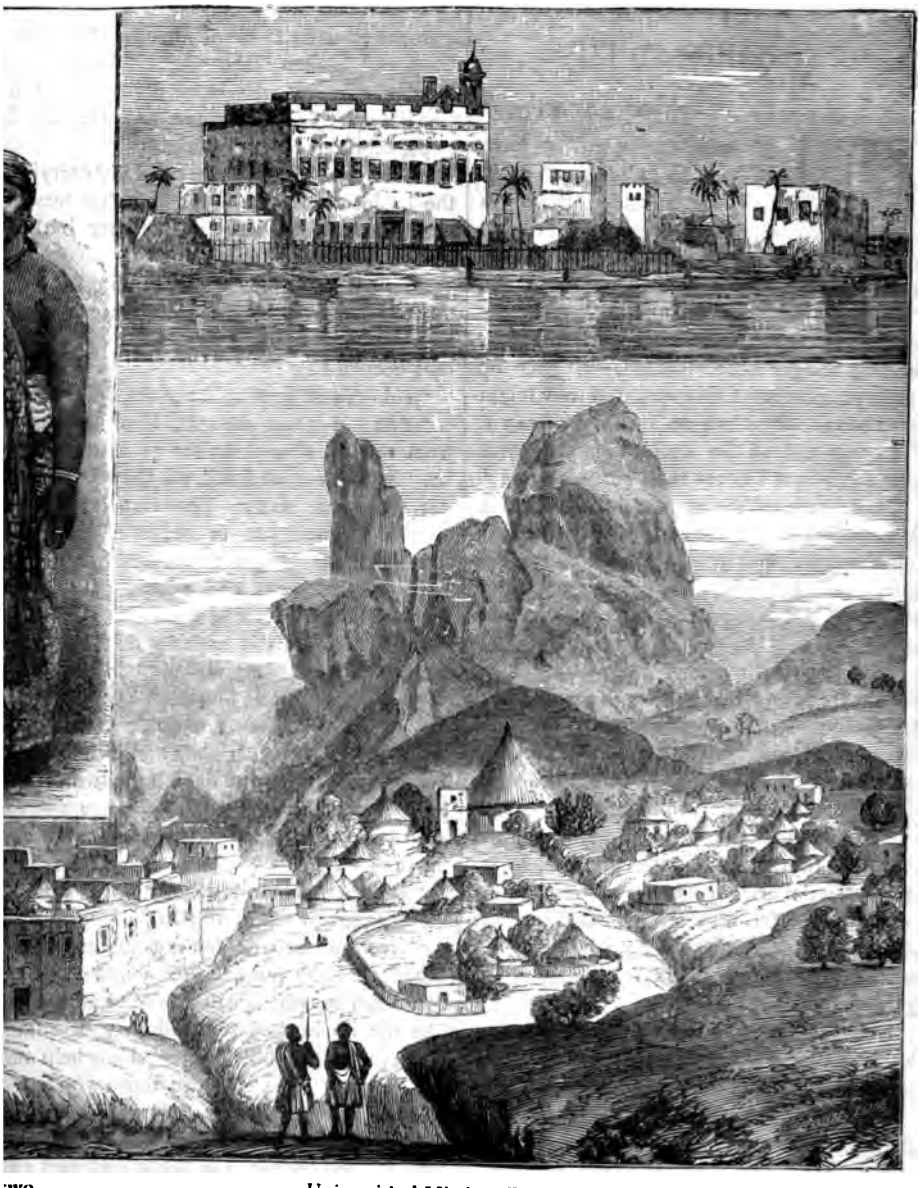
"I am so glad that I helped to collect for it," said Rosie.

Reader, are you glad that you helped too?



Village of Waterloo, Sierra Leone.
Arab dhows, East Africa.

The King of Por
of hi



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Universities' Mission, Zanzibar.
Adowa, Abyssinia (Krapf's station in 1835).

## THE WOUNDED LIP.

BY A. L. O. E.

"I DO not see what *I* have to do with Missions at all!" cried curly-headed Robin, in answer to his sister Annie's gentle request that he would put just one penny into her Missionary-box. "I can see the good of building our church here,—I gave my new sixpence for that: or feeding hungry little children,—we gave up buying sweets last Christmas that they might have soup. But what do I care for work at the other end of the world, amongst black children whom I never shall see in my life?"

Poor Annie left the room with a sigh. Mrs. Mason had heard the conversation between her children. She gently called Robin to her side. She was lying on the sofa, from which she could not rise on account of a very bad sprain.

"Do you not know, my son, that all God's people form one body, though some are in India, some in China, some further off still? No part of the Lord's Church can say to another, 'I have nothing to do with thee; I care not what happens to thee.'"

"I don't understand," said the child bluntly. "I don't think that I *have* anything to do with Missionaries who are thousands of miles away. I can't see how the Church is like a body;" and having no wish for an explanation, Robin ran off to play in the garden.

Not many minutes afterwards Robin came back to his mother, a handkerchief pressed to his bleeding lip, and tears in his eyes.

"Mamma, my foot slipped,—I fell on the gravel,—I have hurt my lip!" he exclaimed.

Mrs. Mason examined the hurt, and was *glad to find that* it was not severe; but there was gravel on the wounded lip. "I must wash and bind it," she said. "Run to the kitchen, my darling, ask for a little basin of warm water; bring it to me, and we will, I hope, soon put matters to rights."

Robin soon came back, carefully carrying the basin, which was full and rather heavy. Carefully and tenderly the mother bathed her boy's lip.

"Now," said she, while binding it up, "does not my Robin see how various parts of his body united in helping the one part that needed help?"

"I don't just see," said the child.

"The feet never thought, How far we are from the lip, almost as far as can possibly be. Right foot and left, off they trotted to get the warm water. The ears had heard what I wished you to do, and quick as lightning had given their message to the brain. The tongue, like a kind near neighbour, did its part. The eyes—"

"Oh, the eyes did nothing at all!" cried Robin, laughing at his mother's amusing simile: he had quite forgotten his little pain.

"What! did they not guide you to and from the kitchen? If they had ill naturedly kept shut, you might have had a worse fall than that on the gravel. The fingers—yes, even the little ones—helped to carry the basin of water."

"It is a goodnatured body," said Robin; "every part so ready to help the poor lip."

"Now, my boy, do you not see my meaning?" said the mother with a smile. "The Missionaries, who speak to the heathen, are like the lip in the body, and they are sometimes in great trouble, and need our help and our prayers. The ears are those who listen to the story of the wants of the heathen; and great Societies are like the brain, to arrange how to send to them the Bible, and men and women to explain it. We who try to give

and to collect may be compared to parts of the feet and the hands."

"Oh, mamma, you are like the first—the useful finger, and Annie and I—yes, yes, I see, we must be like the two little fingers. They can do something, though not much."

"I must tell you something more about the body," said Mrs. Mason, "to show you how like it is to the Church. There is always a life-giving stream of blood flowing through it from the heart to the head, from the head to the feet, as it were joining the most distant parts together."

"I feel it beating at my wrist," said Robin.

"That which is at your wrist now, will be in a little time down at your feet: if it stopped running you would die."

"I can't think what in the Church is like the blood going right through the body, and keeping it alive," said Robin.

"I guess what it is," said Annie, who had, a few minutes before, slipped quietly into the room.

"What is like the life-giving blood?" asked her mother.

"Is it not love to the Saviour?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Mason; "and where that holy love joins the members of the Church together, how is it possible for a Christian to say, 'I have nothing to do with Missions'?"

## "SUCH AS I HAVE."

GIVING my penny,
I give to Him,
Who will ne'er let it rust,
Never grow dim;
Blest with His blessing,
Shall it not lead
Some wand'ring soul to God,
Feeling its need? J.

## LITTLE MURIAL.

A CHILD named Murial once happened to go to her heathen grandmother's village, where she was attacked with fever. The old woman, according to her custom, took the sick child to a magician, who immediately fetched some ashes in order to throw them on her.

The child cried, and said, "I am a Christian child; don't throw ashes on my body." Both the magician and the grandmother were struck with the words of the child, and were somewhat ashamed, so nothing of the kind was done. Thus the Lord testifies to the truth by means of a little child.—*From the Rev. G. Yesudian's Annual Letter.*

## RAIN FROM HEAVEN.

ONCE a little girl, who loved her Saviour very much for having so loved her, came to her clergyman with eighteen shillings for the Missionary Society.

"How did you collect so much? Is it all your own?" asked the clergyman.

"Yes, sir; I earned it."

"But how, Mary? You are so poor."

"Please, sir," answered the child, "when I thought how Jesus had died for me, I wanted to do something for Him; and I heard how money was wanted to send the good news out to the heathen, and as I had no money of my own, I earned this by collecting *rain water* and selling it to washerwomen at a halfpenny a bucket; that is how I got the money, sir."

"My dear child," said the clergyman, "I am very thankful that your love to your Saviour has led you to work so long and patiently for Him; now I shall gladly put

CAMP OF C.M.S. NYANZA EXPEDITION IN UGOGO.

:n your name as a Missionary sub-
ber."
Oh, no, sir ! please not my name."
Why not, Mary ?"
Please, sir, I would rather no one knew
HIM ; I should like it to be put down as
ain from Heaven.'" C. F.

## PRAYER ANSWERED.

A BEAUTIFUL story has come to us from the Rev. P. K. Fyson, of Japan.

His little boy, Philip (though only four years old), had for ie time added to his daily prayer a special a for his poor heathen nurse, "Please :h O Kiwa to love God."

His parents wondered at so young a child ig such a prayer, and asked O Kiwa if she . taught him. "No," she answered ; and :n she heard that the Missionary had done so either, she added, "God taught i to say it."

.t length she came to be baptized, and on day of her baptism she wrote the following ses :—

"Tsumi toga ni
Tsutumishi kumo wa
Kiyo harete
Amatsu mi zora wo
Miru zo ureshiki.

"Tsumi bukaki
Mi mo Kirisuto ni
Kiyo mesare
Sukui no kado ni
I ru zo ureshiki."

he following, says Mr. Fyson, is a rably literal translation :—

"What joy is mine to-day !
All sin's thick cloud has pass'd away,
The clear blue heaven I see.

"What joy ! tho' full of sin,
Salvation's gate to enter in :
Jesus has called me."

## A PENNY.

ONLY a penny ! What use can it be?
I'll tell you its use, if you'll listen to me.
From very small things oft the great things do grow ;
From the small drops of rain, see the great rivers flow.

Only a penny ! It seems but a mite—
Yet the widow's when given was much in God's sight.
Give a penny a week, and when giving it pray,
"God bless the poor heathen, and teach them Thy way."

Only a penny ! You surely can *ask*,
Nor find it to be such a difficult task ;
If in your *collecting-box* pennies you sow,
When open'd, your *coppers* to *silver* will grow.

Only a penny ! Some sacrifice make,
And give it to India for Jesus's sake.
Ah ! low at His feet some glad offering bring,
To tell to the heathen the Lord is their King.

M. CAVALIER.

## A MONTHLY MISSIONARY SUNDAY.

*To the Editors.*

IN your magazine for this month I find some very suggestive remarks under the above heading, and as we have been carrying out some of them in our Sunday-school for the past eighteen months, a few simple facts might be encouraging to you, and a help, if you care to make any use of them, for others.

We have in this small Staffordshire village (with a population of 250) about fifty children in our Sunday-school, who are also of the poor and labouring class. When we commenced our juvenile branch of the C.M.S., not a single child in the school had ever seen a Missionary-box, nor had the slightest idea of what it meant, so there was plenty of scope for work. We obtained a Missionary-box from the district secretary, and set to work on the lines you now suggest ; and on the

second Sunday afternoon in each month, after singing Missionary hymns, I give an address chiefly from the most interesting and useful matter contained in the current number of the *Gleaner*, and above all the INSTRUCTOR. Then a short Missionary text is committed to memory (to be repeated the following month), and before the singing of the concluding hymn, a prayer. The box is passed round, and occasionally a few old magazines distributed—a parcel having been kindly sent down from Salisbury Square. By this means a thoroughly Missionary spirit has been raised up, the Sunday is looked forward to with great joy, and at the close of our first year the box, which was opened amidst great enthusiasm, was found to contain the sum of £1 15*s*.

You may be interested to hear that last Christmas we had a written examination upon the most interesting of the anecdotes given during the past year, together with the texts, and lessons to be learnt from the stories themselves. Fourteen children presented themselves, and the papers really surprised both myself and the teachers, both in length and accuracy.

This year we are booking the children's gifts each month in the Society's collecting-book, and fourteen have received the *Quarterly Token* for July. Last month we opened our box, which was full (I should have said we do this as soon as the pennies stick fast), and found it contained 15*s*. 4*d*. towards the new year, so we hope to give "half as much again," according to invitation.

I should like to add that under God the writer owes all his interest and pleasure in the C.M.S. work from the children's address to which he listened on the subject, culled from the Green Book (at the feet of one who bears the honoured name of Scott), when he sat himself as a Sunday scholar to learn of the great work, from twenty to five and twenty years ago.

May God bless this work in the hearts of the young, and encourage those whose special lot it is to prepare for their literature such words as shall not only interest and amuse, but stir their youthful hearts to a desire to do something, however small, for the great and blessed cause of the C.M.S.; and "God, even our own God, shall give us His *blessing.*"

T. R.

## WHERE THERE IS A WILL, THERE IS A WAY.

WE wish to take notice that a monthly Missionary address has been given in All Saints' Sunday-school, Child's Hill, after school for many months, and by reading the children's letter written by Mrs. Durrant, "Half as much again," the mistress started in the day-schools an extra box called "Half as much again," for those children who did not attend on Sunday.

## MISSIONARY ENIGMA, No. 9.

1. Whose mother watch'd for his return in vain?
2. Rebuked her master's sin in language plain;
   She spake this once, but never spoke again.
3. Who linger'd, though destruction was so nigh?
4. The symbol rended when the Christ did die.
5. Who, with his wife, once *plann'd* to tell a lie?
6. Where did a servant slay his drunken king?
7. Who heard on earth the happy angels sing?
8. 'Twas pluck'd at eve by Noah's weary dove.
9. The father of that king who madly drove.

THE WHOLE.

What the Saviour came to earth to bring;
Burden of the song the angels sing.
What we know in part while on the way.
Ours shall be in fulness, one glad day.

## OUR MISSIONARY BIBLE CLASS.

55. A servant maid who was a Missionary in a heathen land.
56. Name her native land, and whither she was taken captive.
57. Who were the kings reigning in Israel and Judah at the time of her captivity?
58. To whom was this child a Missionary?
59. What was the name of the idol of the people among whom she lived?

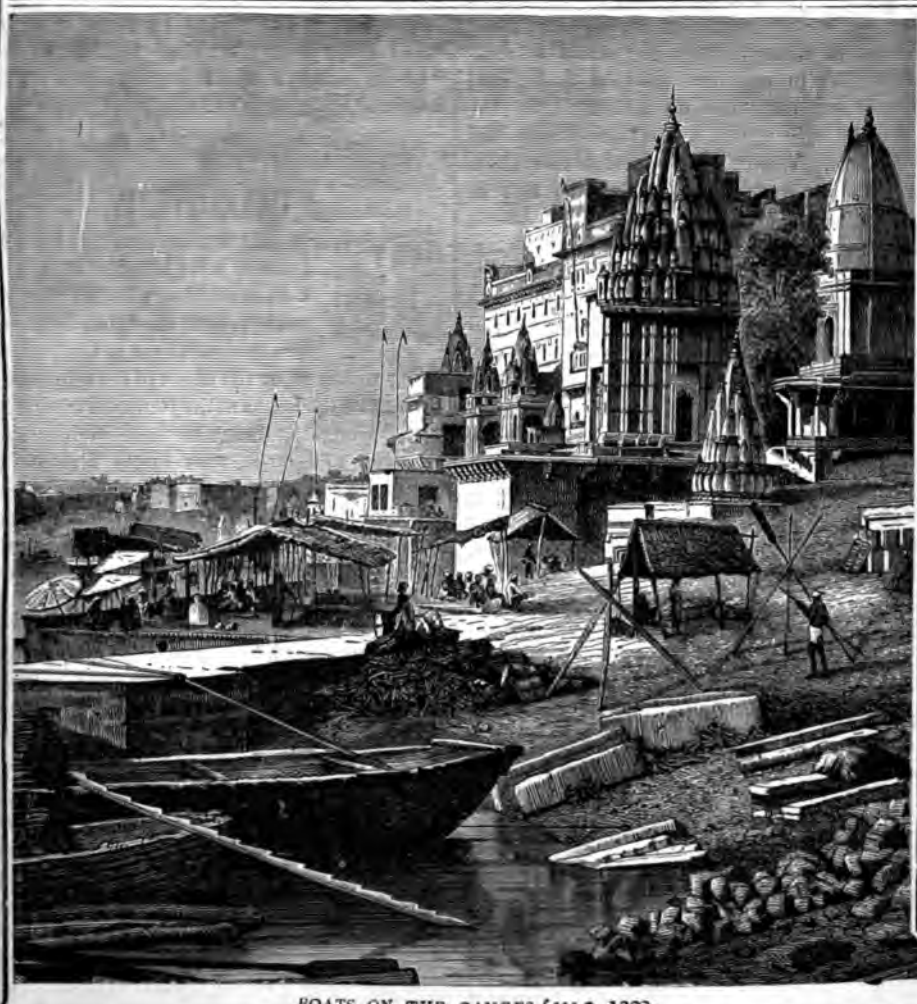
## SCRIPTURE ANSWERS FOR AUGUST.

43. Samson. "The child shall be a Nazarite to God;" "the Lord blessed him." Judges xiii. 7, 24.
44. Strength. "The Spirit of the Lord came mightily upon him." Judges xiv. 6.
45. Judges xiv. 5, 6; xiv. 19; xv. 8, 15; xvi. 3, 12, 14, 29, 30.
46. He told the secret of his strength; sight and liberty. Judges xvi. 21.
47. Dagon. Judges xvi. 23—30.
48. 3000. He called "unto the Lord . . . Strengthen me, I pray thee, only this once." Judges xvi. 27, 28.
49. Faith. Heb. xi. 32—39.

*London:* Church Missionary House, Salisbury Square; Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday, 54, Fleet Street, and

NOVEMBER, 1883.] [Price One Halfpenny.

# THE Church Missionary Juvenile Instructor.



BOATS ON THE GANGES (*see p.* 122).

## OUR MONTHLY MISSIONARY SUNDAY.

Nov. 11th.—Psalms for the Day, from the 56th to the 61st, inclusive.

"SOMETIME afraid." (Ps. lvi. 3.) There are many times when we are afraid, because we do not trust God as we ought. Afraid of falling into sin; afraid of what is before us; afraid we shall fall short in our duty to God and man; afraid we shall not do as much for the Missionary cause as we should like; afraid of death. Whatever the cause of fear, there is only one antidote, "Yet put I my trust in Thee"—in God; or as the prophet Isaiah has it, "I will trust and not be afraid" (Isa. xii. 2).

We must give no place to this fear. Why be afraid of sin, when God has said, "Sin shall not have dominion over you;" "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you"? Why be afraid of what is before us, when we read these words, "My sheep—I know them, and they follow Me" (John x. 27)—with the Lord before us, what need we fear? Why be afraid of falling short in our duty, when we have the promise, "I will strengthen thee, yea, I will help thee"? Why afraid of not doing as much as we would for the Missionary cause? Only let our every-day motto be, "Not slothful—fervent in spirit, serving the Lord;" *doing His bidding, not our own pleasure*, and He will see that the work is done, and will use us, if we are willing to be used; content

> "... to be nothing, nothing
> Only to lie at His feet;
> Only an empty vessel,
> For the Master's use made meet."

Why afraid of death, when He who is our *Saviour* is "the Resurrection and the Life"? *We are afraid* because we are looking too much to ourselves; let us look unto Jesus, and our fears will vanish.

Our subject for prayer this month will be North India, which includes Calcutta, Rural Bengal, the Santâl Mission, North-West and Central Provinces. In this last is carried on the Mission to the Gonds, referred to in our May number of this year.

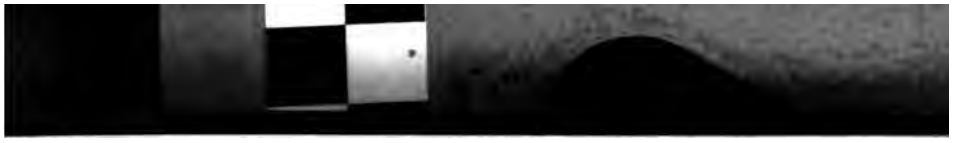
We are requested also to pray for *more men;* especially *Medical Missionaries.* "Lord, send forth labourers into Thy harvest."

## A RIVER TRIP.

THIS trip was undertaken by Mr. Zenker, a lay Missionary of the C.M.S. in North India, that he might preach the "glad tidings" of a Saviour's love to the people living within or on the edges of the numerous ravines on the banks of the Jumna (a tributary of the Ganges). Some of these ravines are so deep and large, they might almost be called valleys; others are so small that they are more like great cracks in the soil. The enjoyment of their lovely scenery is somewhat marred by the very great fatigue of marching up and down in them.

Very few of these scattered villages have ever been visited by a native pastor, much less by a European Missionary; and this is not to be wondered at, for in many places no bullock-cart could get along, while some can only be reached on horseback or on foot.

Mr Zenker resolved to go by the river to avoid some of these difficulties, a Native Christian kindly undertaking to procure a boat, which, however, did not prove to be a very good one. Perhaps the most difficult piece of work was carrying the tents and boxes, which were pretty heavy, from





boat to the camping-ground. The banks were always steep, and in one place so *steep* that a pathway had to be made to decrease the chance of slips and falls into the river: not that there was much fear of being drowned, but numbers of crocodiles were to be seen everywhere, and though most were of a more harmless kind, and would have been too much frightened by a man falling into the water suddenly, to do any harm, yet there were some of the true alligator type—river sharks—always ready to attack a man near or in the water.

Mr. Zenker hoped to make his first halt at a place called Parhol; but the captain having agreed to undertake the expedition for a certain sum of money, and wishing to keep as much as he could of it for himself, had not engaged enough men, and though he made a great fuss shouting and urging the men to exert themselves, it was soon evident they could not reach Parhol. At last a landing-place was pointed out as the only one far or near, and Mr. Zenker jumped out of the boat. It was not at all a nice one, being bare of trees and very damp. Nevertheless, orders were given to unload, when a shout from one of the preachers who had gone on ahead arrested attention. He had found a much better camping-ground; so the few things which had been taken out had to be put back again into the boat, and a fresh start was made. Mr. Zenker led on the towing-path, urging the men with many a "Khincho, khincho" (Pull, pull), which they responded to with a goodhumoured shout.

As the sun set, the landing-place was reached. Not a moment was to be lost, as darkness would soon set in. Every one had to lend a hand carrying the things up the bank, and then fixing the tents. Part of Mr. Zenker's tent had to be put up in the dark, and there was a great hunt for some of the smaller pieces by the light of a candle. At last, between eight and nine o'clock, it was finished, but being so late, food could not be prepared, so all had to go supperless to bed.

To carry on the work of preaching, the company was divided into twos and threes, each having a list of the villages they were to visit. In this way the Gospel was preached to more than 300 villages. Mr. Zenker having a good deal of writing to get through at the beginning of the tour, was obliged, for the time, to undertake the work near the camp. One evening, going down to the river to see if he could see anything of his companions, he had a long chat with the zamindar, or landlord. He was an old man, and Mr. Zenker spoke to him of the uncertainty of life and of the world beyond the grave. There was but one subject which, dull as this old man was, he seemed able to take in, at least in some small degree, and that was *sin*. Oh! that the Holy Spirit might convince many of their sin, their need of a Saviour, and that—

"None but Jesus can do helpless sinners good."

On Sunday mornings there was regular service, and in the afternoon a Bible meeting, beginning and ending with prayer; thus the preachers had an opportunity to ask questions about any difficulties they met with in talking with Mohammedans in their tours, or arising in their own hearts. When praying for the Native pastors and catechists, let us earnestly pray for them that God would graciously give them that "faith" without which it is "impossible to please Him."

Higher up the river, villages were few and far between, and the country very lonely, so lonely that one night wolves were heard howling near the tents, and one ravine was known to be the resort of panthers and leopards.

Dear children, we have given you this little sketch of a preaching tour, that you may know something of the various kinds of work in which our Missionaries are engaged. It is the only way in which we can reach these far-off villages. Pray that the seeds of God's Word, thus dropped, may spring up, and, watered by the Holy Spirit, may bring forth fruit to God's glory.

## GOOD-BYE!

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—Twenty-four Missionaries and twelve ladies have to-day (Oct. 1st) received their instructions for work in the Mission-field, and have been sent forth with prayer to their distant posts of labour. In a few days they will say "Good-bye" to Old England, and we echo back "Good-bye" in its fullest meaning,—"God bless you." Many of you are too young to go to such a meeting, as the room is wanted for older people, but you will like to hear something about it.

The Vestry Hall, Kensington, where we were gathered, was very full, and many friends of the C.M.S. were recognized. In front of the platform the twenty-four Missionaries and their wives were seated, and after the hymn—

"Souls in heathen darkness lying,
Where no light has broken through,
Souls that Jesus bought by dying,
Whom His soul in travail knew,—
Thousand voices
Call us, o'er the waters blue,"—

a few verses were read from St. Luke ix. 51—62, which tell us how the Lord Jesus "stedfastly set His face to go to Jerusalem," sending messengers before Him to make *ready* for His coming: and following in His *footsteps, this is* what our Missionaries are doing, setting their faces to Africa—and one in this case to Jerusalem—to India, Ceylon, and China. He is sending them forth before His face to make ready for Him, with this glad message from His own lips: "I am come that they might have life," and "I will come again, and receive you unto Myself." But I must not linger, or my paper will be too long.

After prayer the instructions were given, that is, the Missionaries were told what particular work they were expected to do, and then each answered in turn as his name was given out. First came two Missionaries for West Africa. One of these asked our special prayers every Saturday evening for a blessing on Sunday work and preaching. Then one came forward for Frere Town (Mr. Handford, who has already done good service there), the station where there are so many freed slaves, on the East Coast of Africa. I think it was he who asked us to pray that he might have strength and courage to labour "while it is day, for the night cometh, when no man can work." He has been ordained during his visit to England, and is now going out again. One Missionary told us, to come home for a little was like a ship going into harbour to take in coals—it cheers and gives them fresh courage for their work when they return to their post of labour. Then Mr. Stokes (going to Mpwapwa) told us, in a most touching address, how of those he had hoped to labour with, both now and on a former occasion, two had been called home, and another had been obliged to come back again to save his life. You remember Mr. Wilson by name (he came home with the Uganda chiefs): he is now going to Jerusalem to labour with Mr. Zeller. Then followed a Missionary going to Baghdad, twelve going to India, one to Ceylon, and three to China. The first of these, Mr. Valentine, who has already

laboured many years in China, gave us as his motto, "*all for Christ.*" May it be our motto as well as his! Dr. Horder, who is going out for the first time, is destined for Hainan (a new station), as a *medical Missionary;* he is to be doctor and Missionary in one ("*Missionary the substantive, medical the adjective*" to qualify it, or, *show what sort of Missionary he is to be*); so, although Missionary is the *second* word, the work connected with it is always to have the *first* place, and the healing art to be used as only a means to help forward the preaching of the Gospel.

Of the twenty-four Missionaries, almost all asked our prayers, some for themselves, some for their work, and one, Mr. Cavalier, for the dear children left at home—in his case four little boys; and he asked us to pray that they might all follow him into the Mission-field when old enough. I hope we shall remember his request.

Now, dear little people, you may all have a share in *this* work, whether you have pennies or not to give to help to send the Missionaries out. We have set apart the second Sunday in each month for special prayer, and call it "*our Monthly Missionary Sunday,*" but let us pray earnestly betweenwhiles. If we truly love the Missionary cause, we shall pray for it every day, and we do, if we say what we mean every time we use the words "Thy Kingdom come." It need not be a long prayer, but a true prayer, a prayer that *expects*, and therefore *looks out* for an answer. Now there is one thing we would specially ask you to pray for this next monthly Missionary Sunday, and that is for *more men* who love the Lord Jesus to offer themselves as Missionaries. Several posts are yet unoccupied, because there are not enough labourers. Oh! let us pray every day, "Lord, send forth labourers into Thy harvest." They are the words the Lord Jesus has taught us, so we know that prayer is "according to His will." I must tell you one thing a Missionary said, which was, he believed that there was *many a prayer yet unanswered because there was not the faith to receive the blessing asked.* When we pray, then, let us ask for faith to believe that it shall be as God has said, for His promise cannot fail of being fulfilled: "Ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you."

Then followed a few earnest words to the Missionary band, from the Rev. E. H. Bickersteth, on the necessity of "building up" themselves "in their most holy faith;" trimming their lamps so that they may be bright lights in a dark world, lights to guide poor wanderers, who know not the way, home to God. After prayer by the Vicar of Kensington, the Hon. and Rev. E. Carr Glyn, and the blessing, the meeting broke up, and the question arose in the heart of more than one, "When and where shall we all meet again?" We can hardly expect it to be on earth, but we hope in heaven. God grant it for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

## AUNT LOUISE'S MISSIONARY HOUR.

IT was Saturday afternoon, and Aunt Louise sat waiting for the children to join her for their Missionary chat.

But she waited, and waited, and not a sign of them appeared; only a fearful racket overhead, that threatened to bring down the ceiling every minute! So at last, as the children did not come to her, she went upstairs to them.

"Oh! we are having such a jolly game!

PLAYING AT MISSIONARIES.

and you'll never guess what it is!" shouted Douglas, who was riding a rocking-horse in a dangerously violent manner.

*No, indeed!* Aunt Louise could not guess; *so Rosie explained,—*

"We are playing at **Missionaries; and I** am Dr. John Williams **having an attack from** the Afghans—I mean **Frank, Douglas, and** Agnes. And **they never hurt my house** because—because—"

ecause you are such a good little
," laughed Frank, seizing the small,
would-be Missionary. "And you know,
Louise, that though the Afghans burnt
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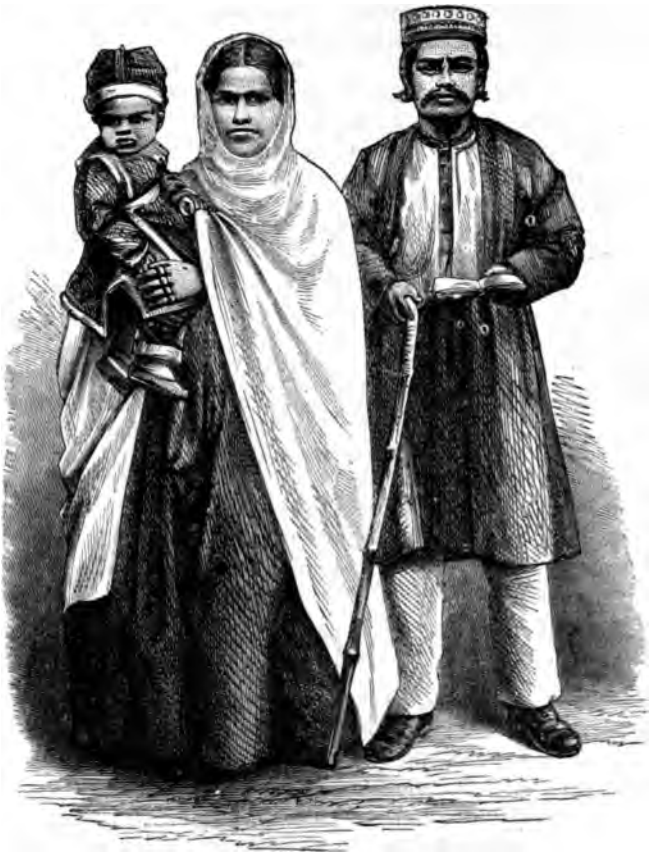


THE REV. JOHN WILLIAMS, OF TANK, AND HIS WIFE AND CHILD.

Uncle Dick laughed when I told him Mr. Hughes, the Missionary at Peshawar, there was capital skating up there. I know he said so; for he said that our English people first went to Afghanistan they could only *slide*, because they had not thought of taking skates with them, and so the Afghans would not believe that they came from a cold country. Whereupon our people, nothing daunted, turned some metal they had with them into skates—and forthwith cut such figures on the ice, that the Afghans were forced to confess that they must be accustomed to ice to go so well upon it. But the thing he said that I liked best was the way he was entertained by these wild people. They just serve up a leg of mutton whole, and you seize a bit with your fingers and pull it out! Then Mr. Hughes determined to entertain them; and he spread a jolly feast for them, and they all sat round on the floor in the approved fashion, picking the chicken bones without

the help of knife or fork, and then just chucking the bones over their shoulders on to the floor anywhere. And he said that the *only* person who objected to this mode of proceeding was his own wife!"

"No wonder! A pretty mess her dining-room must have been in after the festivation," said Agnes.

"Oh! but Mr. Hughes did not do it just for fun," said Douglas earnestly; "he did it to gather the people round him; and then when he had made them comfortable and happy, he could talk to them, and try and do them good."

"I should think he might have found some easier way," remarked Frank.

"He did try," said Douglas; "for at first he went up to the Afghans, and offered to converse with them. 'You must first listen to us,' they said. So he listened awhile, hoping for an opportunity to speak himself; but when they paused, and he proposed speaking to them, they all found in a moment that they had something else to do immediately, and were off like a shot, leaving Mr. Hughes 'alone in his glory.'"

"I *love* Mr. Hughes," said Rosie, coming close up to Aunt Louise. "He spoke so kindly to us, not at all as if we were *only children*."

"I think I know why," said Agnes. "He said that one of his little children is buried in the churchyard at Peshawar—and then his voice grew quite soft; and he would have told us much more, I am sure, only nurse was so tiresome, and would come and take us away to bed."

"But I want to hear something of that Indian clergyman who came to England with his wife lately," interrupted Frank.

"Mr. Satthianadhan, you mean," said Aunt Louise.

"*Yes, that's* the name!" said Agnes. "His wife sat quite near us at the great Annual Meeting at Exeter Hall; and she had such a good face,—and I couldn't help thinking what a different life she would have had, had she been shut up in a zenana, instead of working so hard among her country-people."

"Her schools are doing a great and good work," said Aunt Louise; "and her daughters help her nobly; so that she was able to come to England, leaving all the work for them to do during her absence."

"And how do they get books for teaching the natives? for all their own books are so shockingly bad, that no English person could bear to read them," said Agnes.

Douglas looked at her with supreme contempt. "What!" he exclaimed. "Don't you know that A.L.O.E. has gone out to India on purpose to write books for the Hindus, as she used to do for the English?"

"I wish she would come back and write us more stories," sighed Agnes.

"Don't be selfish," said her brother promptly. "You ought to be very thankful that the poor Hindus have the pleasure of having her."

"I *am* glad for them," said Rosie. "And I know they are glad, too; for Mrs. Baring told us that they would offer her their sweets and pretty things, which they will not let any one else touch."

"I must read you her 'Wreath of Indian Stories,'" said Aunt Louise; "it is one of the nicest books I ever read."

"And does the C.M.S. print her stories?" asked Frank.

"No, dear; that is done by the CHRISTIAN VERNACULAR EDUCATION SOCIETY, which prints her stories in tiny tracts. These the colporteurs sell all through the country, together with many other good books."

ıd do the natives care for *Christian* ? asked Agnes.

h, yes," said Aunt Louise. "Only the lay, a poor woman walked the distance nty miles to the English Mission lady for a tract. Poor thing! she held up p of a torn tract, saying, 'These are words; they our GOD *is Do you think Ie would love*

ı! how I wish had sent out act," exclaimed as. "But I knew there was ety for printing for India."

ere is a little that will tell about it," said Louise, draw- forth from her . "See what y picture it has : cover, of the nen from the eeing the star. were so glad to that guiding how much will the poor s rejoice when e the far more ous 'STAR,' which is 'the true Light.'" paused, for Douglas was fumbling in cket, till out came two pennies, a g, and a sixpenny piece: he pressed into Aunt Louise's hand, saying, "I like to pay for another tract to tell oor woman more about God. Oh! I e they gave her 'The Old, Old Story'!"

"I do not know what the Mission lady gave her," said Aunt Louise; "but you may be sure the Good Shepherd did not let her walk twenty miles to seek after Him without going Himself to meet her."

"Is not Benares a very wicked city?" asked Agnes.

"Not worse than many others," answered Aunt Louise; "but it is a great centre of heathen worship, as the people consider the Ganges their holy river, and numbers come there yearly on pilgrimage."

"And what is being done at Delhi?" asked Douglas. "I remember it was at the storming of the fort there that the noble Nicholson was killed. If every Christian was as dauntless and brave a soldier of the Cross, as he was of his Queen, we should soon carry every thing before us!"

"There is a battle still raging at Delhi, just as fierce and deadly as when the Mutiny was raging in 1857. I mean the battle between good and evil," said Aunt Louise.

"And right shall triumph in the end," exclaimed Douglas. "I think that is the thought that must encourage all Missionaries."

"Certainly," said Aunt Louise; "for—"

"But I want," interrupted Agnes, "to hear

about the Missionary who wrote out texts to distribute (I suppose before the Vernacular Society was made), because he could not *speak* the language; and so he converted many people whom he never even saw."

"Indeed, I should like to tell you," said Aunt Louise, "but I have an engagement this afternoon, and it is time for me to go."

## "I MUST DO MY DUTY."

By A.L.O.E.

THE writer has just returned from a visit to the glorious Himalayas, but it is not on their beauties that she is now about to dwell. Let others describe the grand effect when clouds roll beneath, instead of float above us—or say, when the white mist breaks, how fair looks the mountain side, clad with pines, and adorned with thousands of flowers. It is on a very simple scene that memory rests with most pleasure.

One day I looked out from the sitting-room of our châlet, and watched a little group in the verandah, taking care not to let my presence be seen. There on the floor crouched the dark *ayah*, or nurse, with an English baby in her arms. In front of her sat a golden-haired, blue-eyed boy, not quite five years old, with a large picture-book on his knee.

What is the child doing? He is evidently earnest in his occupation, whatever it is; and the ayah is listening in profound silence—the fair infant as still as if he were listening too. T—— is explaining to his ayah, in her own language, the meaning of the pictures in his Sunday-book. Now he starts up, *takes one rapid run* in the verandah, and then returns to his teaching work. I think (though I cannot be sure) that the run was to illustrate the quick obedience of the angels. T—— does not know the Urdu word for angels, he has to describe them as "children with wings." The little teacher labours under difficulties; he cannot yet read—he does not readily distinguish even an *a* from an *o*—but he loves Bible stories, understands them readily, translates them into Urdu, and so lights his tiny taper to shed its little spark on the darkness around him.

It may be thought that the child was only telling stories for his own amusement, but his own words show that he had a higher motive. His (not native) nurse told me that one day when I had gone to read the Bible to a few Mohammedans, T—— observed, "I must do my duty; G—— is doing hers;" and taking his Sunday-book he began, after his childish fashion, to teach the servants. "Have you spoken to the *bihisti?*" (water-carrier) the child once asked me. "No," I replied; "it is not easy to meet with him." Instantly the child turned round to his ayah: "Call the *bihisti*," he cried.

Had T—— been the son of a Missionary, one could have imagined that he was simply imitating his parent; but from his father, an officer, he has never learned that it is his "duty" to help in the work of conversion. It seems as if in his spontaneous efforts the little fellow is taught of God. And who can say that He who took children up in His arms and blessed them, does not smile on the blue-eyed boy, with his picture-book on his knee? I felt the child's action a spur to myself. *He hath done what he could.* I dare not say the same of myself.

It is not improbable that this little pupil may fall into the hands of some who are going to India. I fear that in India, as

in a hundred of our countrymen and country-women think in regard to the conversion of the natives, "I must do my duty." Some have lived ten, twenty years in Hindustan, and never spoken one word on the subject of religion to one of their numerous servants. Let the child *not five years old* make them blush! Let his simple words make them *repent*. "Oh, Lord, forgive me my sins of omission."

Testaments containing English and Urdu in Roman characters in parallel columns can be easily procured in England. Less trouble than it has cost a young lady to acquire the power to play a sonata, would enable her to read God's Word intelligibly to native servants. Let the attempt be made, that a little child rise not up in the Judgment against her, and she bitterly regret that, when surrounded by perishing heathen, she never said, like him, "I MUST DO MY DUTY."

## BETTER THAN GOLD.

MR. DEIMLER, one of our Missionaries in Bombay, writes, that in a shop he used to visit for the sake of meeting Natives, he presented a copy of the Bible in Gujerathi to a Mussulman youth, exhorting him to read carefully the Word of God. A Christian friend of the Mission, seeing the Bible in the shop, asked whether it was for sale. The man answered, "No, not for much money." A padri sahib had given him the Bible, and he was in the habit of reading it, and found it to be "more to be desired than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honey-comb." Ps. xix. 10.

## "CALL THEM IN."

"I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."—MATT. ix. 13.

"Call them in!" the poor and wretched,
Sin-stain'd wanderers from the fold;
Peace and pardon freely offer,—
Can you weigh their weight in gold?
"Call them in!" the weak, the weary,
Laden with the doom of sin,
Bid them come and rest in Jesus;
He is waiting;—"Call them in!"

"Call them in!" the Jew, the Gentile;
Bid the heathen to the feast;
"Call them in!" the rich, the noble,
From the highest to the least.
Forth the Father comes to meet them,
He hath all their troubles seen;
Robe and ring and royal sandals
Wait the lost ones;—"Call them in."

"Call them in!" the broken-hearted,
Cowering 'neath the brand of shame;
Speak love's message, low and tender;
'Twas for sinners Jesus came.
See! the shadows lengthen round us,
Soon the day-dawn will begin;
Can you leave them lost and lonely?
Christ is coming;—"Call them in!"

ANNA SHIPTON.

No. 2.

### A BURIED TEXT FROM CHRIST'S CHARGE TO HIS APOSTLES.

1. "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."
2. "Whom shall I send? and who will go for us?"
3. "I tell you, if these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out."
4. "When He putteth forth His own sheep, He goeth before them."
5. "As My Father hath sent Me, even so send I you."
6. "I am the Good Shepherd, and know My sheep, and am known of Mine."
7. "Go in this thy might."
8. "Preach the Gospel to every creature."
9. "The Lord God in the midst of thee is mighty."
10. "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy."
11. "Beware of false prophets, inwardly they are ravening wolves."

## A CHILDREN'S CHURCH MISSIONARY SALE.

RUNNING TO THE SALE!

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—We saw in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR for July, a plan about two little boys who had a Missionary Sale on the beach, and we thought we would like to have one too. We decided it for Saturday, Aug. 4th. A gentleman kindly lent us the use of his field and two tents, in which we put a great many Missionary curiosities from all parts of the world. The admission was 1*d.* under twelve, 2*d.* over that age. The stalls were held in the open air. We invited all our little friends to come to it. Saturday morning was very dull, but in the afternoon it cleared up beautifully. The sale lasted from two till five o'clock. There was garden tea at four. In the evening, when we added up the money, we were both surprised and thankful to find that our little sale had realized £4 5*s.* 7*d.* We were so pleased with our success that we are going to try and have another next year.

Will you please thank the two little boys who gave us the idea.

Yours truly,
ETHEL MAUDE ANDERSON.
(Aged 12 years.)

## PRIZE MAP OF INDIA.

WE have the pleasure of awarding the Prizes for the best done Maps of India to :—

*Over* 12 *years of age.*

Susie Hooper (aged 16).

*Under* 12 *years of age.*

Winnifred Frances Anderson (aged 10).

Also two Extra Prizes to William Stevenson (*aged 13*), and William Drew (aged 13), as their *Maps were so very good.*

SPECIAL COMMENDATION.
Allan Hugh McNeile.

HONOURABLE MENTION.
*Over* 12 *years of age.*

William R. Palmer, Agnes G. Clowes, Grace J. Blenkin, Harry J. Watridge, Elsie Sharp, and Jane Linton Myres.

*Under* 12 *years of age.*

Mary Ethel Briscoe, Rose Emily Sneyd, Edwin Sturman, Jemima Meadows, Frederick Newson, John Rouse, Alice Spatchet, Elizabeth Sturman, and Henry Edwin Munby (aged 9).

Some of the Maps sent by Sunday School children were remarkably well done.

## PRIZE NEW YEAR CARD.

A PRIZE is offered for the best original or copied NEW YEAR'S CARD. All competitors must send in their Cards by the 1st December, to the Church Missionary House, Salisbury Square, London, E.C. Competitors must be under 17 years of age.

The Cards must not be larger than 6 inches long and 5 inches broad. They may be done in ink, or pencil, or painting. Each Card must have a verse from the Bible or a New Year's Motto on it.

## OUR MISSIONARY BIBLE CLASS.

60. A nameless Missionary to a king of Judah. What title was given to him? and who was the king of Judah?
61. What was his message?
62. What warning did the Missionary give, if the king disobeyed God's command?
63. What difficulty did the king put in the way of receiving it?
64. What answer was given to the difficulty raised?
65. Was the message received? and what was the result?

## SCRIPTURE ANSWERS FOR SEPTEMBER.

50. Abigail. 1. Sam. xxv.
51. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Eccl. ix. 10.
52. She "made haste." 1 Sam. xxv. 18.
53. "She met David and his men." 1 Sam. xxv. 20. Prevented him committing murder. 1 Sam. xxv. 32, 34.
54. His wife. 1. Sam. xxv. 40.

Received:—Miss Kemp, Sale of Waste pa

*London: Church Missionary House, Salisbury Square; Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday, 54, Fleet Street, and all*

DECEMBER, 1883.] [Price One Halfpenny.

# THE Church Missionary Juvenile Instructor.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS EVE.

## OUR MONTHLY MISSIONARY SUNDAY.

Dec. 9th.—Psalms for the Day, from the 44th to the 47th.

"GOD reigneth over the heathen" (Ps. xlvii. 8), yet they know it not. It is to make Him known as a God of Love, a King of Love (so different from their "strange gods"), that we want to preach the Gospel among them, for "they are no gods" (god means good) "that are made with hands," and what good can those helpless blocks do for those who worship them? God "the Father sent His Son into the world," what to do? to be?—"to be the Saviour of the world" (1 John iv. 14), to put salvation within the reach of every living creature. Are we doing our best to spread the knowledge of salvation, or selfishly keeping it to ourselves? If this Saviour God is our God and King, will it not be the one purpose of our lives to tell of His love, His power, His willingness to save all?

This King of Love loves each one of us, and that we may make no mistake about it He says, "I have loved *thee* with an everlasting love" (Jer. xxxi. 3). What a glorious message for us to go forth with to heathen lands, "Jesus, the great King, the King of Love, says, 'I have loved *thee*.'"

Dear little readers, none of you are too young to love Him; none of you too young to do something to extend His kingdom, for can you not pray, wherever you may be, and whatever you are, as He has Himself taught you, "Thy kingdom come"? If we love the Lord Jesus as we *should* and *may*, His love will stir us up to do *something*, nay, *all we can*, to show Him we love Him, and that we are indeed children, though unworthy, sinful *children, of our King.*

"The King of Love my Shepherd is,
His goodness faileth never;
Nothing I lack if I am His,
And He is mine for ever."

Our subject for prayer this month will b South India, which includes Madras, th Tinnevelly district, Travancore and Cochir and the Telugu Mission. These district were alluded to in our July and Octob numbers for this year.

## THE FIRST CHRISTMAS EVE.

"Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great j which shall be to all people."

IT came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the eart
To touch their harps of gold.
Peace on the earth, goodwill to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King:—
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurl'd;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessèd angels sing.

O ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow;
Look now, for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

For lo, the days are hastening on,
By Prophets seen of old,
When with the ever-circling years
Shall come the time foretold,
When the new heaven and earth shall ow
The Prince of Peace their King,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

SEARS.

## "MISSIONARY TOFFEE."

LOOK at this busy group of children in the big, cheery kitchen at "Elm Lea"! What can they be doing? To judge from the picture, we shall have no difficulty in guessing that they are engaged in that very favourite occupation of children—making toffee! The large dish has been well buttered, the scalded and peeled almonds lie in a snowy heap on the table, plenty of lemon has been added to the simmering compound; and when Willie, with his big iron spoon, has tried it and pronounced it "perfectly done," Janie, as head cook, is commissioned to take the pot off the fire, and pour it out to cool.

Then commenced the delightful work of studding the rich brown toffee with almonds; even little Percy, the four-year old, being allowed to help in this.

When this was finished, the toffee was carried out into the cellar to cool. Now, what were the little Clarkes doing this for? I hear one of my boy readers say, "Why, they meant to have a jolly good feast, of course." While you, my little girl friend, say, "No; but that big boy behind Janie is going to school, and the toffee is for him to take in his hamper."

Neither the one nor the other has guessed the riddle; the toffee is "*Missionary toffee.*" The Clarkes know that toffee is generally considered a good thing, and whenever a bazaar is going on for the Church Missionary Society, they send in a small contribution in the shape of a box, which, when opened, is found to contain small squares of toffee, neatly folded in white paper, and tied up with green, blue, or pink ribbon; on each packet is the price, "*2d.*" They generally manage to send a box containing five shillings' worth, and it is no sooner offered for sale than it is gone.

"What a nice plan!" I hear you say; "and what an easy way of helping on a good cause!" But then the little Clarkes have for several weeks past saved their pocket-money, and bought the sugar, the butter, the lemon, and the almonds, and the pretty ribbons with which they tie up their parcels, and this has cost them no little self-denial.

They have to go without sweets or cakes themselves for a month before any bazaar to which they wish to contribute. But self-sacrifice, when giving, brings its own reward. They have made a pound this year by means of their "Missionary toffee," and I shall be glad if any of my young readers will follow the Clarkes example, and be willing to *give* and to *give up* what they can for Christ's sake.

EVA TRAVERS EVERED POOLE.

## CHRISTMAS ENIGMA.

THE WHOLE.

What did the angels sing,
What to the shepherds
On that glad night?
'Tis what we have to take
To all for Jesus' sake,
In Jesus' might.

1. The meaning of Emmanuel.
2. One thing the magi did now tell.
3. Wherewith the Lord anointed thee.
4. Where sitting ere the light we see?
5. Whose son was He whom men did scorn?
6. Who prophesied "a Child is born"?
7. Tell in whose town did Christ appear.
8. The glory of what people here?
9. In Bethlehem's inn for Him we see.
10. A Light to whom was Christ to be?
11. The name first given to Christ the Lord,
Then twice again in Word of God.

## HOW A MISSIONARY SOCIETY GREW.

I SUPPOSE every little girl has had a baby-doll at some time of her life, and has felt very happy in dressing and nursing it, until she began to feel that her baby must be "grown-up," and so put it into short frocks and walking-boots as much like her own as possible. I have been thinking that the doll's life is a little like the life of our Juvenile Missionary Society. It grew up very quickly under the care of the children of our Sunday-school, and I have written a little account of it, hoping that some one may tell us what to do next with our big baby, to make it grow faster and stronger.

Four years ago there was an old box tossing about our schoolroom, of which nobody took much notice; it was laid upon the table every Sunday, but it was very seldom that any one dropped a penny or even a farthing in, and once, I am sorry to say, it was broken open and the money stolen. After this happened, it was proposed to have a Missionary Sunday once a month; so the girls were told to save *some* of the money they used to spend in sweetstuff, that they might have something to put in the box.

At the end of three months we gave our baby Society a birthday party in the shape of a Missionary meeting. A lady, who was our Secretary, told us about the C.M.S., how it began, &c. *Some* of the girls came, but not many, as it was all so new; then we opened our box, and found 8*s*. This was more than had ever been in it before, so we felt very glad, and sent the money away, sealed up the box, and set to work again.

At Christmas we held another quarterly *meeting*, with dissolving views, and a kind *gentleman* who came, advised us to get boxes for every class in the Sunday-school. This time we found 10*s*. in the box; and some girls who were learning dressmaking, made some pretty things which friends at the meeting bought, and that helped to make us richer.

Our baby was growing, but it was not yet big enough to please some of the little girls, so they begged to have a box at home. This was done, and at the next meeting, kind Admiral Prevost came, and brought such a number of curiosities, that the walls were as crowded with things as the seats were with children. That night we found £1 1*s*. in the boxes, and we felt so happy and grateful to God, who was helping us so much. Now there are about fourteen collectors, besides the Sunday-school class boxes. At the last meeting, the gentleman who came, asked us to remember and pray for China; so we have a prayer meeting once a month to help them to do so.

There were quite £2 2*s*. in the boxes that time; but we are not satisfied yet, and some of us would like to know how the big baby may be made to grow bigger yet, as some of those who collect are very poor. So when you have read this letter, please think, and tell us what to do next, as our baby was four years old in October, and it is not so big as it ought to be.

A. E. PITT.

## AUNT LOUISE'S MISSIONARY HOUR.

ONCE more the children gathered round Aunt Louise for their Missionary hour; for it was a stormy, wintry afternoon, so that they could not get out to the skating as they had wished.

"Never mind," said Douglas bravely, though his heart had been set on a good slide on the frozen pond; "mother [illegible]

doubtless some good reason for keeping us at home, and it would have been far worse if Aunt Louise had not been here to chat to us!"

Oh that there were more Aunt Louises in the world!—not too busy, or too indifferent, or too selfish to give up an afternoon to the little ones! we should hear less complaining in our nurseries, and see fewer young ladies bored to death with *ennui*.

"Do tell us all about the Red Indians!" cried Douglas. "Don't they live up by Hudson's Bay?"

"Yes, it used to be the Hudson's Bay Territory; now it is part of the Dominion of Canada."

"When did the Mission begin?" asked Agnes.

"In 1822," answered Aunt Louise. "It was then that the Rev. John West gathered some of the poor heathen round him to tell them of the 'good tidings of great joy.' Now there are three bishops out there."

"With unpronounceable names!" laughed Douglas.

"You ought to know them," said Aunt Louise; "they are Moosonee, Athabasca, and Saskatchewan."

THE "LADY HEAD" IN HUDSON'S STRAITS.

"Oh, the Bishop of Moosonee is a regular brick," cried Douglas. "You should just have heard his speech at the dismissal of Missionaries last year. He works as hard as a slave himself, and expects all his clergy to do the same. Why, he can do everything—from building his own house, cooking his own dinner, washing and mending his clothes, *to knitting his own socks!*"

"Is that why you've been so busy learning to knit like a girl?" said Frank.

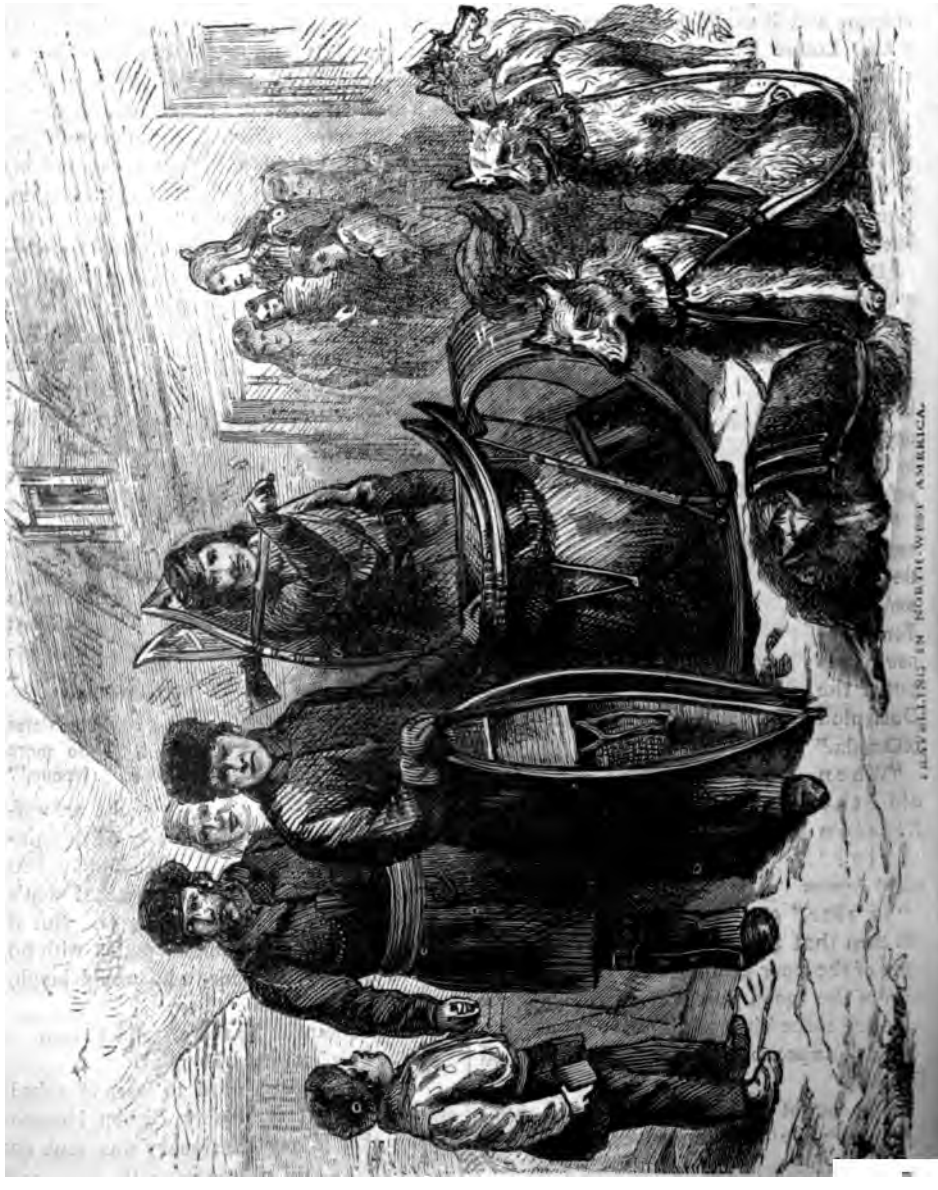
Douglas coloured: to be considered like a *girl* was the greatest indignity in his eyes.

"'I dare do all that may become a man: Who dares do more is none,'" he answered disdainfully. "You wouldn't take the fag of learning, and that's why you laugh at me for doing so. But if we were out on those snowy plains with no one to help us, I wonder who would laugh, you or me!"

"I don't want to be there," said Frank.

"But I *do*," retorted Douglas.

"Is the language hard to learn?" asked Agnes; "for I remember Bishop Horden saying that if any Missionary was sent out to him who could not master the language,


TRAVELLING IN NORTH-WEST AMERICA.

he just told them they had made a mistake in coming out there, and sent them right home again."

"In *seven* different languages the Natives are now taught about God," said Aunt Louise; "but some time ago—in 1840—there was only one Native Missionary, Henry Budd."

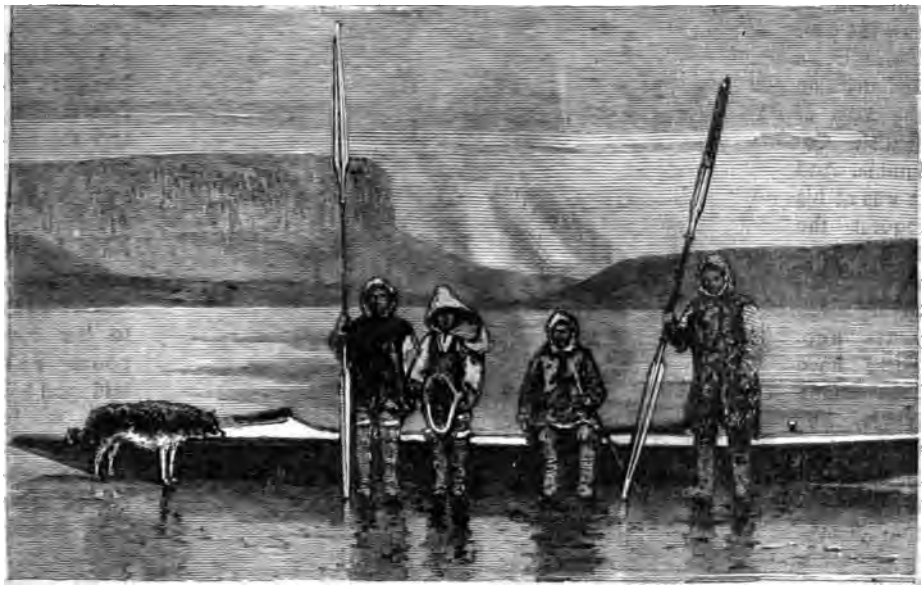
"I should think travelling there would be great fun," remarked Frank.

"Yes, of course," said Douglas; "but as there are no roads, and the way is all lumpy with frozen snow, and they have no springs to their carriages, people who drive are nearly shaken to pieces."

"Bishop Horden does not look shaken in pieces," laughed Frank.

"How do they get clothes?" asked Agnes.

"There is a ship that goes out with everything they need once a year," answered Aunt



ESQUIMAUX KAYAK, OR CANOE.

"You could not have been attending to what Bishop Horden told us, or you would know better than that," exclaimed Douglas. "Why, it is the most wearisome thing in the world! People have to walk in shoes as long as their bodies, to prevent themselves sinking in the snow—and how they get along at all is a wonder."

"Oh, but they have sledges with dogs to drag them," said Rosie.

Louise, "and any one who likes can help to send them out little necessaries."

"May I send my box of chocolates that good mamma gave me?" asked Rosie.

"Why, they would go bad on the way; but you may help me to make this Afghan blanket I am knitting, by cutting the wool for the tassels," said Agnes, who was sick of her work and longed for help.

"Is Moose River the place where Admiral

Prevost made that entire Mission station, gaslights and all? I remember hearing him tell about it when we went to the Vicarage for the Juvenile Church Missionary Garden Party."

"Oh no, dear," said Aunt Louise smiling. "It was when he was in the North Pacific that Admiral Prevost saw the poor Tsimshean Indians on the coast of British Columbia. And it was at his request the Mission there was begun, twenty-seven years ago. There have been many trials, but God has blessed the work to the conversion of many souls. I have a beautiful account to read to you from the *Gleaner* of 1878, of a Red Indian's appeal; but it is so dusk I cannot see; so I will light the lamp, and then we shall all benefit from it together."

BISHOP HORDEN, OF MOOSONEE.

She lifted down the lamp as she spoke, *and after pumping* up the oil, proceeded to *hold a lighted* taper to the wick; when all in a moment there was the sound of an explosion, and the room was filled with sm[illegible]

The children screamed with terror, a[illegible] Douglas flew to the door to let in s[illegible]me fresh air to save them choking. All was confusion and fright, in the midst of which it was found that Aunt Louise was lying senseless on the ground.

The alarm brought father, mother, and the servants to the scene of the accident, and Aunt Louise was carefully carried away to her own room and laid upon her bed, while the doctor was summoned with the utmost speed.

But when he saw her he looked very sad, and shook his head; for Aunt Louise—bright, loving Aunt Louise—was past the reach of human help; and soon every one in the house knew that she was dying.

The children gathered round her door in such speechless agony as only helpless children can feel, listening for every sound

from the darkened room within. But all was silence, for Aunt Louise was quite unconscious, and the watchers round her bed were only waiting for the *end* which all knew was near at hand.

"May we go in and see her?" they kept asking of every one who passed in and out; but each was too busy to think about the children. Poor little things! they were quite forgotten in the universal scare.

Then came an hour never more to be forgotten through all their after-life, when mamma came out of the darkened room crying, and seeing the children clustering there, led them away. "Dear Aunt Louise is not here," she said gently; "God has taken her to be in Paradise with Him."

THE END.

## SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS.

### DR. WILLIAM ELMSLIE, OF KASHMIR.

(*Concluded.*)

DR. ELMSLIE'S second summer in Kashmir passed quietly away, and was followed by a cold weather season spent at Chamba. When he returned to Kashmir for his third hot weather season, he found his number of patients had greatly increased. The native rulers did not at all like this, and tried to prevent the sick going to the "Doctor Sahib." They knew well enough that it was to preach the Gospel that the English Medical Missionary was there, and the Maharajah hated the idea of his people becoming Christians. So they put soldiers to watch the gates of the Missionary dispensary, to see who went in at them; and if they thought any one went in to hear the Gospel, they were fined a sum of money or put into prison. Still a great number of people continued to come, and Dr. Elmslie opened his dispensary, as he had done the two previous years.

But this was not to be a peaceful summer like the last. Cholera (that dreadful illness which often carries off half the inhabitants of an Eastern town) broke out, and began to spread with fearful rapidity. The Kashmiris *would* continue to eat large quantities of unripe fruit, and live in dirty houses; and this made the illness worse than it might otherwise have been. Dr. Elmslie's hands were now very full indeed, not only in doctoring those that came to him, but in going about the city of Srinagar, visiting those who were too ill to leave their homes. In the panic he was even allowed to go into some of the zenanas (women's apartments), where no men are usually permitted to enter.

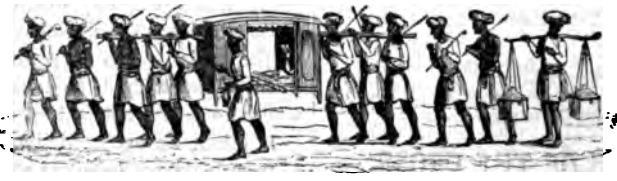
It might be expected that at such a time of trouble the native rulers of Kashmir would have been only too thankful to have a clever man like Dr. Elmslie to help to look after their poor subjects—especially as the native doctors knew little or nothing of their profession, and gave the same medicines to every one. But no, the native rulers were not at all pleased, and sent a message to the British Resident to ask him to forbid Dr. Elmslie going about "doing good"! The British Resident, however, would not listen to such a cruel request; so Dr. Elmslie continued his work.

Then the Maharajah gave out that *he* had found a cure for the cholera, which would not only cure those who were ill, but would prevent others who were well from catching the sickness. This cure was a bit of paper, printed all over with words. It was called a "charm," and the Kashmiris were either so

wear them or paste them over their doors. These "charms" were sold at the post-office, and cost four annas each (6*d*.). Hundreds of people bought them; but, as might be expected, they did not help the poor Kashmiris in their troubles, and they soon discovered how useless they were, and that they had spent their money for nothing.

In time the cholera got less; and when things had begun to look more as usual, Dr. Elmslie took a well-earned rest, and went for a short time to visit Calcutta. Then he went to Amritsar, and the following spring saw him again at Srinagar.

This year another calamity befell the poor Kashmiris. The rain began to fall in torrents; consequently the river rose, and soon half the country was under water. The English people living at Srinagar had to take refuge in boats, as their houses were full of water; but after a time the waters sank, and they went back to their villas once more.



A DANDY. (*See page* 143.)

This year was the most successful Missionary one that Dr. Elmslie had yet had. More than four thousand sick people came to see him, and not one of these left his dispensary without having heard from the English doctor a few words about the love of God and the life and death of the Lord Jesus Christ.

This autumn Dr. Elmslie looked forward to returning to England to see his mother. But though he visited his native land, never again was he to see the sweet, calm face that had smiled so tenderly over his childhood. Just as William Elmslie was leaving India *a letter arrived to* say that God had called his mother from her earthly home to her happier one in heaven. The news made him very sorrowful, for though he was glad to think his dear mother was so happy, yet he knew how lonely his own future life would be without her ever ready sympathy.

But in the midst of his great trouble, God sent Dr. Elmslie a great joy to cheer him. He met in Scotland, during his visit home, a young lady, very bright and clever, and fitted in every way to be the wife of a Medical Missionary. She was quite willing to go back with him to India; so on February 23rd, 1872, William Elmslie and Margaret Duncan were married. In March they sailed for the East, and before long found themselves in Kashmir.

Mrs. Elmslie was delighted with the beautiful country. "It seems to me a perfect paradise," she wrote home to her friends.

But she did not find the people so pleasing as their land. She was much surprised to find the Kashmiris cared nothing for soap and water, and were contented to wear old rags for clothes, and to use blankets brown with the dirt of years.

It was a very happy summer to the young couple. Both were engaged heart and soul in their work, and it seemed prospering so well that when autumn came they asked to be allowed to stay on in Srinagar during the winter. But the answer was, "Dr. Elmslie is not allowed to remain this winter in Srinagar." This was decisive; and though Dr. Elmslie (worn out with his work) was far from well, and more fit for his bed than for travelling, he and his wife were obliged

to pack up their things, and start on their journey for India.

The people of Srinagar were very sorry to lose their good doctor, and as they sailed away down the river, the Kashmiris lined the banks, and shouted out their farewells and thanks for all that he had done for them.

When the river part of their journey was over, Dr. and Mrs. Elmslie had to cross the mountains into India. They had a dandy with them, in which they were carried in turn by relays of native servants. At first they divided this help pretty equally, but as Dr. Elmslie's strength failed he had to be carried more and more, till at last when they reached the steepest part of the pass he could not walk at all. The usual length of each day's journey was sixteen miles, but this day it was twenty miles, and for all that long distance his devoted wife kept by the doctor's side, plodding along without assistance over the roughest of mountain roads. Very thankful were both of them when the half-way house was reached at last, and they could get a little rest to prepare them for the next day's fatigues.

It was a terribly anxious time for Mrs. Elmslie. Dr. Elmslie was daily getting worse, and the mountain road was so bad that he was nearly shaken to pieces in his dandy. Still she would not give way, and, forgetting herself, she did all she could to make the wearisome journey easier and more comfortable for her sick husband. They longed to reach the city of Goojerat, where an English doctor lived, and pressed on as fast as they could towards it. But though they reached it at last, no human skill could avail to save the life of Dr. Elmslie. He had "finished his course," and on the evening of November 18th, 1872, he rejoined his beloved mother in the "fairer, happier home" above, even in the "city which hath foundations, whose Builder and Maker is God."

And what of the brave, loving wife who had shared his joys, and had so tenderly sympathized in his sufferings? For ten years more she was spared to carry on Mission work, first at Amritsar, and afterwards at Batala; and then, suddenly and unexpectedly, the angels came to call her also to the heavenly home, and she, too, passed "through the gates into the city."

"They rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

## OUR MISSIONARY BIBLE CLASS.

66. A man who asked to be a Missionary to the city of his fathers?
67. Who do we read sent him?
68. What was his message?
69. Had he any enemies, and who were they?
70. What assurance cheered him in the midst of difficulties?
71. How did he, as an example to all Missionaries, carry on his work?
72. What precautions did he take against the enemy?
73. What was the result of his work? and what effect had it on the enemy?

### SCRIPTURE ANSWERS FOR OCTOBER.

55. 2 Kings v.
56. The land of Israel. Syria. 2 Kings v. 2.
57. Jehoram, son of Ahab, over Israel. 1 Kings iii. 1. Jehoshaphat, son of Asa, over Judah. 1 Kings xv. 24.
58. To her mistress and Naaman her husband, 2 Kings xv. 3, 4.
59. Rimmon, 2 Kings xv. 18.

### ANSWERS TO ENIGMA No. 9.

1. Sisera (Judges v. 28).
2. Ass (Num. xxii. 28, 30).
3. Lot's wife (Gen. xix. 26).
4. Veil (Matt. xxvii. 51).
5. Ananias (Acts v. 1, 2).
6. Tirzah (1 Kings xvi. 9).
7. Isaiah (Isa. vi. 3).
8. Olive leaf (Gen. viii. 11).
9. Nimshi (2 Kings ix. 20).

### ANSWER TO BURIED TEXT, No. 2.

"I send you forth as sheep in the midst of wolves."

EAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—We have once more come to the end of another year, and we hope that through it you have gathered much information and enjoyment from the pages of the LITTLE GREEN BOOK.

But we have not had space in our columns to give you half the Missionary news that we should like to tell you; so we hope you will continue to take in the C.M. JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, in order to hear more about the work which your pennies and sixpences go to accomplish.

We are sure that if you buy the JANUARY Number of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, you will at once determine to take in the numbers during the year, for we are taking great pains to make it as pretty and nice for you as possible.

"A.L.O.E." has kindly sent us a story for the New Year's Number, and other friends have contributed also. Besides which we hope to offer nice PRIZES, just as we have done this year.

Only, dear children, if we make the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR as attractive as we can for you,—will you try and tell your little companions about it, so that more children may be made happy by reading its pleasant pages?

And now we have only space to wish you A VERY HAPPY CHRISTMAS: nd while you are all giving presents to one another, do not forget that it was on the FIRST CHRISTMAS DAY that God gave us the BEST CHRISTMAS GIFT of all; and be sure you have, as a Christmas Gift for Him, the only thing He asks you for—"*Give Me thy heart.*"

THE EDITORS.

*London: Church Missionary House, Salisbury Square; Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday, 54, Fleet Street, and all Booksellers.*